THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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MARCH 3, 1928

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This Issue: **More Than 3,000,000 Net Paid Circulation**

It's light as a patty shell. Its crinkly round top is butternut-browned. It nestles in your cereal dish as if it were made to order—just the right size for the morning's appetite!

It's pure whole wheat. Firm, meaty grains, cooked, drawn out to a ribbon so filmy-thin, so fine-spun, there's three whole yards of it, wound round and round, to every Muffet! Baked. Toasted crunchier than toast itself! Crumbles in the mouth like oven-crisped crackers.

All whole wheat's health properties, too—vitamins, calories, bran. Easy digestibility. And, best of all, corking good to eat! Serve Muffets, with cream and sugar, at breakfast tomorrow morning. Or add fruit, fresh-sliced, stewed or preserved. Muffets absorb the juices quickly, blend perfectly.

Enjoy one yourself, and get an extra treat out of watching the rest of the family enjoy them! The Quaker Oats Co., Chicago.

The Curtain Rises on Lucile's Spring Opening

NEW HOSIERY SHADES

PLAY AN IMPORTANT ROLE

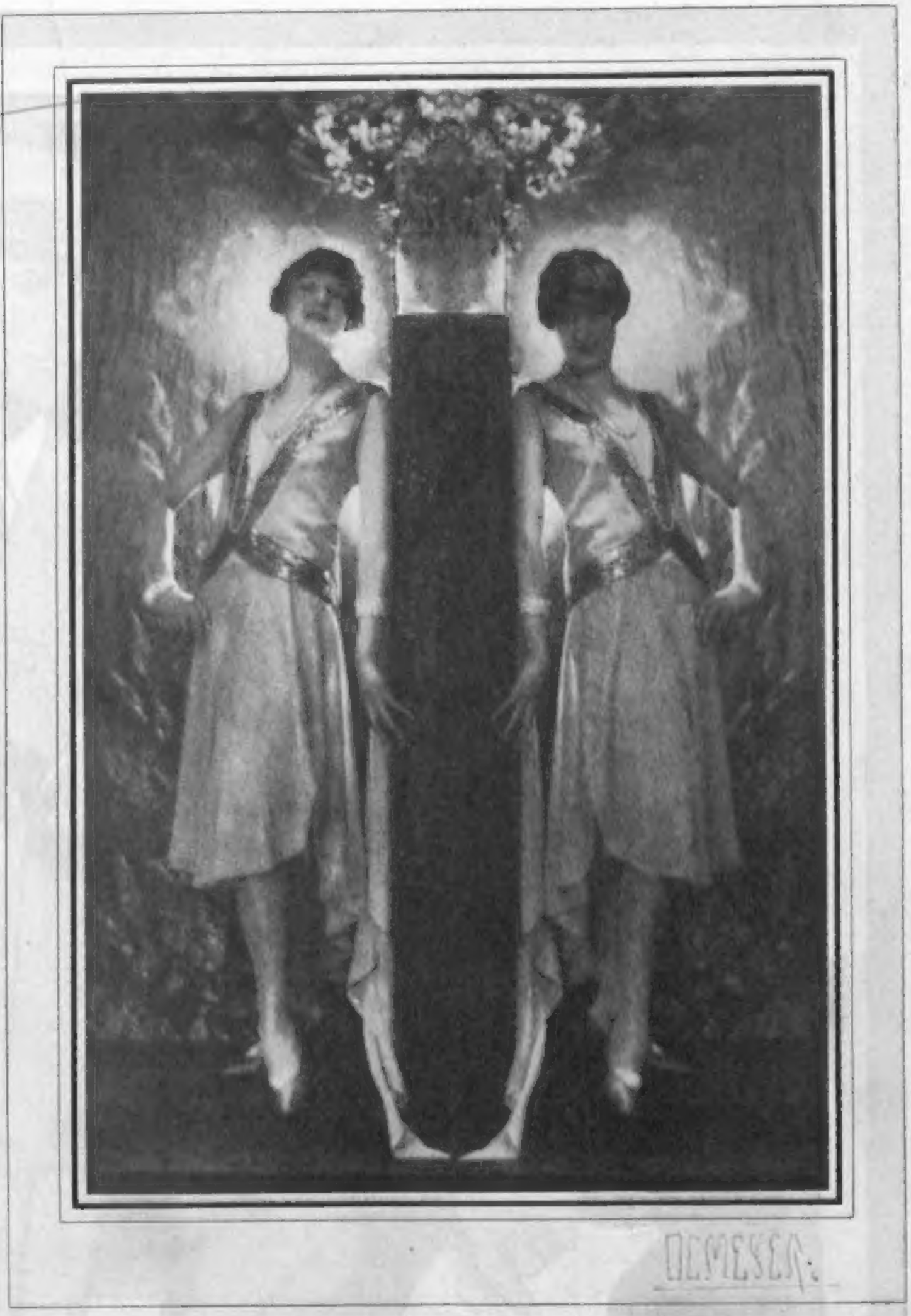
No other couturière makes such exquisite use of stocking colors as this Parisian artist. Lucile creates each shade to gain unique and smart effects. As Paris accepts these colors you see them at your own smart stores. A month Holeproof brings them far in advance of any other hosiery.

ENTER another season as the kaleidoscope of color shifts. New and different hues come into fashion's favor. Patou weaves a spell with oyster tints and beiges. Drecoll emphasizes black and white with just a spot of color. Lucile, always famous for her greens, revels in *Absinthe* and *Chartreuse* tones for gowns and wraps.

So many colors sound confusing, but Lucile groups them into a few large families. And for each group creates special hosiery shades that insure your being undeniably correct.

* * *

During the past months, as new fabrics were designed, Lucile conceived the perfect hosiery shade for every one. New leathers require their complementary tints. Wraps make additional demands.



CHARME—a charming Lucile evening gown of faint yellow crepe Elizabeth. The unusual manner in which the circular skirt is set on; the gold paillette banding; the exaggerated back hemline, all proclaim its Parisian origin.

With it Mlle. Edel Julsrye wears Diane, a sort of oyster-gold shade in Holeproof Hosiery. The stocking is a new fine-gauge chiffon number with picot edge. In America, $1.95.

As soon as each new tint is finished it is hastened to Holeproof to be quickly reproduced in exquisite hose. This enables American women to wear them within a fortnight after they are seen in Paris. It sets up a style authority and guide that assures the correctness of the color ensemble in each detail.

For weaving sheer, lovely stockings Holeproof has won world-wide recognition.

In quality these hose far excel the French. That's why so many smart Parisiennes will wear no other kind.

But for color Holeproof turns to Lucile of Paris. Thus these fine stockings are not wholly American. In their shades they are entirely French—and in their chic.

THE NEW FRENCH SHADES TODAY

Smart stores have just received nine new Lucile shades. They will delight you. No other fine hosiery can offer them for months. Lucile creates only for Holeproof.

Choose from filmy chiffons with picot edges or heavier service weights. Non-fading and free from imperfections. Priced from $1.00 to $2.95.

Holeproof Hosiery

New York City and London, Canada

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall, Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout, B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
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SEEING IS BELIEVING

"And Where is Lanky These Days?" He Inquired After a Spell

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THE horse wrangler commented bitterly in the bunk house of the Sanders Dude Ranch.

"Here I've rode a dozen miles before sunup to run in the horses and saddle up young Weatherbee's mount so's he could join the forest ranger on a ride up the mountain. And what does he do? He trips gayly into the corral while I'm breakfasting, rides off on his own horse, leaves down the bars, and every last pony hied back to the range. Now it devolves upon me to collect 'em all over again before the rest of the dudes awake and clamor for mounts."

The chore boy clucked his tongue expressive of sympathy, at the same time winking his off eye at old Pap Sanders.

"Are you downright positive that young Weatherbee was the miscreant who let those horses out?" Sanders inquired.

"I see it myself, didn't I?" the wrangler demanded. "Also I heard it. He was yelping at those horses while I et, probably trying to head 'em back into the corral again after they'd run out on him. When I come out they was merely a cloud of dust on the horizon, and there was young Weatherbee himself a hundred yards up country, riding leisurely and unperturbed. Ain't I got ears? Ain't I got eyes?"

"Sure you have, buddy," Pap agreed soothingly. "Sometimes I think you're all eyes, the number of things you see to cavil at. And if size is indicative of merit—why, your ears, son, must be of the topmost order—your chief outstanding characteristic. But it ain't always what a man sees that counts, but whether he knows what he's looking at when he sees it."

"Speaking for myself," said the wrangler, "whenever I see anything I generally always know to a certainty what I'm looking at. Seeing is believing."

"That is what Bill Barnes surmised when he saw the big blonde at the Ten Sleep opera house that time," said Sanders. "She was a big buxom lass with a babyish lisp that was alluring. She did a little dance and sang a few fetching little ballads about love in the moonlight in the springtime of youth, rolling her eyes kind of naughty and exposing a mite more of her shapely legs than was considered quite proper them days. Bill's eyes and ears informed him that here was one seductive female, and when her turn was over he escorted her into one of the curtained-off booths in the rear for refreshments. It's maybe twenty minutes later when an uproar started that sounds like a stallion kicking his way out of a box stall. Rang and Johnny Matteson dived in to find that Bill had the lady down and was mauling her something frightful. They grab him, each by an arm, and pried him off while the show girl scuttled under the table and out the door. Meanwhile they protested to Bill that it was no way to conduct himself towards a lady. 'Lady!' Bill roars, waving a wig of yellow hair in one hand. 'She's a he-beauty

made up as a girl! Let me at him! I bought her three bottles of beer, blast his deleted whiskers! I'll make lisping come natural to her by donating him a split lip. The shameless he-hussy chucked me under the chin. I'll amend her constitution for him!'

"'Slack off, Bill,' Johnny panted. 'You're anatomically agitated to the point where your speech is incoherent. Hold him, Rang!'

"Before it ended up, Bill was stretched on his back with half of Ten Sleep setting on him while this female impersonator, his shapely legs twinkling in the starlight, was halfway down the road to Lost Cabin and still running his best. This whole regrettable ruckus come to pass," Sanders pointed out, "because Bill Barnes went on the theory that seeing is believing, and he believed he saw something that he didn't."

"Well, well!" said the horse wrangler. "So that's how it was! Maybe you're intimating that what I saw was one of the dude girls arrayed in young Weatherbee's togs and mustache, and she let those horses out so I'd blame it on him, while she slipped off for a day's ride with the ranger. Mighty clever of her. And, of course, the ranger wouldn't never suspect the difference."

"Forest rangers are pretty accurate as to eyesight as a rule," said Sanders. "But no man's eyes are infallible. You always feel put upon and overworked, sonny, so you may as well relax and rest your joints while I regale you with an account of how Johnny Matteson, when he was rangering in the Woosatch Forest, come within about an eighth of an inch of reading his signs wrong."

It came about from the fact that a mining company was developing a piece of property on the Sunbright slope of the hills. Their pay roll was round ten thousand dollars a month. Officials were always scooting round the country in company cars, and instead of having the cash for the pay roll sent in under guard, it was the custom for one or another of these officials to bring in the cash from some railroad point every month. This had been going on for several years. The secret of this little practice was supposed to be confined to a chosen few and guarded carefully. But it transpired that someone outside the inner clique got wind of it somehow. There was an old road through the hills from the railroad to the little mining camp of Sunbright. For a stretch of thirty miles it run through a canyon that flanked the east edge of the Pipestone Plateau. Two mine officials were riding along through the canyon in a company touring car headed for Sunbright. Between the feet of one reposed a satchel in which was stowed three thousand dollars in silver and more than twice that amount in small bills. The car rounded a bend and almost collided with a big rock that had rolled out into the center of the road. They brought the car to a halt, and right then some party unknown, concealed on the uphill side of the road, shot both of them dead and decamped with the satchel, neglecting to leave his address.

The Pipestone Plateau was thirty miles across each way; and in a mountain country five miles is a long stretch without encountering a sizable stream and plenty of smaller ones. But the Pipestone was different. It's a high rolling table-land covered with an open stand of timber, and it fell away on all sides, so that there wasn't any high peaks and deep canyons that would hold big snow banks to melt off gradual, which is mainly what occasions mountain watercourses. It was under three-four feet of snow of a winter, but after the spring run-off there wasn't any more water on the Pipestone, and throughout the summer it was mighty parched and arid until the fall storms set in. One fine day in late spring Johnny was out there riding along with his mind on nothing much whatever. But his eyes, which were keen and observant from habit, was on the job without him being conscious of it, and directly he discovered that he had pulled up his horse and was staring at some little marks in the pine straw under the trees.

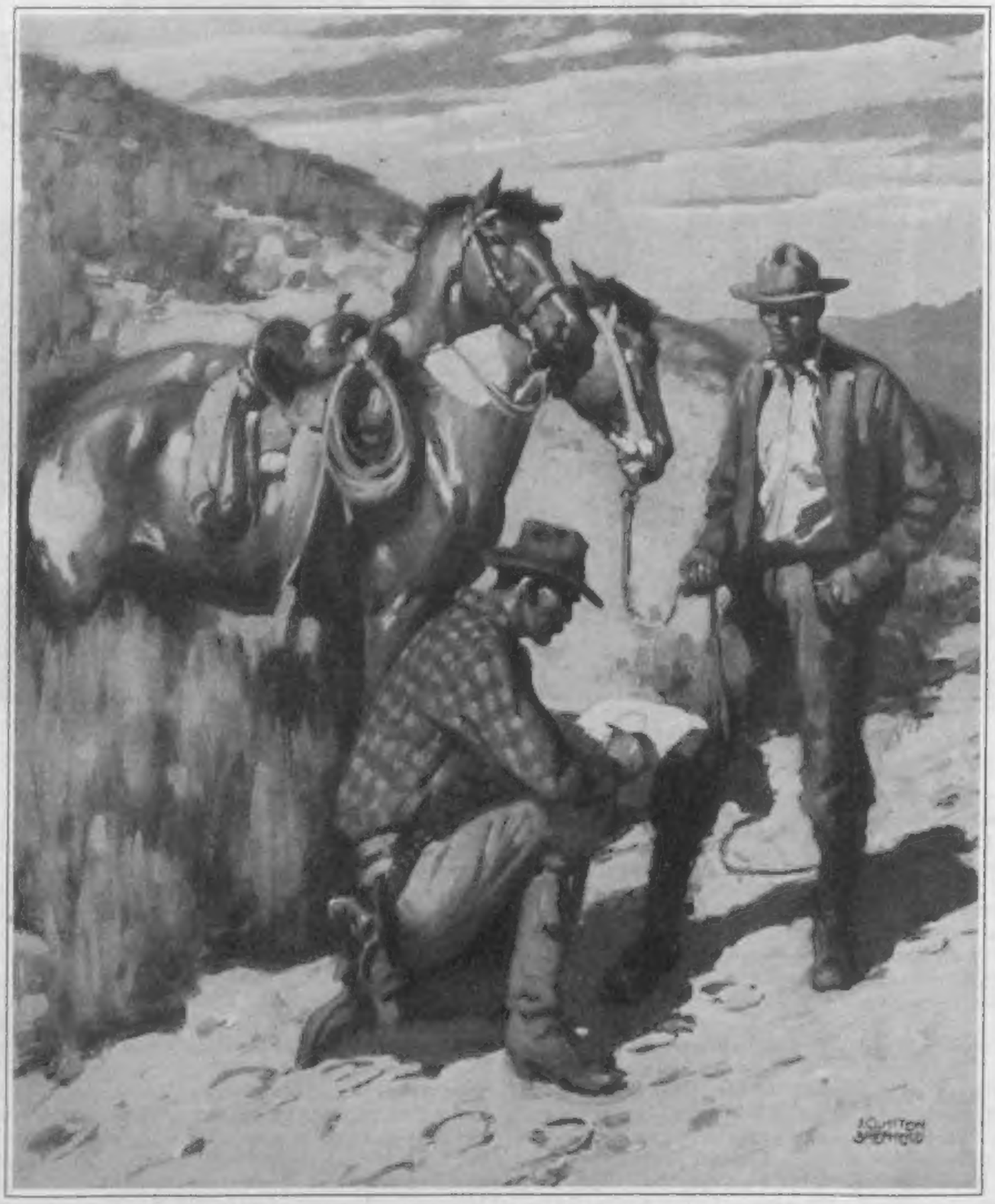
"Huh!" Johnny said reflectively. Trained eyes like his didn't need a second survey to inform him what had occasioned those marks. They were slender depressions in the pine straw where dead sticks, dropped from the trees above, had once reposed. They didn't repose there any more, having been removed. The sticks hadn't averaged over an inch in diameter, which a bear seldom overturns such small trash in his search for grubs. Anyway, a bear wouldn't have packed those sticks off but merely scooped them aside, and these had vanished complete. Now, if they had been picked up since the spring melt-off, the marks would have showed clear and distinct, with trails of insects and suchlike showing on the ground beneath. But there was merely depressions, half filled in with pine needles, which filling had been done by snow pressure. If they had been picked up two or three seasons prior the marks would have been smoothed out—and they was fairly well obliterated as it was. So it narrowed down to where some human had been in there picking up sticks to build himself a fire the previous summer—late enough so that all the moisture had dried out of the pine straw, and the ground-laying sticks would be dry enough to burn well, which fixed the time from the last of June to the middle of August. Those hawk's eyes of Johnny's informed him of all that in thirty seconds or less, but the reason for the party being up in there at that time of year wasn't anyways clear.

Of course, there wasn't any reason a man couldn't go out on the Pipestone Plateau in summer if he wanted to, but why would he want to? No stock ranged there and prospectors didn't favor it. Anyway, a mountain man cutting across it from one point to another and getting caught overnight wouldn't pick up little scraps and squaw wood for his night fire. He'd fall a dead pine, or lacking an ax, he'd gather sizable down stuff that would hold fire, not little inch-through sticks that would burn to an ash in less than an hour. But the smoke of a fire would have been detected by the fire guard that was stationed all summer on Halcyon Mountain, and no such smoke had been reported from the Pipestone. Johnny skirmished round and located the spot—just a little puddle of white ashes that had been covered over with pine needles. It was just under a rise of ground on the off slope from Halcyon, so that the twinkle of a blaze at night wouldn't be visible to the lookout. It appeared that someone had kindled that little fire at night to cook himself a bite, letting it burn right out, so there wouldn't be even a trace of smoke in the morning. And he'd been almighty careful not to advertise his presence or even to leave any sign that would be noticed by a chance rider passing that way, which seemed curious.

Now if the signs had revealed the presence of a fall or winter prowler it might have meant any one of several things. After the first heavy fall storms the big elk herds started migrating down country to the winter feed grounds, and swarms of them crossed the Pipestone. A tusk hunter might slip in and shoot bull elk for their teeth—a good pair of elk tushes bringing from twenty dollars up. The Woosatch was closed to trapping at the time, but some poacher might be tempted to slip in of a winter and collect a few marten pelts. But neither such angle would account for a summer visit, when marten pelts were unprime and there was no elk on the Pipestone. A fugitive cutting across it, Johnny figured, and covering his sign in case someone might be trying to work out his trail.

He rode on across to the west edge of the Pipestone where it fell away sharp to the Nisquallin River, and he dropped down to camp overnight on the stream. The country on the far side of the river rose steep and abrupt to the snow-capped Nisquallin Peaks, the melting drifts affording copious moisture. So, while there were no streams flowing down from the Pipestone side, every gulch on the other slope discharged a flow of water into the river. Now the course of the river along the whole west edge of the Pipestone, though not exactly a canyon, was considerable of a gorge. It was a mean drive to bring stock in for what little feed was to be had on that slope of the Nisquallin Peaks, and such as there was had been reserved for elk range. A stockman, therefore, wouldn't have much call to come in here. A local hunter wouldn't go that far after his meat. The Woosatch was closed to trappers and it had been prospected out long since, so the prospecting fraternity didn't bother with it those days. What with the waterless Pipestone on the one side and those rough Nisquallin Peaks on the other there was a stretch of somewhere round thirty miles along the river that was real isolated and seldom visited by humans. So when Johnny observed last year's horse sign on the mouth of one of those creeks he turned to ride a piece up its course along an elk trail. He found a willow sapling that had been cut and trimmed with a knife. There was a piece of fishline attached to its tip. Someone had been catching himself a

(Continued on Page 108)



They Traced That Odd-Shaped Hind Shoe on the Back of Johnny's Map and on Two Sheets of Letter-Size Paper

MAGNETISM

By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE pleasant, ostentatious boulevard was lined at prosperous intervals with New England Colonial houses—without ship models in the hall. When the inhabitants moved out here the ship models had at last been given to the children. The next street was a complete exhibit of the Spanish-bungalow phase of West Coast architecture; while two streets over, the cylindrical windows and round towers of 1897—melancholy antiques which sheltered swamis, yogis, fortune tellers, dressmakers, dancing teachers, art academies and chiropractors—looked down now upon brisk busses and trolley cars. A little walk around the block could, if you were feeling old that day, be a discouraging affair.

On the green flanks of the modern boulevard children, with their knees marked by the red stains of the mercurochrome era, played with toys with a purpose—beams that taught engineering, soldiers that taught manliness, and dolls that taught motherhood. When the dolls were so banged up that they stopped looking like real babies and began to look like dolls, the children developed affection for them. Everything in the vicinity—even the March sunlight—was new, fresh, hopeful and thin, as you would expect in a city that had tripled its population in fifteen years.

Among the very few domestics in sight that morning was a handsome young maid sweeping the steps of the biggest house on the street. She was a large, simple Mexican girl with the large, simple ambitions of the time and the locality, and she was already conscious of being a luxury—she received one hundred dollars a month in return for her personal liberty. Sweeping, Dolores kept an eye on the stairs inside, for Mr. Hannaford's car was waiting and he would soon be coming down to breakfast. The problem came first this morning, however—the problem as to whether it was a duty or a favor when she helped the English nurse down the steps with the perambulator. The English nurse always said "Please," and "Thanks very much," but Dolores hated her and would have liked, without any special excitement, to beat her insensible. Like most Latins under the stimulus of American life, she had irresistible impulses toward violence.

"I'll Have to Go Around to the Hospital. I Was Pretty Clumsy This Afternoon and I Think I'm Partly Responsible for This"

The nurse escaped, however. Her blue cape faded haughtily into the distance just as Mr. Hannaford, who had come quietly downstairs, stepped into the space of the front door.

"Good morning." He smiled at Dolores; he was young and extraordinarily handsome. Dolores tripped on the broom and fell off the stoop. George Hannaford hurried down the steps, reached her as she was getting to her feet cursing volubly in Mexican, just touched her arm with a helpful gesture and said "I hope you didn't hurt yourself."

"Oh, no."

"I'm afraid it was my fault; I'm afraid I startled you, coming out like that."

His voice had real regret in it; his brow was knit with solicitude.

"Are you sure you're all right?"

"Aw, sure."

"Didn't turn your ankle?"

"Aw, no."

"I'm terribly sorry about it."

"Aw, it wasn't your fault."

He was still frowning as she went inside, and Dolores, who was not hurt and thought quickly, suddenly contemplated having a love affair with him. She looked at herself several times in the pantry mirror and stood close to him as she poured his coffee, but he read the paper and she saw that that was all for the morning.

Hannaford entered his car and drove to Jules Rennard's house. Jules was a French Canadian by birth, and George Hannaford's best friend; they were fond of each other and spent much time together. Both of them were simple and dignified in their tastes and in their way of thinking, instinctively gentle, and in a world of the volatile and the bizarre found in each other a certain quiet solidity.

He found Jules at breakfast.

"I want to fish for barracuda," said George abruptly. "When will you be free? I want to take the boat and go down to Lower California."

Jules had dark circles under his eyes. Yesterday he had closed out the greatest problem of his life by settling with his ex-wife for two hundred thousand dollars. He had married too young, and the former slavey from the Quebec slums had taken to drugs upon her failure to rise with him. Yesterday, in the presence of lawyers, her final gesture had been to smash his finger with the base of a telephone. He was tired of women for a while and welcomed the suggestion of a fishing trip.

"How's the baby?" he asked.

"The baby's fine."

"And Kay?"

"Kay's not herself, but I don't pay any attention. What did you do to your hand?"

"I'll tell you another time. What's the matter with Kay, George?"

"Jealous."

"Of who?"

"Helen Avery. It's nothing. She's not herself, that's all." He got up. "I'm late," he said. "Let me know as soon as you're free. Any time after Monday will suit me."

George left and drove out an interminable boulevard which narrowed into a long, winding concrete road and rose into the hilly country behind. Somewhere in the vast emptiness a group of buildings appeared, a barnlike structure, a row of offices, a large but quick restaurant and half a dozen small bungalows. The chauffeur dropped Hannaford at the main entrance. He went in and passed through various inclosures, each marked off by swinging gates and inhabited by a stenographer.

"Is anybody with Mr. Schroeder?" he asked, in front of a door lettered with that name.

"No, Mr. Hannaford."

Simultaneously his eye fell on a young lady who was writing at a desk aside, and he lingered a moment.

"Hello, Margaret," he said. "How are you, darling?"

A delicate, pale beauty looked up, frowning a little, still abstracted in her work. It was Miss Donovan, the script girl, a friend of many years.

"Hello. Oh, George, I didn't see you come in. Mr. Douglas wants to work on the book sequence this afternoon."

"All right."

"These are the changes we decided on Thursday night." She smiled up at him and George wondered for the thousandth time why she had never gone into pictures.

"All right," he said. "Will initials do?"

"Your initials look like George Harris'."

"Very well, darling."

As he finished, Pete Schroeder opened his door and beckoned him. "George, come here!" he said with an air of excitement. "I want you to listen to someone on the phone."

Hannaford went in.

"Pick up the phone and say 'Hello,'" directed Schroeder. "Don't say who you are."

"Hello," said Hannaford obediently.

"Who is this?" asked a girl's voice.

Hannaford put his hand over the mouthpiece. "What am I supposed to do?"

Schroeder snickered and Hannaford hesitated, smiling and suspicious.

"Who do you want to speak to?" he temporized into the phone.

"To George Hannaford, I want to speak to. Is this him?"

"Yes."

"Oh, George; it's me."

"Who?"

"Me—Gwen. I had an awful time finding you. They told me ——"

"Gwen who?"

"Gwen—can't you hear? From San Francisco—last Thursday night."

"I'm sorry," objected George. "Must be some mistake."

"Is this George Hannaford?"

"Yes."

The voice grew slightly tart: "Well, this is Gwen Becker you spent last Thursday evening with in San Francisco. There's no use pretending you don't know who I am, because you do."

Schroeder took the apparatus from George and hung up the receiver.

"Somebody has been doubling for me up in Frisco," said Hannaford.

"So that's where you were Thursday night!"

"Those things aren't funny to me—not since that crazy Zeller girl. You can never convince them they've been sold because the man always looks something like you. What's new, Pete?"

"Let's go over to the stage and see."

Together they walked out a back entrance, along a muddy walk, and opening a little door in the big blank wall of the studio building, entered into its half darkness.

Here and there figures spotted the dim twilight, figures that turned up white faces to George Hannaford, like souls in purgatory watching the passage of a half god through. Here and there were whispers and soft voices and, apparently from afar, the gentle tremolo of a small organ. Turning the corner made by some flats, they came upon the white crackling glow of a stage with two people motionless upon it.

An actor in evening clothes, his shirt front, collar and cuffs tinted a brilliant pink, made as though to get chairs for them, but they shook their heads and stood watching. For a long while nothing happened on the stage—no one moved. A row of lights went off with a savage hiss, went on again. The plaintive tap of a hammer begged admission to nowhere in the distance; a blue face appeared among the blinding lights above and called something unintelligible into the upper blackness. Then the silence was broken by a low clear voice from the stage:

"If you want to know why I haven't got stockings on, look in my dressing room. I spoiled four pairs yesterday and two already this morning. . . . This dress weighs six pounds."

A man stepped out of the group of observers and regarded the girl's brown legs; their lack of covering was scarcely distinguishable, but, in any event, her expression implied that she would do nothing about it. The lady was annoyed, and so intense was her personality that it had taken only a fractional flexing of her eyes to indicate the fact. She was a dark, pretty girl with a figure that would be full-blown sooner than she wished. She was just eighteen.

Had this been the week before, George Hannaford's heart would have stood still. Their relationship had been in just that stage. He hadn't said a word to Helen Avery that Kay could have objected to, but something had begun between them on the second day of this picture that Kay had felt in the air. Perhaps it had begun even earlier, for he had determined, when he saw Helen Avery's first release, that she should play opposite him. Helen Avery's voice and the dropping of her eyes when she finished speaking, like a sort of exercise in control, fascinated him. He had felt that they both tolerated something, that each knew half of some secret about people and life, and that if they rushed toward each other there would be a romantic communion of almost unbelievable intensity. It was this element of promise and possibility that had haunted him for a fortnight and was now dying away.

Hannaford was thirty, and he was a moving-picture actor only through a series of accidents. After a year in a small technical college he had taken a summer job with an electric company, and his first appearance in a studio was in the rôle of repairing a bank of Klieg lights. In an emergency he played a small part and made good, but for fully a year after that he thought of it as a purely transitory episode in his life. At first much of it had offended him—the almost hysterical egotism and excitability hidden under an extremely thin veil of elaborate good-fellowship. It was only recently, with the advent of such men as Jules Rennard into pictures, that he began to see the possibilities of a decent and secure private life, much as his would have been as a successful engineer. At last his success felt solid beneath his feet.

He met Kay Tompkins at the old Griffith Studios at Mamaroneck and their marriage was a fresh, personal affair, removed from most stage marriages. Afterward they had possessed each other completely, had been pointed to: "Look, there's one couple in pictures who manage to stay together." It would have taken something out of many people's lives—people who enjoyed a vicarious security in the contemplation of their marriage—if they hadn't stayed together, and their love was fortified by a certain effort to live up to that.

He held women off by a polite simplicity that underneath was hard and watchful; when he felt a certain current being turned on he became emotionally stupid. Kay expected and took much more from men, but she, too, had a careful thermometer against her heart. Until the other night, when she reproached him for being interested in Helen Avery, there had been an absolute minimum of jealousy between them.

George Hannaford was still absorbed in the thought of Helen Avery as he left the studio and walked toward his bungalow over the way. There was in his mind, first, a horror that anyone should come between him and Kay, and second, a regret that he no longer carried that possibility in the forefront of his mind. It had given him a tremendous pleasure, like the things that had happened to him during his first big success, before he was so "made" that there was scarcely anything better ahead; it was something to take out and look at—a new and still mysterious joy. It hadn't been love, for he was critical of Helen Avery as he had never been critical of Kay. But his feeling of last week had been sharply significant and memorable, and he was restless, now that it had passed.

Working that afternoon, they were seldom together, but he was conscious of her and he knew that she was conscious of him.

She stood a long time with her back to him at one point, and when she turned at length, their eyes swept past each other's, brushing like bird wings. Simultaneously he saw they had gone far, in their way; it was well that he had drawn back. He was glad that someone came for her when the work was almost over.

Dressed, he returned to the office wing, stopping in for a moment to see Schroeder. No one answered his knock, and, turning the knob, he went in. Helen Avery was there alone.

Hannaford shut the door and they stared at each other. Her face was young, frightened. In a moment in which neither of them spoke, it was decided that they would have some of this out now. Almost thankfully he felt the warm sap of emotion flow out of his heart and course through his body.

"Helen!"

She murmured "What?" in an awed voice.

"I feel terribly about this." His voice was shaking.

Suddenly she began to cry; painful, audible sobs shook her. "Have you got a handkerchief?" she said.

He gave her a handkerchief. At that moment there were steps outside. George opened the door halfway just in time to keep Schroeder from entering on the spectacle of her tears.

"Nobody's in," he said facetiously. For a moment longer he kept his shoulder against the door. Then he let it open slowly.

Outside in his limousine, he wondered how soon Jules would be ready to go fishing.

II

FROM the age of twelve Kay Tompkins had worn men like rings on every finger. Her face was round, young, pretty and strong; a strength accentuated by the responsive play of brows and lashes around her clear, glossy, hazel eyes. She was the daughter of a senator from a Western state and she hunted unsuccessfully for glamour through a small Western city until she was seventeen, when she ran away from home and went on the stage. She was one of those people who are famous far beyond their actual achievement.

There was that excitement about her that seemed to reflect the excitement of the world. While she was playing small parts in Ziegfeld shows she attended proms at Yale, and during a temporary venture into pictures she met George Hannaford, already a star of the new "natural" type then just coming into vogue. In him she found what she had been seeking.

She was at present in what is known as a dangerous state. For six months she had been helpless and dependent entirely upon George, and now that her son was the property of a strict and possessive English nurse, Kay, free again, suddenly felt the need of proving herself attractive. She wanted things to be as they had been before the baby was thought of. Also she felt that lately George had taken her

He Went Up to Speak to Her, and at Her First Words He Saw Something Had Happened to Her, Too, That Had Dissipated the Mood of the Afternoon

too much for granted; she had a strong instinct that he was interested in Helen Avery.

When George Hannaford came home that night he had minimized to himself their quarrel of the previous evening and was honestly surprised at her perfunctory greeting.

"What's the matter, Kay?" he asked after a minute. "Is this going to be another night like last night?"

"Do you know we're going out tonight?" she said, avoiding an answer.

"Where?"

"To Katherine Davis'. I didn't know whether you'd want to go ——"

"I'd like to go."

"I didn't know whether you'd want to go. Arthur Busch said he'd stop for me."

They dined in silence. Without any secret thoughts to dip into like a child into a jam jar, George felt restless, and at the same time was aware that the atmosphere was full of jealousy, suspicion and anger. Until recently they had preserved between them something precious that made their house one of the pleasantest in Hollywood to enter. Now suddenly it might be any house; he felt common and he felt unstable. He had come near to making something bright and precious into something cheap and unkind. With a sudden surge of emotion, he crossed the room and was about to put his arm around her when the doorbell rang. A moment later Dolores announced Mr. Arthur Busch.

Busch was an ugly, popular little man, a continuity writer and lately a director. A few years ago they had been hero and heroine to him, and even now, when he was a person of some consequence in the picture world, he accepted with equanimity Kay's use of him for such purposes as tonight's. He had been in love with her for years, but, because his love seemed hopeless, it had never caused him much distress.

They went on to the party. It was a housewarming, with Hawaiian musicians in attendance, and the guests were largely of the old crowd. People who had been in the early Griffith pictures, even though they were scarcely thirty, were considered to be of the old crowd; they were different from those coming along now, and they were conscious of it. They had a dignity and straightforwardness about them from the fact that they had worked in pictures before pictures were bathed in a golden haze of success. They were still rather humble before their amazing triumph, and thus, unlike the new generation, who took it all for granted, they were constantly in touch with reality. Half a dozen or so of the women were especially aware of being unique. No one had come along to fill their places; here and there a pretty face had caught the public imagination for a year, but those of the old crowd were already legends, ageless and disembodied.

With all this, they were still young enough to believe that they would go on forever.

George and Kay were greeted affectionately; people moved over and made place for them. The Hawaiians performed and the Duncan sisters sang at the piano. From the moment George saw who was here he guessed that Helen Avery would be here, too, and the fact annoyed him. It was not appropriate that she should be part of this gathering through which he and Kay had moved familiarly and tranquilly for years.

He saw her first when someone opened the swinging door to the kitchen, and when, a little later, she came out and their eyes met, he knew absolutely that he didn't love her. He went up to speak to her, and at her first words he saw something had happened to her, too, that had dissipated the mood of the afternoon. She had got a big part.

"And I'm in a daze!" she cried happily. "I didn't think there was a chance and I've thought of nothing else since I read the book a year ago."

"It's wonderful. I'm awfully glad."

He had the feeling, though, that he should look at her with a certain regret; one couldn't jump from such a scene as this afternoon to a plane of casual friendly interest. Suddenly she began to laugh.

"Oh, we're such actors, George—you and I:"

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean."

"I don't."

"Oh, yes, you do. You did this afternoon. It was a pity we didn't have a camera."

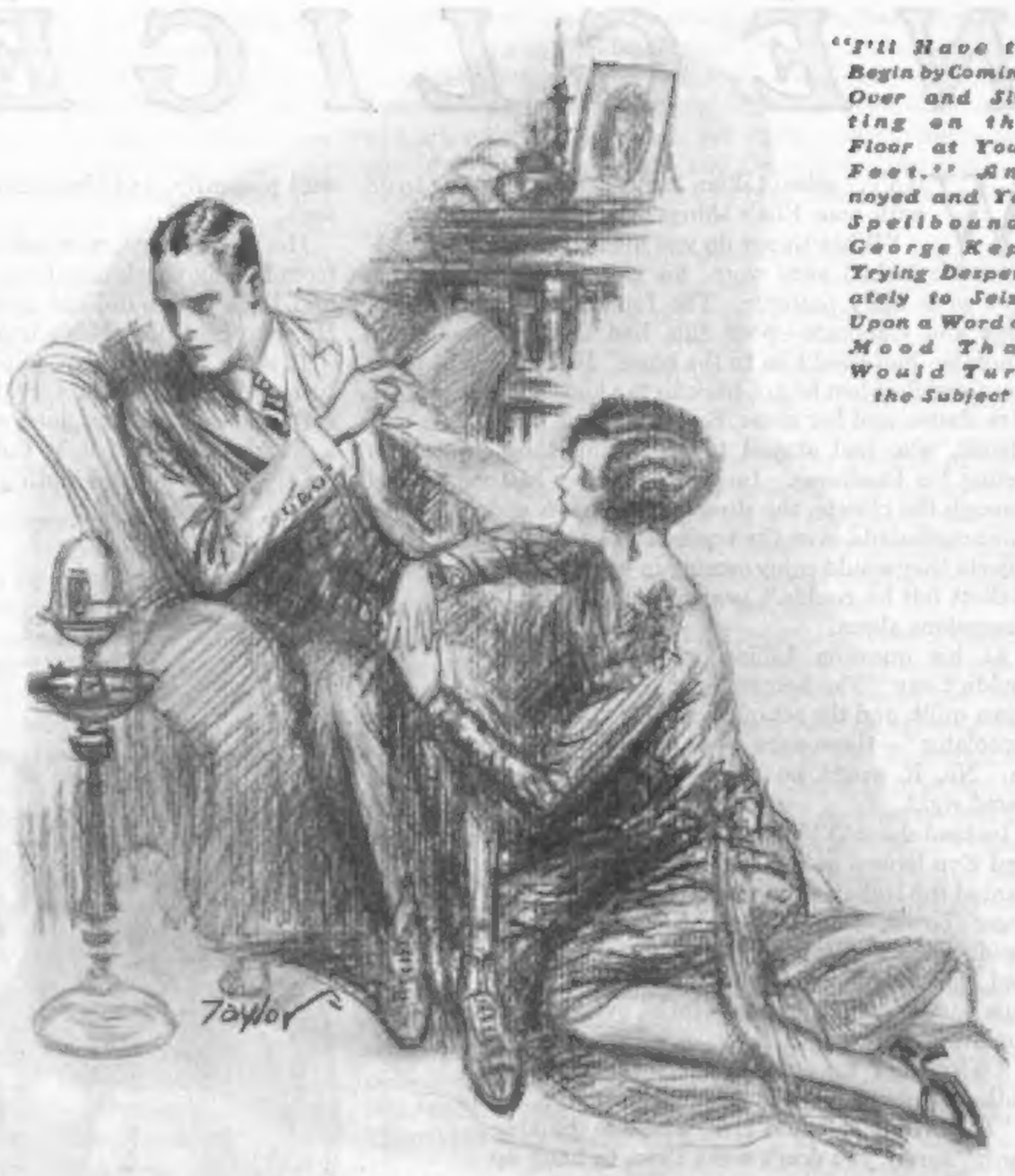
Short of declaring then and there that he loved her, there was absolutely nothing more to say. He grinned acquiescently. A group formed around them and absorbed them, and George, feeling that the evening had settled something, began to think about going home. An excited and sentimental elderly lady—someone's mother—came up and began telling him how much she believed in him, and he was polite and charming to her, as only he could be, for half an hour. Then he went to Kay, who had been sitting with Arthur Busch all evening, and suggested that they go.

She looked up unwillingly. She had had several highballs and the fact was mildly apparent. She did not want to go, but she got up after a mild argument and George went upstairs for his coat. When he came down Katherine Davis told him that Kay had already gone out to the car.

The crowd had increased; to avoid a general good night he went out through the sun-parlor door to the lawn; less than twenty feet away from him he saw the figures of Kay and Arthur Busch against a bright street lamp; they were standing close together and staring into each other's eyes. He saw that they were holding hands.

After the first start of surprise George instinctively turned about, retraced his steps, hurried through the room he had just left, and came noisily out the front door. But Kay and Arthur Busch were still standing close together, and it was lingeringly and with abstracted eyes that they turned around finally and saw him. Then both of them seemed to make an effort; they drew apart as if it was a physical ordeal. George said good-by to Arthur Busch with special cordiality, and in a moment he and Kay were driving homeward through the clear California night.

He said nothing, Kay said nothing. He was incredulous. He suspected that Kay had kissed a man here and there, but he had never seen it happen or given it any thought. This was different; there had been an element of tenderness in it and there was something veiled and remote in Kay's eyes that he had never seen there before.



"I'll Have to Begin by Coming Over and Sitting on the Floor at Your Feet." Annoyed and Yet Spellbound, George Kept Trying Desperately to Seize Upon a Word or Mood That Would Turn the Subject

Without having spoken, they entered the house; Kay stopped by the library door and looked in.

"There's someone there," she said, and she added without interest: "I'm going upstairs. Good night."

As she ran up the stairs the person in the library stepped out into the hall.

"Mr. Hannaford ——"

He was a pale and hard young man; his face was vaguely familiar, but George didn't remember where he had seen it before.

"Mr. Hannaford?" said the young man. "I recognize you from your pictures." He looked at George, obviously a little awed.

"What can I do for you?"

"Well, will you come in here?"

"What is it? I don't know who you are."

"My name is Donavan. I'm Margaret Donavan's brother." His face toughened a little.

"Is anything the matter?"

Donavan made a motion toward the door. "Come in here." His voice was confident now, almost threatening.

George hesitated, then he walked into the library. Donavan followed and stood across the table from him, his legs apart, his hands in his pockets.

"Hannaford," he said, in the tone of a man trying to whip himself up to anger, "Margaret wants fifty thousand dollars."

"What the devil are you talking about?" exclaimed George incredulously.

"Margaret wants fifty thousand dollars," repeated Donavan.

"You're Margaret Donavan's brother?"

"I am."

"I don't believe it." But he saw the resemblance now. "Does Margaret know you're here?"

"She sent me here. She'll hand over those two letters for fifty thousand, and no questions asked."

"What letters?" George chuckled irresistibly. "This is some joke of Schroeder's, isn't it?"

"This ain't a joke, Hannaford. I mean the letters you signed your name to this afternoon."

III

AN HOUR later George went upstairs in a daze. The clumsiness of the affair was at once outrageous and astounding. That a friend of seven years should suddenly request his signature on papers that were not what they were purported to be made all his surroundings seem diaphanous and insecure. Even now the design engrossed

(Continued on Page 74)

NÉGLIGÉ

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

"WHAT," asked Lillian James, "are you going to do with poor Ella's things?"

"What things do you mean?" asked Mr. Mallett. He looked very worn, his thin mouth sagged, his eyes were dully pathetic. The funeral, which had been large and elaborate—poor Ella had always liked fancy funerals—had tired him to the bone. He had meant to lie down awhile when he got back to the house, but here were Mrs. James and her sister, Eva McChord, poor Ella's best friends, who had stayed to keep him, they said, from feeling his loneliness. Incidentally, they had rummaged through the closets, the dressers, the linen and china cupboards, even the bookshelves, choosing objects they would enjoy owning in case Herbert Mallett felt he couldn't bear to see poor Ella's possessions about.

At his question Lillian realized that she couldn't say "The hemstitched sheets and the down quilt, and the set of Spode and the copper percolator"—these were what she had her eye on. No, it would be too crude; it wouldn't sound right.

Instead she said "Why, her clothes, of course." And Eva looked at her sister admiringly. Eva wanted the Italian cutwork scarf, the green-glass finger bowls, the brass jardinière with the aspidistra, and the teak taboret it sat upon. And she would accept the after-dinner coffee cups if urged, and the dessert forks, even though they were plated.

"Why do I have to do anything with her clothes?" asked Herbert Mallett stupidly.

"But, Herbert," said Eva, who was thinking hard, "surely you don't want them to hang up in the closet and get dusty and out of style and probably moth-eaten. It's so wasteful. They should be looked over carefully and given to the social-service department at the hospital for worthy persons."

"Eva and I will gladly undertake to do it for you," chimed in Lillian.

Herbert Mallett looked from one to the other of the gaunt black-robed vulgar creatures who had been in and out of his house every day for more years than he cared to remember, and who had never ceased to stir a futile hate in his heart. Poor Ella's most intimate! He wished they would leave him alone. He did not know what to do, and it seemed strange that no thin peevish voice called down the stairs to direct him. He actually waited for that voice; it had so long dominated his every act in his own house. With a strange shock it came to him that he would never hear that voice again, and he must make up his own mind.

For the moment he was incapable. His head throbbed, his eyes ached, and his back and his legs. He was sure he was coming down with grippe.

"I tell you," he said, "I'll think it over and let you know what I decide. Thank you both, very much. I hope you'll excuse me now. I'm not feeling well. Good-by."

Whereupon he mounted the stairs and got away. Lillian and Eva were resentful. They held their tongues until they got out on the street, but no longer.

"Can you imagine!" said Lillian.

"And after all we did while she was sick!"

"He simply, you might say, snubbed us. No wonder poor Ella used to be so out of patience with him."

Eva was mindful of the desired loot. "Well, I always say you've got to make allowances for anybody who's just had a great loss. They're not themselves."

"That's true. We'd better see him again in a day or so. I shall say, right out, that I'd value a keepsake of my dearest friend."

"That's the way to do it. He'd certainly ask us to choose."

They walked on thoughtfully. "You know," said Lillian at last, "that's a nice house, and he's done very well with the store, and he's got no bad habits, and he's not exactly homely, though he isn't handsome. He's used to giving in. Poor Ella had her own way in everything."

Eva understood. She was to try to hook Herbert Mallett, and Lillian was pledged to aid. A good idea. Far better to be Mrs. Mallett than a woman alone, with a tiny income and too much pride to work. Lillian had good ideas.

"We'll do what we can to make him feel that we're just as much attached to him as we were to poor Ella," Eva said presently, and the sisters went on their way in content.

Herbert Mallett, now safely upstairs, felt rather better from having checkmated his two poison mushrooms, Eva and Lillian. He did not now want to lie down and rest. He went into poor Ella's bedroom and looked about him.

It was a gloomy room, filled with knobby massive furniture sitting at spaced intervals on a dark un-wear-out-able carpet. Sash curtains, long curtains, and overdraperies of a dreary tan barred light through the windows. By tugging these away and setting a chair to hold them back,

Miss Lance Looked Older Without Her Stage Make-Up, Harder and More Worn, But She Had a Dashing Green-Feather Toque, and a Coat With Fur Which Gave Her Quite an Air

Herbert Mallett managed to see what was in the closet. He had been made curious by Lillian's remark about the clothes.

There they hung, not very many of them, but all on plain wooden hangers. As in her furnishings, so in her personal garments, Ella Mallett had leaned to the durable and drab. She had a passion for the more malevolent purples, the dunner duns, the blacks with an undertone of morbid green, and the most ferrous iron grays, all in hard and wiry stuffs. Herbert Mallett put out a cautious forefinger and touched a satin gown, the last worldly gaud Ella had bought, and solely at her husband's request. "Get a blue," he had urged—"a real pretty blue. You wore a blue ribbon once when you were a girl."

And Ella had got a blue—probably the only blue of its kind in the world—a lugubrious slaty blue instantly suggestive of desolation and disaster. It had been made up like everything else she had—very plain, very stiff, designed to conceal and distort all softer femininity. Herbert Mallett shuddered and drew back his finger.

"I didn't know how awful it was," he said aloud.

Now his eyes were caught by a garment which was his greatest detestation—a dingy black-and-gray négligé, a sort of blanket robe with a black twisted cord for belt. Ella had taken a robe like that on their honeymoon; it had, as it were, struck the keynote of their marriage. When the first one wore out she had replaced it with another exactly like it. They had become a series, a continued story, an endless dreariness. Memories of poor Ella in this robe and black crocheted bedroom slippers with purple edges, padding downstairs to let him in on nights when he had to stay late at the store—she would not let him have a latchkey; memories of poor Ella in this robe sitting before the mirror doing up her front hair on kid curlers; memories of poor Ella presiding over breakfast in the same robe, the same curlers; memories of poor Ella's last illness, and many other illnesses, when she either had the robe on or kept it draped on the foot of the bed!

"Oh," cried Herbert Mallett, banged to the closet door and fled. He had hardly gained the haven of his own room when Janie Terrace, the maid, called him.

"Supper's ready, Mr. Mallett."

As he entered the dining room he was immediately aware of a taboo violated—at the end of the table was a steaming coffeepot. Ella had never allowed him to have coffee for supper; she thought it unhealthful. Cocoa and an imitation coffee were her stand-bys. And here was Janie Terrace dashing in with a plate of hot biscuit—another taboo.

She answered his unspoken surprise: "Nothing like a cuppa good coffee to hearten you up after such a day. And my biscuit don't set heavy. Go ahead. No reason why you shouldn't."

The words made a refrain in his head: "Go ahead. No reason why you shouldn't. Go ahead, no reason why you shouldn't." Until this moment everyone had treated him as a grief-stricken, bereaved husband, drowned in sorrow, inconsolable for the loss of the best of women. But Janie Terrace, who for years had been thrall, like him, to Ella Mallett's implacable will, knew better. Janie was pointing out to him that he was free of all the petty restrictions, limitations, barriers and denials which his wife, with the terrible strength and obstinacy of the meek, had placed upon him.

Go ahead, no reason why you shouldn't. Hot coffee with two—yes, two lumps of sugar. Hot biscuit, oozing butter, laden with strawberry preserves. Go ahead, no reason why you shouldn't. No pale accusing eyes, no whining voice to say "Herbert, you mustn't. It's so bad for you."

Presently Janie Terrace came in on the pretext of bringing fresh biscuit. She lingered; she had something to say. "Mrs. James and Miss McChord was here today snooping through every land's living thing in the house, Mr. Mallett. I make no insinuations, but if you find anything missing you can look to them for it and not to me. They was all through the bureau drawers and the sideboard and Mrs. Mallett's bureau, prying and peering and fingering—such a nerve! I laid out to tell you soon's I got the chance. I know what's on their minds, Mr. Mallett. They think maybe you'll quit housekeeping and maybe go to board at the hotel or at Mrs. Toohey's Select, and they want to pick up what they can outa the house. They think you're easy. They think all they've got to do is to hint strong enough that they're perishing to have something of Mrs. Mallett's to remember her by, and you'll hand over whatever they want. Excuse me, Mr. Mallett, for speaking out so plain, but those two nosey old devils certainly did get my goat today—not that they haven't done so before, Lord knows."

Janie put her hands on her wide hips and looked at Mr. Mallett kindly.

"You're the salt of the earth, Mr. Mallett, and don't I know it! And I won't see you done by anybody, if I can help it. Of course if you do intend to give up housekeeping and go board somewhere, I'd be glad if you'd say so, because I'd have to look out for another place. But if you want me to stay on and keep house and do the ordering, I'll be pleased to. And I'd like to see them McChord-Jameses get so much as a common pin off you while I'm on deck. No, sir."

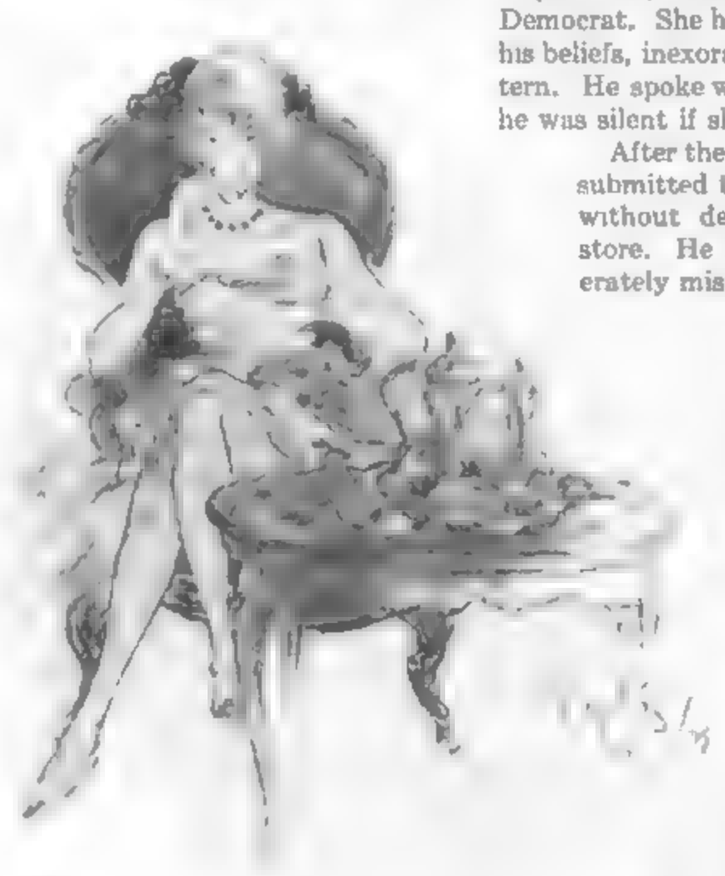
This was the longest speech Herbert Mallett had ever heard Janie make. Usually she was as silent as if her

mouth were sewed up. It occurred to him, hearing her, that perhaps she, too, was experiencing freedom.

But here he was with more things to decide. "I hadn't thought where I'd live, exactly, nor how," he said at last. "I hadn't made any plan. But for the time being I'm going to live here, and I'd like to have you stay on and take charge. I guess we can get along all right."

"Like a house afire!"

"I think you're too severe on Mrs. James and Miss McChord, Janie. They very kindly offered to—to"—he thought of that horrible dressing gown and could hardly go on—"to look through Mrs. Mallett's clothes and dispose of them through the social-service department of the hospital. They pointed out, very rightly, that good, durable clothing should not be allowed to go to waste, or be eaten up by moths."



A Woman Dressed in Pretty Frocks, Frivolous, Who Would Run Up and Down Stairs and Hum Lively Tunes

Janie gave a militant sniff. "They'd say something like that to take you in. Don't you pay them no mind, Mr. Mallett, the interfering snoops. You can just as well call up the social service at the hospital yourself and ask do they want the clothes, and no trouble to anybody, and no fuss, and no old meddlesome Matties prancing up and down the stairs and opening closets and bureaus and all. Ain't it the truth?"

Herbert Mallett realized his freedom anew. He had suffered so much from the close friendship of Ella for her Lillian and her Eva—suffered without protest or palpable wincing, but the suffering had not been less because ingrowing and hidden. But now, if he desired, he could banish them from his life forever. And, in this case, make the plea that he was actually saving them bother!

"Yes, it is so, Janie," he said, "and that's what I'll do."

"Very good, Mr. Mallett, and I wish to say that you've only to tell me what you want and I'll see to it instanter, and I'll serve you as honest and as faithful as I did you and Mrs. Mallett. And now maybe you'd fancy a piece of pie for dessert."

This was revolutionary. "Pie for dessert!" exclaimed Herbert Mallett, not believing his ears. Ella had always had sanitary desserts—watery junket, sour baked apples, thin custard, pallid gelatins. Pie, she was fond of saying, is a deadly compound of fruit, fat and fire.

"As fine a lemon meringue as you ever swung a tonsil over," declared Janie Terrace. "Don't you be afraid of my pastry, Mr. Mallett. I may not have had much practice at it, but it's light as a feather and will set no heavier on your stomick than do my biscuits."

She put before him a segment of pale gold topped with a snowdrift, and Herbert Mallett ate it to the last exquisite morsel. This was indeed freedom.

He was no longer weary; some of the lightness of the meringue had apparently entered his spirit. He complimented Janie.

"That was a fine pie," he said. "I enjoyed it. I'll write a note to Mrs. James tonight about the clothes. And I'll call up the hospital or write them too."

Janie beamed. "And would you like something tasty for breakfast, sir?" she asked. "Hot cakes, maybe, and a dash of crisp sausages?"

Go ahead, no reason why you shouldn't. "Yes, Janie, please, and order some cream for my coffee. I don't care so much for hot milk."

She dashed into the living room ahead of him and turned on the lights, twitched down the blinds, unfolded the evening paper and, before he could stop her, put a match to the fire which was always laid but never lighted, save for important guests.

"A new-made widower's got a right to his comfort," she said quickly, and dashed out again before he could think of an appropriate reply.

He pulled the easiest chair from its place at the far end of the room, tipped the shade of the nearest lamp so that he could read, and sat down, for the first time since his wedding day, relaxed, replete and at ease in body and mind.

He held the newspaper before his eyes, but he could not read. His mind raced on in a jumble of imaginings, rememberings. Poor Ella! Poor, poor Ella! Had he done everything he could to make her truly happy? Yes, he could think of nothing she had asked him to do that he had refused. She had required that he be Presbyterian and Republican, whereas his inclination was Baptist and Democrat. She had chosen his friends, his opinions, his beliefs, inexorably; all by her own narrow pattern. He spoke when and what she wished to hear; he was silent if she desired it.

After the first few weeks of marriage he had submitted to her yoke without rebellion, even without deception, save in one place—the store. He had kept to himself or had deliberately misrepresented many items about the store, because he knew her interference there would be ruinous. Of course she questioned him; she went over each hour of his day with the fine-tooth comb of a tyrannous inquisitor. It occurred to Herbert Mallett that possibly Ella's spirit might now be aware of the lies he had told the living Ella. "In that case," he thought, "she knows I did it for the best. And"—oh, this was a cheerful gleam—"she can't do anything about it now."

No, she couldn't sit up in bed and sniffle and whine and nag and pick and chip at him until from sheer fatigue he gave in to whatever whim she wanted gratified at the moment. Never again!

"Poor Ella," he sighed, "I surely did everything I could to make her happy. But yet she wasn't happy. At least she didn't act so. Maybe that was her way of being happy."

Then all the long-latent romance in him flared up, and there came to him a sudden bright beatific vision of what his home might have been with a wife who sang, a wife who giggled, who was pink and plump and cuddlish, whose mouth curled up at the corners, who wore pink ruffles here and there, and silk stockings, and sprayed a little fresh violet perfume on herself. Who liked to go to shows and was fond of candy, who didn't feel that a friendly game of cards damned you, who didn't whine or sniffle or nag or pick or chip, but who looked up to him and thought he was wonder-ful! He had seen in the store, more than once, a wife look up at her husband with round admiring eyes and say "George"—or "Walter" or "Harry," as the case might be—"you're won-der-ful!" And he had never heard it without getting a lump in his throat and yearning all over with a wistful, hopeless envy and desire. "Herbert, you're won-derful!" No, poor Ella had never said it to him. She hadn't thought it, either.

And then, quite as suddenly as this vision had appeared to him, a thought leaped high in his mind—a thought daring and revolutionary. It was this: Being a widower and only thirty-seven, there wasn't the least reason why he shouldn't, in the decent course of time, look about him and pick himself a wife according to specifications, won-der-ful and all! Not the least reason in the world.

"Well, by Gemini," said Herbert Mallett to himself severely, "I ought to be ashamed to think of anything like that the day of poor Ella's funeral. I ought to be ashamed. I must be nutty or something. I'll just write those notes to Lillian and the hospital, get Janie to mail them, and pop off to bed. The fatigue and the strain of the day have weakened my common sense. I'll be more myself after a good night's rest."

He went to the desk and wrote the note to poor Ella's rapacious friend, and then paused. "I'll stop by the hospital in the morning on my way to the store. I can tell them better than I can write it. There's something very unfeeling about a man writing an offer to give away his wife's clothes on the day of her funeral. I wouldn't do it if it wasn't for those two ghouls."

So the next morning he stopped at the hospital and was directed down a corridor to the social-service department. There he found a room half filled with sad-eyed children, women with shawls over their heads, and huddled, hopeless men, and a faint tinct of carbolic and iodoform mingled with the odors of dirt, poverty and disease.

The sight, the smell, gave Herbert Mallett a distinct shock. He was feeling well this morning. His breakfast of hot cakes and sausages and coffee with cream had been good, and the eating of it had confirmed his state of freedom and well-being. Coffee with milk and no sugar, the most tasteless and flabbiest cereals, stewed prunes and dry toast were the menu which poor Ella had prescribed for him. It occurred to Herbert Mallett that all these social-service applicants looked as though they had been eating poor Ella's choice of breakfast. It made him very sorry for them.

"Did you wish to see someone?" asked a voice at his side—a pleasant voice, feminine, kind, but with a gentle briskness about it that intimated the speaker had no time to waste. Herbert Mallett turned and looked into a pair of blue eyes slightly below the level of his own—eyes that were as feminine, as kind, but as impersonal as the voice. "I'm Miss Greeley, in charge here," went on the voice.

He explained his errand, observing as he did so that Miss Greeley had, besides the pleasant eyes and voice,

(Continued on Page 117)

When She Saw the Black and Gray Negligé She Couldn't Repress a Little Shudder of Horror. But She Concealed It. "That's Splendidly Warm," She Said

Sea Power and the Merchant Marine

By T. P. Magruder
REAR ADMIRAL, UNITED STATES NAVY

The Roanoke

THE sea power of a nation depends on many elements varying in nature and in value. Geographical position, population, wealth, material resources, industrial facilities, naval bases at home and abroad—all these, in addition to strictly naval armaments, contribute to a country's strength upon the seas. Unless, therefore, all of these separate elements are studied and evaluated a consideration of sea power may easily arrive at erroneous conclusions. To make the statement, without such study, that any one nation rules the waves is nothing more than a figure of speech.

As concerns population, wealth, material resources and industrial facilities, certainly the United States may be regarded as second to no other naval power. In the other elements that make for sea power, however, this country is not so fortunately situated. At the present time the British Empire, for example, has more and better situated naval bases, a larger merchant marine and a stronger navy than has the United States. Fortunately, the United States needs but few bases abroad to protect its insular possessions and to assure its commerce freedom on the seas in time of war. Unfortunately, the Limitation of Armaments treaties negotiated at Washington in 1922 absolutely prohibit our country from having a proper naval base from which to protect Guam and the Philippine Islands. On its own coasts it has two fine ports along the Atlantic and one on the Pacific which may be made into fleet bases. Strategically the Hawaiian Islands are ideally situated for a great fleet base. One is now being constructed near Honolulu, on the island of Oahu. This scarcity of bases clearly indicates the need of the United States for warships of great radius of action. This, in turn, means greatest size for each type of warship. Thus one may see why the United States insisted upon cruisers of the largest size at the convention last summer, held in Geneva—a convention that was foreordained to failure, because the naval needs of two of the powers represented differ fundamentally and materially.

The Dauntless, Pride of the Port of Stonington, Built at Mystic, Connecticut, Fifty-Seven Years Ago

A Needed Auxiliary

IN MATTERS affecting national defense, no other nation may be expected to follow the Utopian generosity of the United States as exemplified in 1922, when this country deliberately sacrificed the leadership in naval armaments in the hope that the burdens of competition would be lifted from the naval powers. This hope was gratified so far as certain specified types of naval vessels are concerned. But what may happen as a result? It is quite conceivable that competition may extend to the merchant marine. There are, in fact, indications that this shift in competition has already begun. For this reason the relation between the national merchant marine and sea power, which, in turn, means national prosperity, is worthy of profound study and mature consideration.

Students of modern military, industrial and economic conditions are agreed that the United States needs an efficient merchant marine to assure two important things: The first is adequate national defense; the second, continuation and development of our foreign trade. On these two depend not only the safety but the prosperity of our nation. Let us consider them in order.

In the event of hostilities the value of the merchant ships to the Navy, when used as auxiliaries alone, is approximately 30 per cent. The United States would immediately need their services upon the outbreak of a war. As has frequently been pointed out, certain signatories of the Washington armament treaties, while observing the restrictions against building ships exceeding 10,000 tons, have built so many vessels of lesser tonnage as to far outstrip us in power. To even a greater extent have they outstripped us in the construction and operation of merchant ships.

In his annual message President Coolidge stated: "More attention should be given to merchant ships as an auxiliary of the Navy. The possibility of including their masters and crews in the Naval Reserve, with some reasonable compensation, should be thoroughly explored as a method of encouraging private operation of shipping."

As auxiliaries, vessels of the merchant type serve the fighting craft of the Navy in many ways. They have been compared to the railroads, the motor trucks, and the other facilities for freight and passenger transportation which are necessary to the Army in land warfare. They act as tankers to carry the fuel from home ports to warships in distant waters. They serve as refrigerator ships carrying fresh meat and other food to the fighting personnel. They are the cargo ships laden with ammunition, stores and material of war. They are the floating plants in which repairs may be made and fresh water distilled. Some are hospital ships. They may be utilized to spread mines in enemy waters and to sweep them from the channels through which our own vessels may steam. Until more aircraft carriers are constructed they may be made into improvised carriers and mother the planes which form so important an adjunct to the navies of today. They may be tenders for destroyers and submarines. How necessary they may be to the land forces was demonstrated in the World War, when, under naval convoy, they carried soldiers and marines to the number of 2,000,000 safely across the Atlantic and back home.

These duties represent only their service as auxiliaries. Actually the swift modern merchantman may be converted into something closely approaching a warship in comparatively little time and at comparatively small expense. The British realized this and had at least one armed merchantman carrying two 4.7-inch guns on the seas more than a year before the outbreak of the World War. When hostilities were declared, about thirty-nine British merchant ships had been thus armed. During the naval warfare which followed, the Tenth Cruiser Squadron was an effective unit of the British sea forces. It was composed of twenty-five armed merchant ships, larger and with a longer steaming radius than many of the old cruisers, and therefore better adapted to the work of patrol and blockade. This squadron patrolled most effectively the waters between Scotland and Norway, and prevented supplies reaching the enemy via the neutral nations of the Baltic Sea.

Adaptable Ships

THE naval experts and diplomatists who met at the Washington Limitation of Armaments Conference in 1922 recognized the adaptability of properly designed merchantmen to warfare at sea and included in the treaties several provisions permitting the decks of such ships to be strengthened so they might mount 6-inch guns in the event of war. It may be seen readily that any power having a large number of merchantmen will benefit by this provision. The Karlsruhe, the Emden and the Dresden—three effective German commerce raiders—carried 4.1-inch guns, and everyone knows how great was the damage they inflicted upon commerce. Merchant ships armed with 6-inch guns will have in the future no reason to fear any raiders thus armed.

Recently there has been announced a plan to construct and operate an American line of vessels capable of crossing the Atlantic in four days. These ships, it was demonstrated at model tests in Washington, could follow generally in their design the lines of the modern light cruiser. The light cruiser, however, is limited by treaty to 10,000 tons displacement. The proposed four-day liners will be merchantmen, and there is no treaty restriction as to their size. It is probable that they will have a displacement of about 30,000 tons and a speed of thirty knots. The wartime value of such great and swift ships, built on light-cruiser lines and approximating cruiser speed, should be obvious to everyone. Certainly such ships may operate as light cruisers or as aircraft carriers.

Adaptable ships, however, are not in themselves sufficient to make of the merchant marine an effective naval auxiliary. An efficient personnel is equally necessary. Several of the great naval powers have long recognized this fact and have developed among the officers and crews of the merchant marine a trained naval reserve. The United States is following somewhat slowly their lead.

Among many nations the backbone of the naval reserve consists of ships and crews which receive some form of subsidy or direct payment, on condition that they train

in peacetime for possible service in war. Among others, this reserve is built up of men subject to military or naval training. In the United States there exists a familiar naval reserve composed of men who have retired from active service or who, after a voluntary enlistment, receive periodic training. In addition there has been authorized by Congress a merchant marine naval reserve composed of men and vessels regularly engaged in the business of transport by sea. This branch of the reserve can, and undoubtedly will, be made an extraordinarily valuable adjunct to our Navy. It is, of course, valuable now, but there is room for great expansion. In the merchant crews are deck officers, navigators and engineers second to those of no other nation.

Great Britain has long recognized the value of such trained sailors to her naval forces and has established and maintained the highly effective Royal Naval Reserve. This organization may include from 10,000 to 25,000 active and experienced members, and approximately $2,000,000 is expended annually for its support. A member of the Royal Naval Reserve must serve his nation where required in time of war and must participate in frequent training on active ships during peace. His training may include gunnery, torpedoes, signals, navigation and fleet maneuvers in the seaman branch, and technical instruction if he is a member of the engineering branch. The services given the British Navy during the World War by the members of the reserve won the highest commendation not only from the ranking officers of the fleet but also from the British Government.

The Clipper Ship Cowper, 1024 Tons. Owners, Alpheus Hardy, Joshua Sears, Et Al. of Boston. Built at Charlestown, Massachusetts, 1854, by Joshua Magoun

An Important Part of Prosperity

WITHIN the past few months our own Navy has announced its completed plans for the organization of the American merchant marine into naval reserve units. Since members of this branch of the reserve are competent peacetime sailors, but require instruction in wartime work, detailed plans of training have been evolved. The training will be conducted on what is known as a ship-unit basis. Certain vessels are selected for potential service as naval auxiliaries, as, for example, tankers, supply ships, transports and the like, and to the officers of those ships is offered a course of instruction preparing them for the duties they must perform as officers of naval auxiliaries. Compensation for the time spent in training has been authorized by Congress, but the necessary funds are not yet available. When the money for this purpose is appropriated the officers of the merchant marine naval reserve will receive annually one month's base pay of their corresponding grade in the regular Navy. Apart from their naval instruction, such officers will, of course, remain in constant training while performing the duties of their profession, as the law under which the reserve is formed limits membership to men who follow the sea regularly.

Such, in brief, are the methods by which the vessels and the personnel of the merchant marine may cooperate with combatant ships of the Navy in time of war. Yet this service is after all only a minor feature of the service the merchant ships can give their nation. By continuing to transport imports and exports, they may make a contribution to ultimate success greater than the winning of battles. And wartime service, even of combatant character, is, in turn, small when compared to the service the merchant ships render year after year to a nation during peace.

I have said that an adequate merchant marine is necessary to insure continuation and development of our foreign trade, and with it our national prosperity. History has demonstrated forcibly how true this is. Carthage, Venice, Spain, Holland, Great Britain—all in turn grew powerful and wealthy while they held maritime supremacy. At this time Great Britain, with the most powerful fleet and the largest merchant marine, is the leading maritime nation. Yet the United States was in 1926 the greatest exporting nation and there is every indication that within the next few years it may be the greatest importing nation as well. In 1926 the value of our foreign trade was more than $9,200,000,000, compared to $9,800,000,000 for Great Britain, and our exports exceeded $4,750,000,000.

The Clipper Ship Mary Glover, 595 Tons. Owners, Baker and Morrill, Boston. Built at East Boston, 1849, by E. and H. O. Briggs

This foreign trade determines the prosperity and the livelihood of a far greater proportion of our population than most persons suspect. Agriculture, manufacturing and mining, the industries from which most of our natural wealth is produced, are profoundly affected thereby. According to reports from the Department of Commerce, we send abroad approximately 16 per cent of the total value of our agricultural products, 41 per cent of our copper production, 30 per cent of our locomotive production, 39 per cent of our typewriters, 20 per cent of our agricultural machinery and 8 per cent of our automobiles. In the oil industry 35 per cent of the kerosene, 29 per cent of the lubricating oils and 14 per cent of the gasoline and naphtha produced here are exported. Approximately 8 per cent of our manufacture and mechanical production of all kinds is shipped abroad.

Our imports come from every nation on the globe and enter in some way into the lives of all our people. The farmer needs nitrates from Chile, potash from Germany, binder twine from Yucatan and jute bagging from India. The manufacturer needs raw materials from Malaysia, China, India, Japan, France, Brazil, the East Indies, Africa and Asia Minor. Ships constantly plow the seas bearing these cargoes to and from our shores. Their freight charges present a staggering total. But because we have an inadequate merchant marine the proportion of these charges paid to American carriers is small. How costly this lack of ships has been to our country has been told in a recent statement by Curtis D. Wilbur, Secretary of the Navy.

American Trade in Foreign Bottoms

"TODAY," Secretary Wilbur explained, "our merchant vessels are carrying about 32 per cent of our foreign commerce; it should be at least 50 per cent. The remaining 68 per cent that is carried in foreign bottoms means that we pay annually about $600,000,000 to other countries for transporting our goods. A greater proportion of this we should ship in our own bottoms, and so retain a large part of this vast sum at home. What is paid to foreign ships for carrying the products of our farms and factories is a stream of gold that leaves the country. That which is paid to our own merchant vessels circulates back into the country to take its part in general industry. The ships required for such a commerce would be built, repaired and provisioned at American sources and would give employment to many of our citizens. Surely this would add to the

(Continued on Page 101)

The Leviathan With a Record Number of Passengers, Sailing for Europe

MISS AMAGEE SELLS A PUP

By Edgar and Margaret Jepson

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

The Lion Trotted Out of the Reeds and Stood Lashing His Tail and Snarling at Her

"KINDA lonely, ain't it?" said Mr. Amagee, and on his face rested the resignation of the world wanderer whom no new scene can excite or thrill.

"Sure, pop," said Miss Amagee.

Her eyes, which had been gazing straight before her, picking out the smoothest going over the rough ground, rose and swept the vast plain covered with grass and low bush, which rose in the far distance into a half circle of blue hills. Though she could undoubtedly see a long way, there was nothing in sight but the beauties of Nature, and she had seen Nature more beautiful, though the wind swept the grass on the undulating land into lovely, running waves of gray and green.

Her eyes fell back on the rough trail, and they marched on steadily through an immensity that dwarfed them, hardly seeming to move; the blue hills in front drew no nearer; the blue hills behind did not retreat.

They marched in a patient silence, though the three native porters who carried their light tents and baggage mumbled and grunted and clicked behind them without ceasing.

It must have been a good half hour later that Mr. Amagee broke the silence: "Seems as though them mount'ns might be a mirage," he said, gazing ahead at what looked to be a line of tall smoke wreaths beyond the blue hills.

"Sure, pop," said Miss Amagee.

She wore riding breeches, mosquito boots, a cotton shirt, and a soft wide-brimmed hat. Her face was set in the same unexpectant patience as that of her father; it was plain that the immensity through which they had journeyed did not impress her. But it was a patience that did not sit on her face so well, for it presented the strongest contrast to that of her father. Her somber blue eyes, of the blue of a thrush's egg against her clear, tanned skin, so astonishingly full of light; her lips, so red against that brown; the easy swing of her slender figure over that rough ground with the heavy rifle on her shoulder, gave an almost startling impression of vitality. Beside her, with his lined and battered face and faded eyes and slouching gait, her father looked almost enervated. But it was a vitality for the time being suppressed; there was no expectation, no admiration or wonder in her face; she wore the air of one who has marched through immense plains before—many immense plains.

They marched steadily on for an hour through the increasing heat. Mr. Amagee seemed to find his pack heavy, for he kept shifting it a little; he remembered that he was not so young as he had been. The beautiful line of Miss Amagee's jaw seemed to grow more defined; her lips grew thinner as they set more firmly; she reminded herself that she had known hotter suns in unhealthier countries.

It was an hour later when Mr. Amagee sighted the landmark for which he was looking—five thorn trees in a row on the top of a rise. He took a new compass bearing and turned twenty-five degrees south. Half an hour later, coming to the crest of another rise, they saw the town of Potter's Drift lying below them. On the map it is quite a large town; on the plain it was small—a single store of European build, surrounded by a score or so of round, thatched native huts. Though it had stood there for ten years or more, it wore an air of impermanence, as though a giant, playing with toy buildings, had dropped them in the dip overnight.

"Some city!" said Mr. Amagee mournfully, and he moved on down the slope.

The store was the store of Central Africa. Kept by a German with an Italian wife, it was sparsely stocked, and for the most part with the provisions left behind by the luxurious hunting party of a millionaire big-game hunter who had shot lions there some years before—tins of all kinds of food, from bully beef to asparagus, all with yellow, insect-eaten labels.

Mr. Amagee's indifferent eyes wandered over the tins, and he said, "I want a photo card of this here Lake Victoria Nyanza."

The German storekeeper spoke poor but voluble English. Few white men came to his store and they had wanted many things, but none of them had ever asked for a photo card. Mr. Amagee explained that he wanted a photograph of Lake Victoria Nyanza on the back of a card that you sent by post.

The storekeeper proved obtuse.

"Don't none of the settlers here ever write home to their mothers?" asked Mr. Amagee finally.

The storekeeper of a sudden became intelligent. From the bottom of a drawer he took a yellowish post card. Lake Victoria Nyanza was not an outstanding feature of the picture on the back of it, but he assured Mr. Amagee that it was a local print and even pointed out a smudge which he declared to be the island of Ukerewe.

"I'll take your word for it," said Mr. Amagee in resigned accents. "I haven't been there yet and I'm breaking my rule gittin' this photo card here. I always go to a place first and get a photo card after. But as we'll be seeing the lake quite soon and stores are mighty scarce in those parts, I thought I'd try for one while I could. Ain't there a huntin' party hereabouts?"

"Yes," said the German. "There vas a *safari* at Bottar's Gab. Two Englishers out from Nairobi sthey cump there for sthe shooting—very fine! Ach! Wildebeest, sthey are sthousands! And booffalo, and sthe lions sthey have sthe black mane—*ja!* You shoot them?"

"Black-maned lions?" said Mr. Amagee. "Sure, that's very nice, but it ain't lions I'm out after. Ever hear of a guy called Gupp—Ginger Gupp?"

"*Nein*," said the storekeeper.

"No?" said Mr. Amagee. "Well, I sure do envy you. And this explorer dame—Mrs. Pelter—she's coming up this way, ain't she?"

"She coom shoot mit sthe Englishers," said the storekeeper. "She go from sthe Cape to Cairo in motor cars."

"All Africa knows that," said Mr. Amagee. "And a very nice way of gettin' about, it is. Anything you want, Sally?"

Miss Amagee bought a tin of asparagus and a bag of flour, and they said good-by.

"Vhere vas you going to?" said the German.

"Khartum," said Mr. Amagee, in the tone of one who says "Round the corner."

They resumed their patient march toward the blue hills.

Presently Mr. Amagee said: "I guess if we're to get to Khartum in time, we'll have to be pretty quick about it, or Ginger Gupp will be off and half across the world again. Now I've got my photo card, all we got to do is to start."

"Sure, pop," said Miss Amagee. She paused and added thoughtfully: "But if we don't pick up a pretty hefty wad of dough, it looks as though we'll have to walk."

"Well, kid, you heard what that Dutchman said. That explorer dame and her flivvers are coming up this way, and unless we're going to foot it, the only transport for us inside of about a thousand miles seems them flivvers. So I say, 'Let's go round by Potter's Gap.'"

"Sure, pop," said Miss Amagee.

Potter's Gap, on the shore of Lake Victoria Nyanza, south of the Kavirondo Gulf, lying in the middle of a great

stretch of bush and sandy veldt, well off the usual *safari* route, abounds in game and has been very little shot over. Though it was a bare fifteen miles from Potter's Gap, so bad was the going that Mr. and Miss Amagee did not reach it until the afternoon of the next day.

They did not make camp at once, but spent an hour looking round. Then, standing on one of the steep bluffs above the lake, in a round, childish hand Mr. Amagee wrote on the front of his photo card: "The shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza," and addressed it to his sister at Burket, Indiana, who, should it be so fortunate as to reach her, would place it in the trunk which contained his collection, probably the finest collection of out-of-the-way photo cards in the States. He stuck a British East Africa postage stamp on it and put it in his wallet to be posted at the first post town. Then, following the banks of a stream across the open country toward a column of smoke that rose thinly into the clear air, they came to the camp of the hunting party—two white men and a score of native porters and hunters—and Mr. Amagee introduced his daughter and himself to Dr. Carling Wilson and Colonel Grosvenor.

After chatting for a few minutes and learning by a casual question that this was the *safari* to which the flivvers of Mrs. Pelter were bending their wheels, he moved on and made camp about a hundred and fifty yards away from them. The sun was setting by the time they were settled, and the swift darkness came down. The fires of the other camp were brilliant through it, but neither Mr. nor Miss Amagee was stirred by that primeval instinct which makes men herd together for mutual protection against the unknown. They were used to the unknown. They sat with their three porters by their own fire in a sanctuary that extended no farther than the circle of its light, round which slunk the jackals, dim shadows.

Mr. Amagee talked fitfully of the advantages of going to Cairo on a flivver. He observed that Khartum was on the way. He observed also that it was plumb greedy for two people to use two cars and a trailer. Miss Amagee observed that some people had extravagant notions of the things you needed on a journey.

During the next day they saw nothing of the hunting party; now and again they heard faintly the report of a rifle. The next afternoon the Pelter cortège arrived. It had been delayed, as Mrs. Pelter told them volubly, on the way from Kwa Hindi by getting stuck in a bog for a day and a night.

In the evening the Amagees joined the party round the camp fire. Mr. Howard Hunter, the stout but adventurous stockbroker who was driving one of Mrs. Pelter's cars for her, looked dirty, weary, and disgusted. The witty, beautiful, and daring Mrs. Pelter, as she was known to the readers of newspapers in the distant capitals of civilization, did her best to live up to her reputation. Certainly she was not bad looking, though her enemies asserted that she always contrived to look like a superior parlor maid, and if she was not witty, she was now and again facetious. Miss Amagee knew little of women, especially of ladies who frequent the polite world, but she knew the reactions of men to the wild. And sometimes when the profound hush of the night was broken by the roar of a lion out on the plain—a daunting sound that filled heaven and earth—she saw Mrs. Pelter start a little and cast a quick glance over her shoulder. The men did not see that swift movement of the head and the flutter of the eyelids, but Miss Amagee had seen it before—in men—and she knew it.

She was not attracted by Mrs. Pelter.

Dr. Carling Wilson she liked. He was gray-haired, wizened, and hard-bitten, and he seemed to be in his element. She liked his smile. She had not sat by the fire for ten minutes before she dubbed Colonel Grosvenor, "Stiff-faced Stephen." He had high cheek bones and an arched nose in a thin, dark, and rather pale face, and it seemed to her that his cold gray eyes rested on her with disapproval.

She had known many kinds of people in many cities and at the ends of the world, but Mrs. Pelter and Colonel Grosvenor she did not know. She took it that they were the salt of that polite world into which she had never wandered, and her belief was strengthened by the fact that they so plainly shared it with her.

Naturally, the talk ran on big game, and Mrs. Pelter spoke confidently of getting a lion. Mr. Howard Hunter grew a little restive; he did not like lions. He did not mind shooting impalla or Tommies for the pot, but he did not want to shoot lions. He had seen them often enough, wandering peacefully about quite near the wild herds in the daytime, when they were harmless if you kept out of their way. Even the herds knew that and paid no heed to them. Night is the lions' time. This motoring across Africa was bad enough without lion hunts.

He wished he could say, with Mr. Amagee, "I never got a game license, and I guess the British Government would be plumb upset if I shot one of their lions without one."

"Five hundred dollars is a lot to pay for a license," said Miss Amagee.

"There's not much point in getting one unless you're a good shot," said Mrs. Pelter.

"Sure, lady; Sally can shoot all right," said Mr. Amagee, mildly. "You should have seen her get a gazelle through the head at two hundred yards, and him doing forty miles an hour."

"A Tommy, do you mean?" said Colonel Grosvenor. "They certainly run, but they don't run as fast as that, sir."

"This was an Arabian gazelle, up at the Waddy Musa," said Mr. Amagee. "They run faster than a Tommy—a lot. I've never seen anything run faster, except those little American rats—what's their name? Guess I've forgotten. Gray they are. You see them down in Oruro."

The four others looked at Mr. and Miss Amagee with a new interest, and curiosity awoke in their flame-lit faces.

"You've traveled in South America?" said Colonel Grosvenor.

"Why, yes; on and off," said Mr. Amagee.

Night and the inhospitable wilderness drive man into an immediate amity, and by the camp fire they accept one another with little question. Mrs. Pelter had supposed the Amagees to be local people—settlers. She saw Colonel Grosvenor studying Miss Amagee, not with an approving air but with interest. At once she looked to her own laurels; she began to talk about the magnificent tiger she had shot in India; she had the skin at home in London. It became clear that if Mrs. Pelter had not been a fine shot, at least two people would have met their end instead of the tiger.

"Them tigers are devils," said Mr. Amagee. "Recollect that old brute in Assam that walked into the compound and carried off our boy, Sally?"

"Sure, pop," said Miss Amagee.

They did not elaborate the story. Mrs. Pelter looked at them with dislike, Dr. Carling Wilson with lively interest, Mr. Hunter gloomily, Colonel Grosvenor with a faint incredulity.

"Bears," said Mr. Amagee, "are worse."

He left it at that. The party round the fire was silent, plainly speculating in what country he had met bears. Colonel Grosvenor had a strong suspicion that it was in no country at all. He broke the silence and began to talk

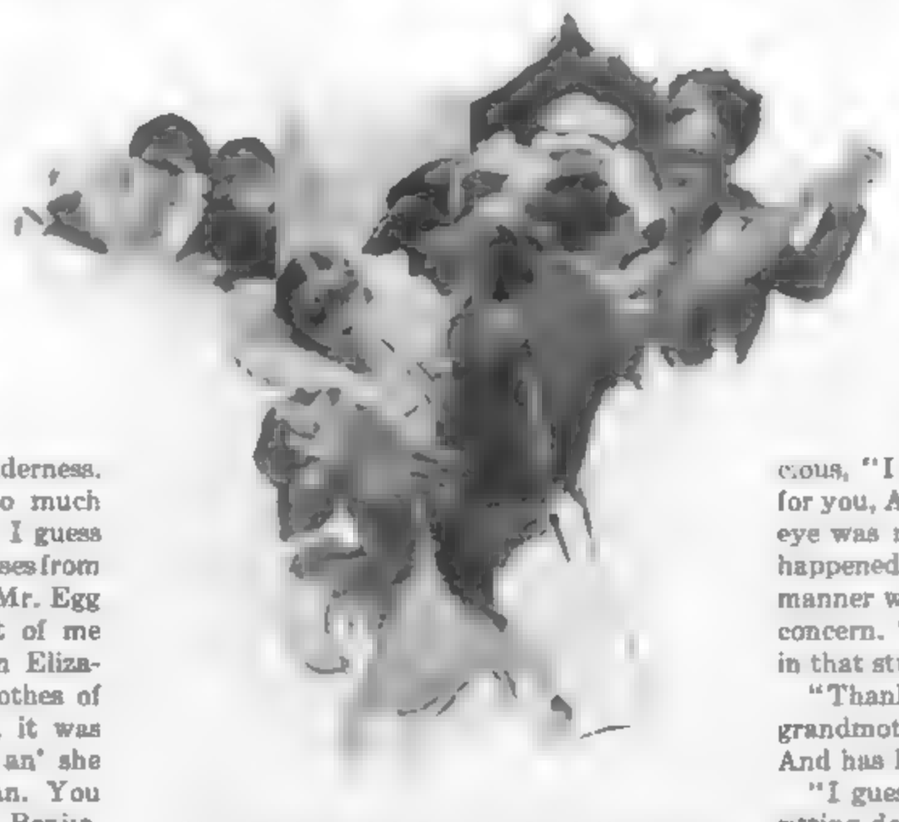
(Continued on Page 68)

The Lion's Habit of Lowering His Head to the Ground to Roar, and So Contriving to Fill Earth and Heaven at Night With the Dreadful Sound, Had Daunted Her

APOTHEOSIS

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK



Mrs. Kirkpatrick Loudly Said Nothing at All, Her Eyes Following Benjamina in the Arms of a Colonial Soldier

"THE truth is," Benjamina said, "that I really don't care much about clothes."

She turned from the windows and came swaying down the green bedroom. Some weak light caught in the tissues of her monstrous skirt and a false jewel glared on the hard front of the corset shutting in her slenderness.

"I ain't ever cared so much about 'em myself, lamb. I guess helpin' mamma make dresses from when I was ten on until Mr. Egg married me took it out of me some. As for this Queen Elizabeth, if she had many clothes of this kind made for her, it was cruelty to dressmakers an' she wasn't much of a Christian. You look extremely elegant, Benjie. It takes a lady to look a lady."

Benjamina fingered a high fence of old lace reared on wires from the shoulders of the gown and smiled at a long mirror.

"You sew so beautifully, mother."

"Mercy, sister! I'd ought to. An' it's a pleasure to set up a dress on you, even a masquerade business. The years I suffered makin' Washington birthday masquerade dresses for the girls! To have three daughters, Benj'mina, none of which ever had sense enough to stand still when bein' fitted an' not enough int'lect to know how they wanted their duds made was a considerable trial. I used to look forward to the month of February like it was a diet."

Mrs. Egg put a peppermint in her mouth and began to rise from the broad cushion on the floor. Then she sat down again, because a calamitous howl broke in under a raised pane of the window and quite startled her. Half the peppermint went roughly down her throat and she had to cough. It took her a dozen seconds to consider the howl and to locate it.

"It's Malcolm Orthwein," said Benjamina, at the window.

"I thought as much, sister. An' what's he bawlin' about now?"

"He's sitting in a puddle by the quince tree, mother."

"An' where's Sandy?"

"I can't see him."

"Well, we'll know all about it pretty quick, sweetheart. Come back here. There's some cloth of gold on the skirt ain't sewed as tight as should be. . . . It was extremely sweet of Pansy to send Malc out to play with Sandy. She'd ought to know by this time that it gen'rally ends bad. Sandy can't stand the nasty little whelp. A boy eleven years of age which wants to be a revivalist, an' knows how he's goin' to have his choir dressed in his tabernacle, ain't decent. Pansy's children are worse even than you'd expect from her. She's the dumbest daughter I got. Dammy thinks Violet's dumber, but he ain't always right. You dunno what a relief it was, Benjie, when Adam married anything so sensible as you."

Malcolm Orthwein, Jr., receded, howling, from his grandfather's house. Benjamina's white, slim hands fluttered under her chin as they did when she was amused.

"He'll probably grow up to be a professional libertine and stay drunk in Paris most of the time. . . . Is that Adam?"

"No," said Mrs. Egg, triumphantly getting up with just one hand on the arm of a chair, "that's a truck or somethin'. Adam's car wouldn't rattle so much. . . . Now let's see the back of the top of all this."

Her cushioned fingers prowled among bits of tinsel and junk on the back of the gown. It had kept her excited for two days and she looked for a sensation in the Town Hall tonight. And not one of her three sumptuous daughters would look anything so gay as her son's sober wife. The knowledge that Fern had sent to New York for costumes for herself and Pansy and Violet had made Mrs. Egg violently busy.

"Dammy must have made Cleveland in time for lunch. He should be back by now—nearly five," said Benjamina.

"He just about should, sweetheart."

Sanderson Patch Watson came sedately in from the hallway with a square purple box in either hand and said, wonderfully gracious, "I guess these are flowers for you, Aunt Benjie." His right eye was red and something had happened to his chin, but his manner was one of charming unconcern. "And how nice you look in that stuff!"

"Thank you, Sandy. It's your grandmother's fault though. . . . And has Malc gone home?"

"I guess he has," said Sandy, sitting down on the low radiator in the corner.

"A kid goin' on thirteen years of age had ought to know whether his nice little cousin which came out a mile to play with him had went home or not, lamb."

"I'm pretty sure he went home, grandmamma. . . . Would you like some ginger?"

"No, Sandy, thank you, honey. But you better," said Mrs. Egg, "be prepared to say something handsome when your Aunt Pansy gets on the phone."

"Yes'm," said the favorite grandson.

He had his grandfather's angelic pale curls and large blue eyes. He sat on the radiator, getting rid of his moccasips and thick stockings and contemplated Benjamina prettily. Mrs. Egg thought he was probably wondering if she could be made to help him out with his aunt in a few minutes. But he did not stir for ten minutes and then stirred little, just saying, "Here's Uncle Dammy," when Adam came noiselessly in the door with a couple of his children under one arm of a red jersey.

"Baby! I didn't hear your car!"

"Came in the barnyard, mamma."

"An' did they have your costume in Cleveland?"

"Yeh."

The giant stood looking at his wife through smoke of the cigarette hung in his mouth and the white babies wriggling under his arm cheeped uncomfortably. They were Myrtle and John Egg, 2d, their grandmother noticed. He had picked them off a floor somewhere and brought them along and would leave them anywhere. His black eyes went up and down Benjamina until she blushed and her hands fluttered on her breast.

"You're a smart woman, mamma."

"Isn't she clever, Dammy?"

"Mercy," said Mrs. Egg, "it wouldn't amount to much if Benjie hadn't got an elegant figure and knows how to stand up straight."

Adam said, "Huh!" and then spun on a heel to look at his nephew. His black head rose so close to the white ceiling that he seemed to be looking down at Sandy from the

Someone Had Brought a Candle From Somewhere. The Light Showed Hoffman Cross-

next story of the farmhouse. Having blown smoke from both nostrils, he shifted the cigarette the width of his scarlet mouth and said "Fella, told you never to hit a kid smaller'n you."

"I didn't."

"Says y'did."

"He bit me I just sat him down on — "

"What for?"

Sanderson clenched his toes into the rug and said "I ——" and then said nothing. His uncle put down the babies on the floor and set a brown fist on each hip. His black stare became painful to watch. Mrs. Egg ate a peppermint hastily.

"He s-said sump'n I didn't like. An' I said he was a damn liar an' he hit me. An' I sat him down on his ——"

"What'd he say?"

"I won't tell you, Uncle Dammy."

At moments Sanderson became so exactly his Grandfather Egg that his grandmother was alarmed. A little cleft appeared in his jaw and his blue eyes glazed. It was like Mr. Egg getting ready to fire a hired man.

"All right. He's smaller'n you though. Go wash your eye."

Sanderson picked up his stockings and moccasins and vanished primly

"Oh, baby! Anybody's likely to thrash Malc any time they get a chance!"

"Yeh. Can't encourage it, mamma. In the fam'ly."

He sat down on the rug and turned over John Egg, 2d, on his back. He seemed to regard his offspring as pieces of interesting machinery, but his mother had noted that he liked them a lot. He now examined his second son's nose, touching it with a terrifying dark finger gravely, as though it were a valve in a new churn. John commenced blowing bubbles

"We're havin' dinner early, lamb, so's there'll be plenty of time to get Benjie an' you dressed. There's beefsteak with that yellow French sauce the name of which I can't remember, an' candied sweet potatoes an' some other stuff, an' I'll set up a couple of lemon meringues for dessert. But do tell me now if there's anything else you'd want, lamb."

"You spoil him ridiculously, mother."

"Benjie, he's the only son I got. An' Mr. Egg ain't any more taste in food than a steam engine, and never has had. Dammy takes after me."

Benjamina wriggled out of the brilliant gown and said, "He doesn't deserve you. Go and get my blue gown, you dreadful lout."

Adam oozed up from the floor and paced out of the room as if he were not more than six feet and four inches long. Mrs. Egg sighed irrelevantly. The scales in the dairy had announced three more pounds of her this morning and she ought to do something about it. A woman fifty-one years of age oughtn't to let herself get above two hundred and twenty. She ate another peppermint and watched muscles heave under Adam's jersey as he tossed the blue robe over his wife's red hair.

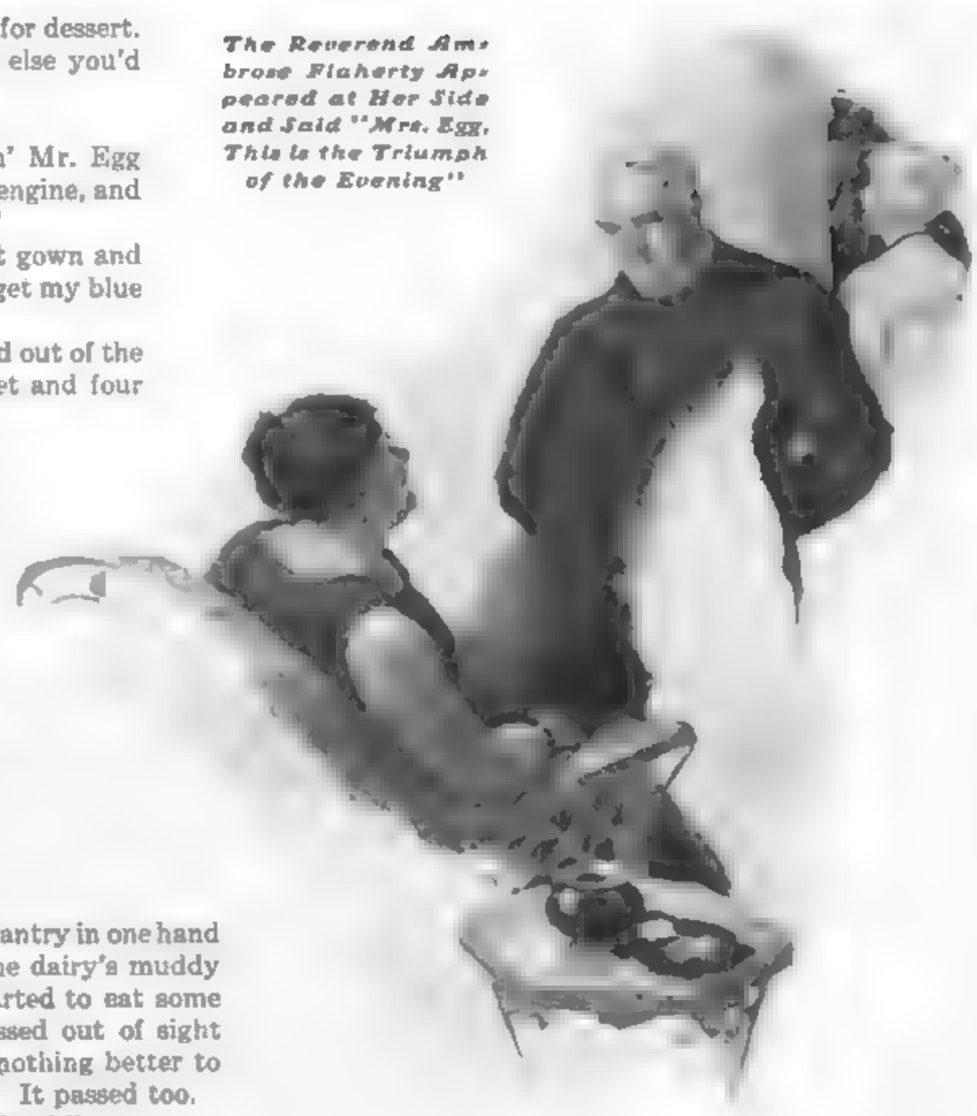
"Go tell your poppa to remember dinner's at six. He's distracted over the new bull calf. He might forget."

"Yeh."

He was gone. After a moment he went whirling down the yard with a prodigious hunk of marble cake from the pantry in one hand and soared placidly over the fence into the dairy's muddy territory. Mrs. Egg was sure that he started to eat some cake high in the air. His shoulders passed out of sight into whitewashed doors. She now had nothing better to look at than a red car lunging from Ilium. It passed too.

"Charlie Hoffman's headed for Cleveland."

"He's probably gone to Cypress," Benjamina said. "One of the Italians there makes some kind of rotten champagne, Dammy says. The lost generation has to have its medicine before a party."



The Reverend Ambrose Flaherty Appeared at Her Side and Said "Mrs. Egg, This is the Triumph of the Evening"

Legged on the Smooth Lake of the Bright Floor With a Handkerchief Red at His Nose

"Who started callin' him that?"

"Thyreus Egg. I don't think Mr. Hoffman likes it either."

"Thyreus can't take Charlie serious."

"Thyreus is too intelligent," Benjamina drawled. "And I can't see why anybody takes Mr. Hoffman so heavily."

"Sister," said Mrs. Egg, "a man with those kind of eyes gets took seriously if he can put out a line of talk. He's an extremely handsome kind of jackass an' takes after his mamma. She'd got vi'let eyes, too, an' hadn't any trouble with her eyelashes neither. They worked perfect. Mr. Hoffman got white-headed early in life If folks would only get sense enough to look back at what a fool's ancestors an' ancestresses were, they wouldn't get so excited about a pup like Charlie carryin' on. If you'd knew Mr. Egg's mamma, honey, nothin' which Fern an' Pansy an' Violet do would surprise you a mite."

The little red car snapped away past beeches and a grove of chestnuts up the road. Water splashed in an explosion of bright sparks as it bounced through a pool and Mrs. Egg wondered if Charlie Hoffman had got any mud on his face. But Benjamina was cutting string off the florist's pretty boxes. Tinseled cord snapped smartly twice, and the redoubled noise made Mrs. Egg wonder why it had taken two boxes to bring Adam's flowers to his wife. And then a perfume traveled among smells of new cloth and peppermint. . . . Oh, by and by, summer would come again all up and down this plain. Roses would be glowing in the broad garden behind the barns and in towsled patches of poor yards tended by women between spells of ironing. All the soda fountains would be hedged by wriggling youth and bats would go banging on staves of fences and the kids would have brown knees. Mrs. Egg's eyes filled because summer would come again, thank the Lord, and because roses put out their perfume in her green room. And it wasn't any use calling herself an old fool either.

"Mother!"

"Yes, sister?"

Benjamina's hands, slim and pale, had become two moths that waltzed over two knots of roses. This was pretty, but a chill sped in the crease between Mrs. Egg's chins.

"Benjie!"

"Did anybody ever make love to you—I mean, after you were married?"

Mrs. Egg ran her hands over her very soft black hair and got it settled safely on her head. "Be calm," she thought, "and light as a good biscuit. The child's scared."

"You got to remember, Benjie, that all this adipose didn't begin creepin' on me till Dammy was two or three years of age. . . . The idiotical persons which write books an' movin' pictures always make out a

Continued on Page 138

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

By DELIA J. AKELEY

IT WAS while listening to the roar of the mighty cannons and exploding bombs during the war that a great longing for the peace of the African jungles took possession of me, and I began to plan another journey to that country. As expeditions to Africa are expensive undertakings, and magic lamps and fairy godmothers had passed me by, there was nothing for me to do but wait and work and plan. Finally, in the summer of 1924, I was in a position to organize an expedition of my own and return to Africa for the purpose of living with the natives.

The task of equipping my expedition—selecting tinned food, tents, guns, cameras and medical supplies for a prolonged stay in the jungle—was made easy through my experience in helping to plan and purchase the equipment for our former expeditions. Fortunately, from the very beginning of my African career I had shared the dangerous work of the expedition with the men, hunting wild animals and following their trails, accompanied only by natives. So, with my accumulated knowledge of the country and its inhabitants, my plan to visit Africa unaccompanied by a white companion did not seem so dangerous an undertaking to me as it did to those who knew nothing about my former activities.

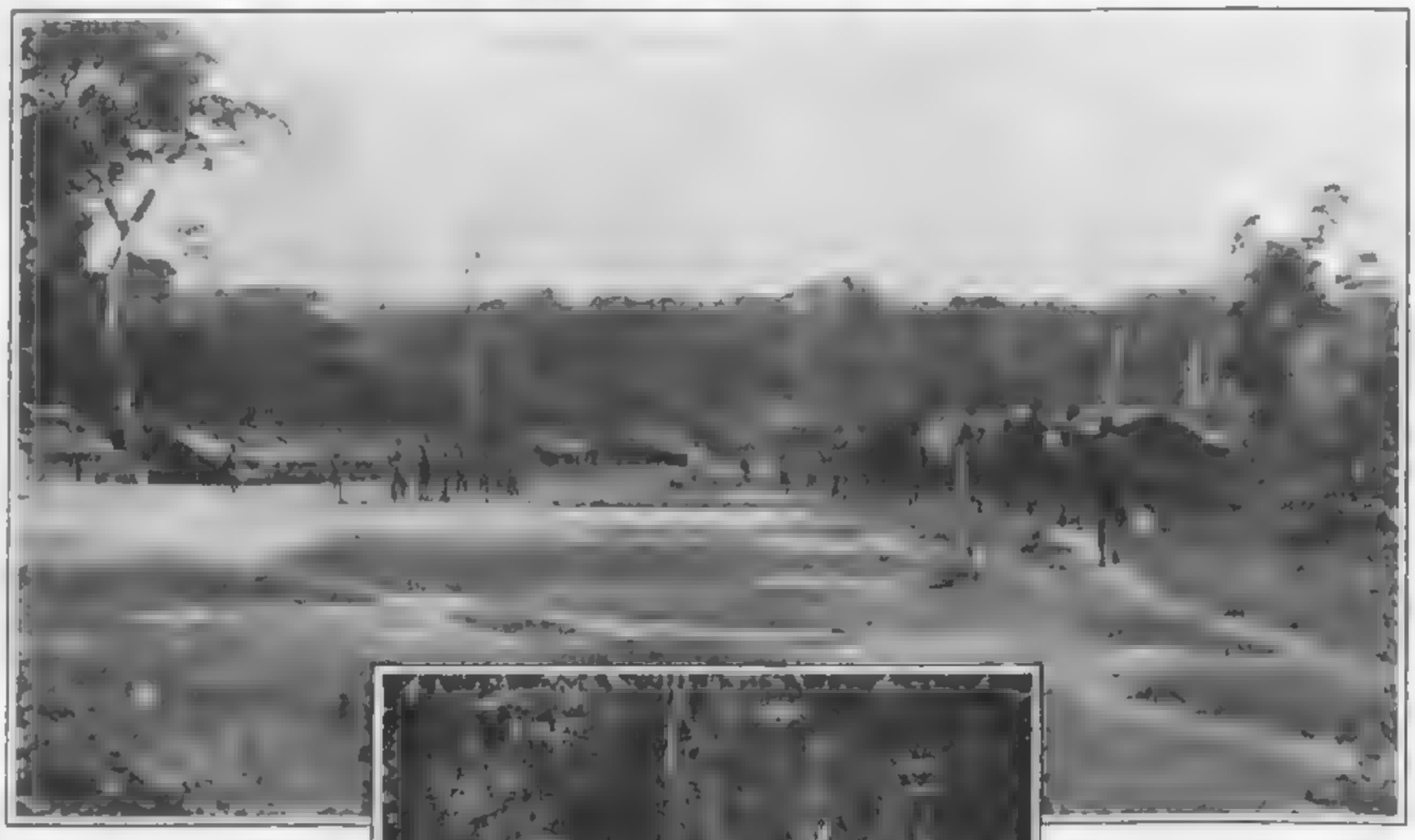
Ever since my first experience with the primitive tribes of Central Africa twenty-one years ago, I have had the firm conviction that if a woman went alone and without armed escort to the villages, she could make friends with the women, gain their confidence and learn their customs and habits.

A Spirit Seeking Freedom

TO FIND natives who had not been influenced by civilization was, I realized, one of my greatest problems. Though I was interested in the natives of East Africa and Uganda, having lived so long among them, I also knew that the great influx of settlers and traders since the World War had brought to them an influence which would taboo them for my purpose. From all the information I could gather I decided that the Pygmies were the least known of all the African tribes. A commission for the Brooklyn Museum of Arts and Sciences took me, first, to the great game fields of East Central Africa. Then traveling inland I crossed Lake Albert to Kisenyi in the Belgian Congo. Securing porters, I proceeded to that portion of the vast Ituri forest which lies north of the Aruwimi and Ituri rivers, where the Bambute Pygmies are known to dwell.

The first Pygmy family I met were brought to my camp from their forest home by a friendly Walese sultan in whose village I stayed. Naturally, I was thrilled to receive a visit from these strange little people I had come so far to see.

My first advance toward winning their friendship was gifts of salt and tobacco—real luxuries for these primitive people, and greatly prized. Friendly relations thus established, I held out my hands to the cunning little baby who was carried on her mother's hip by means of a broad leather strap passed across her shoulder. To my great surprise the baby gurgled its delight and, holding out its chubby arms, came to me at once. The child's spontaneous action brought forth a roar of laughter and a volley of chatter from the onlookers. This frightened the child, and instantly her body stiffened, her lips quivered, and her big eyes registered the terror that filled her little heart. She made no effort to get away. Nor were there any tears to dim the



Pygmies in a Village in the Dark Forest, Where the Little People are Safe From the Prying Eyes of White Men. Above—A Walese Village in a Clearing in the Ituri Forest

luster of those great brown eyes that gazed at me so pathetically. She reminded me of a bird that had been mesmerized and was too frightened to move or cry out.

The father stood and watched us with a shy, friendly smile. But the mother was so absorbed in the lump of salt, which she greedily licked with accompanying smacks, that she was utterly oblivious to what was happening around her. One might think, from her indifference to my presence, that she was in the habit of seeing white women every day of her life.

From among the various kinds of toys which I carried as gifts for the native children, I chose a little red balloon for the Pygmy baby. I hoped that the bright color would appeal to her childish fancy and allay the fears which the boisterous laughter had instilled in her mind.

It was a happy thought, for none of the natives had seen a balloon; and, like anything that one introduces to primitive people which they cannot understand or which has a hint of the supernatural about it, the red balloon caused a furor, and the comedy which followed was very amusing.

It so happened that no one witnessed the inflating process, and when I appeared holding it by a string, the strange object was as much of a surprise to the men in my own caravan as it was to the other natives. Nothing could have created more excitement or made a greater impression on their superstitious minds. When I stooped over the baby, who was sitting on the ground, to tie the balloon to her wrist, they all surged forward, wild with curiosity, and craned their necks to get a better view of the swaying object. But they were quickly ordered back by the sultan and the canny old witch doctor.

With a serious theatrical expression the two wise men approached and bent cautiously forward to inspect the balloon, and an intense hush came over the people. Just at that moment a gust of wind sent the red ball bobbing swiftly in their direction. With more haste than dignity both men jumped back, the old witch doctor losing his balance and falling over a stool. Laughter comes to the lips of natives quickly, and shouts rose on the air. The old man, however, was equal to the occasion, and with clever wit he announced in sepulchral tones that the balloon contained a spirit that wanted to be released.

Entertainment for the Natives

FORTUNATELY, before he had time to decide whether the spirit was a good or a bad one, the Pygmy mother dashed into the ring and saved me from what might have become a dangerous situation. During the little comedy she had remained on the outskirts of the group, happy with her lump of salt. Now, catching sight of her baby sitting on the ground with the strange object wavering over her head, she gave a yell and came forward like an animal protecting its young. Anger, fear, astonishment and relief were registered on her face as swiftly as a picture on a screen.

When the baby kicked her feet and waved her chubby hands in greeting to her mother, the balloon jumped mysteriously over her head. The mother struck at it and leaped back, obviously afraid. It intrigued her and she struck it more gently and began to laugh and shout. After all, she had more courage than the witch doctor. With characteristic native indifference to her surroundings, she began running around the child, and as she ran the current of air caused the balloon to bend and sway. It was a comical sight, and I dashed into my tent to fetch my camera. But no sooner was my back turned than the mother snatched the balloon and ran with her prize toward the forest. She was quickly pursued by the yelling mob. In the excitement she fell and the balloon escaped. As a stiff wind carried it gracefully skyward the astonished natives stood with open mouths and upturned faces, watching.

Then a remarkable thing happened. Two hawks rose from their perch on a near-by tree and gave chase. The winner in this unique race hovered for an instant over the prize, and then, swooping downward, struck the balloon with its claws. When it exploded both birds turned a complete somersault, dropping a short distance as if they had lost their balance. Then, quickly righting themselves, they flew straight as an arrow toward the forest.

After the episode with the hawks we returned to the palaver ground. I found that, regardless of the excitement,

the Pygmy father had remained with his baby and was standing under a tree with the child in his arms.

When the mother joined them I took their measurements and found that the man was two and one-half inches taller than his wife, who was just three feet nine inches. The most surprising feature about my little guests was the soft texture of their skins, which were a brownish yellow and very clean. I expected to find them very dirty, shy and covered with hair. While I was setting up my tripod and arranging my camera to photograph them, I was wondering why travelers did not give a more truthful report of what they saw. Then suddenly I looked up and received the shock of my life. My little guests had lined up and were actually holding a pose, waiting to be photographed. The mother was holding her baby in front of her and the little father stood with both hands hanging by his sides.

Professional Forest Models

THEY were just friendly neighbors of an enterprising sultan, who admitted that a sort of partnership existed between them and that for a slight remuneration the little Pygmy family lived close by and came at his bidding to pose for all the travelers who passed that way. One must admit that there was no evidence of an inferior intelligence shown in this very admirable business arrangement. They not only gained in wealth but the sultan was able to please his white guests and send them away with the thrill of having seen a real Pygmy family.

These were not the Pygmies I had come so far to see, so the next morning—I a little wiser and also a little happier for my experience—we marched on. Day by day we went deeper and deeper into that boundless forest, camping each night in the clearings where the friendly Walese had their villages and where I could buy food for my hungry porters.

Our woodland trail wound through the moss and liana-draped forest, over wooded hills, across innumerable rivers and streams—the mileposts of the Congo—and through treacherous swamps where my carriers struggled and floundered with their burdens and sank knee-deep in mud and green slime. Sometimes the trunks of mighty trees, all wet and covered with moss and slime, lay across our path, and careful maneuvering was necessary on the part of the porters to get across with their burdens. Stones, treacherous roots and dangerous holes were concealed under a deposit of moss and dead leaves. And everywhere—on the ground, in the air and hovering about our heads—were thousands upon thousands of exquisitely colored butterflies. Sometimes the silence of the forest was broken only by the falling of a seed or the snapping of a twig under our feet. Hardly a day passed, however, that we did not see or hear elephants.

There is something weird and frightening about the Congo forest, with its abnormal and distorted growth of vegetation, strange animals and stranger human beings. As the days passed I lost the sense of buoyancy and self-determination which had given me the courage and the urge to enter the dark forest on my lonely quest of the little people.

After I had been in the forest a few weeks, there were times when a horrible feeling of oppression took possession of me, and the solid wall of trees surrounding the pitiful little clearings where we camped changed to prison walls. This feeling usually came upon me after a hard day's march through a tropical downpour, or when I came into a village where someone had died and the professional mourners were wailing their dismal death dirge. I felt as if I must push aside the walls of green which loomed so dark on every side and get into the sunshine on the wind-swept veldt again.

A Promise of Refreshment Brought These Pygmies, With Their Drums, Into a Clearing to Dance

Two Young Okapi. These Animals Were Brought Out of the Forest by the Pygmies and Survived for Several Months at the Mission at Buta (Bas-Uele), Belgian Congo

I was also discouraged by the fact that I had seen no Pygmies; when, coming quietly into a village one day, ahead of my *safari*, I saw a group of women dancing. The village audience was seated on the veranda of a hut watching and applauding the dancers. The women were stupidly drunk and the hot sun and their exertions caused the perspiration to roll off their shiny bodies.

As they went round and round in a circle they yelled and shouted they call it singing—and tried to keep time by bending and swaying their bodies and stamping on the earth with their feet. They were Pygmy women who had come out of the forest to exchange elephant meat and the skin of an okapi for palm wine and garden produce with their agricultural neighbors. They had imbibed so much of the intoxicating brew and were so earnest in their endeavors to entertain their audience that they were unaware of my presence until they heard the shutter of my big camera fall. Then one of them stopped and stared stupidly at me. The dance song died in her throat as she gazed at the shining lens of my camera. As her befogged brain realized that a white face loomed behind that hideous one-eyed monster she gave a wild, terrified shout and bolted behind the hut. She was quickly followed by the others, who fled toward the forest, leaping over the logs and ant heaps with the quickness and grace of frightened antelope. My boys went in pursuit, and some of them were finally coaxed back and I made friends of them by giving them salt and letting them look at themselves in a mirror for the first time.

These, I felt sure, were the little people whose home life I wanted to learn something about. At least they seemed so promising for my purpose that I decided to visit their village, which I was informed was a two days' journey off the main trail.

I took the precaution to send messengers with the women. They carried my visiting card—a lump of salt—to the sultan and were instructed to say that my visit was not official, and also to tell him that I was bringing gifts the like of which no Pygmy sultan had ever seen.

It would be difficult to describe my feelings of mingled fear and anticipation as I followed my little Pygmy guide into the dripping, rain-soaked, fog-filled forest the next morning. Not being able to see the sun or the sky, all sense of direction quickly left me, and I felt like one groping in the dark. Wet to the skin by the dripping foliage almost as soon as I started, I stumbled over the roots of trees and struggled mile after mile through the tangled and matted vegetation. We crossed innumerable small streams and boggy patches, and walked around fallen trees. For where the forest giant falls there it lies, slowly rotting through the ages; and, as if in pity, the beautiful ferns, mosses and exquisite orchids blanket its ghostly gray trunk.

The Menu in the Jungles

I LEFT half of my equipment and twenty porters at the village in the clearing to await my return. The ten men who accompanied me carried the few necessary supplies which were needed for my comfort, food for themselves and presents for the Pygmy sultan. Their task was not an enviable one and, judging by the few words of their language which I could understand and the angry glances which were cast in my direction whenever I stopped to let them rest, I was blessed, and blessed fervently, many times during the morning.

About midday, fearing to try their patience further, I decided to make camp and call it a day. One after another the weary men came struggling through the vines, and throwing down their burdens, sank beside them in silent resignation. Their attitude was far more condemning than a display of ill temper would have been. I felt like a slave driver. Had they deserted me or refused to go on it would not have surprised me in the least. As a matter of fact, just at that moment I was so exhausted and discouraged by the grilling work of the morning that I would have welcomed almost any excuse to turn back.

It is truly amazing how quickly a tired mind and body will react in the jungle to rest and food. No sooner was camp made and the green bananas, corn and mahogo roots

(Continued on Page 158)

A Congo Ferry. Mrs. Akeley's Porters Crossing a River in Dugout Canoes

ESCAPE, EXTRA NARROW

John Barr, Clad in Mussed Pajamas, Yawned in the Doorway of the Bedroom. "Hello," He Grunted. "What Time is It?"

By DAY EDGAR

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

PENELOPE'S cheeks were rouged only by the cold; and Robert Armstrong, with a pang in his heart, felt that she could never again look quite so lovely as she did against this background of a glittering, ice-mantled campus.

Everywhere tall motionless trees, drooping like rows of huge crystal chandeliers, shone upon her with pearly light; each twig and branch, coated in gleaming ice, separately flashed out jets of brilliance until the campus became a vast convention of sunbeams, a holy place whither had flocked all the morning's choicest rays to sparkle in homage above her head, to light her steps beneath a canopy of scintillating radiance.

"I hope we meet John at chapel," she remarked. "I want to see him again before I go."

A shadow fell across Robert Armstrong's mood. It was natural, he supposed, for a girl to take an interest in her younger brother—even a brother like John Barr—but Penelope was to leave soon, and Armstrong dreaded the possibility of a third person at the lunch he had planned to have with her alone.

Above them, with startling abruptness, the university bell broke out into its vibrating summons; from all parts of the campus a thousand boys came streaming to chapel. Many approached with lagging steps, and a few brought forbidden Sunday newspapers under their arms. Penelope observed them with bright interest and leaned closer to Armstrong.

"They all look so gloomy, don't they?" she whispered.

"None of 'em would feel sunk," he said in an undertone, "if there were enough girls like you to go around."

Because they were now near the entrance she did not attempt a spoken retort; instead, her large brown eyes, with a brief upward glance, inquired: "How can you be so foolish?" And then, Penelope on his arm in bridal fashion, they went in through the double doors—into a high, vaulted cavern of dusky shadows and strains of organ music.

Armstrong walked proudly up the center aisle. The services were about to begin, and the people already seated were devoting themselves to an inspection of the newer arrivals. The seniors, grouped in their reserved pews, followed Penelope with their eyes, for they saw in her an unusually pretty face and the tall slender figure of the exceptionally graceful dancer. The other girls present, and a few faculty wives, also inspected her; their faces showed grudging admiration for the smart green felt hat and the coat of expensive leopard skin trimmed with black fur at the cuffs and neck. And even the tired professors, from the left, looked upon her approvingly, for they saw a young woman with an intelligent face who, instead of gazing around in cool self-possession, was modestly minding her own business.

The attention she attracted stimulated Armstrong pleasantly, and it was with mild regret that he guided her to the comparative obscurity of a pew against the wall at the right. A young male, eagerly making room, looked up at Penelope in cringing worship; she smiled her thanks, and the blush that incarnadined his spectacled face still lingered when everyone rose for the first hymn.

As the assembly was again settling into their seats, Penelope whispered: "Bobby, do you see John anywhere?"

"He's upstairs, Penney," Armstrong explained. "Freshmen have to sit up in the gallery."

Her glance sought the gallery opposite, a sloping expanse of blurred white faces, but then the sermon began and she turned her attention upon the speaker with an air of grave respect.

Armstrong casually arranged his folded overcoat on his lap so that it partly covered Penelope's lap too. For a second his hand groped beneath the coat, and while the preacher extolled faith as a refuge from the sorrows of life, Robert Armstrong, listening attentively, drew strength and comfort from the smooth warm hand that lay, palm up, in his own.

"We will unite in singing Hymn 424—424."

They each held a side of the hymn book, and Armstrong, watching her, was once more disturbed by the belief that after this moment it would be impossible for her ever to be so beautiful again. For she stood in sloping sunlight from a stained-glass window; her voice, sweet and clear as a silver bell, rose softly in the melody of the hymn, and standing there like a singing angel, glorified by religious light, she was the breathing symbol of victory over all sin and sham for evermore.

"Let us unite in prayer."

A complete hush filled the chapel while they bowed their heads, but a minute later, amid sudden chattering and bustling, they walked out to trumpeted peals of a postlude which suggested that even the chapel organist was glad about something.

Outside they waited on the stone porch, trying to scan all the freshmen who came pouring from the several doors that led up to the gallery.

"I'm afraid we've missed him," said Penelope at last.

"He probably slipped over to get something to eat," suggested Armstrong. "We could go down to his room and wait."

Slowly they walked toward a dormitory that brooded over an archway and spread out two long low wings of gray Gothic stone.

"Mother's been awf'ly worried about John," said Penelope. "We were in hopes that he'd get over his homesickness, but I really think he's getting worse."

"Oh, well," remarked Armstrong, wishing to be of comfort, "he's only a boy, you know."

"He has been sending home the most depressed letters," she continued. "Tell me, Bobby, are the meals at Commons so very bad?"

"They're not very fancy," he said, "but they're regular, and you can always get all you want to eat."

"John wrote mother that the food gives him dyspepsia," she said, smiling reluctantly. "And do the professors ever really hold a grudge against a student, Bobby?"

"No, but sometimes a fellow imagines it."

Penelope sighed; for a time all was silence except the crunching of dry snow beneath their feet and the slow creak of an ice-stiffened branch in the trees overhead.

"Of course, I feel awf'ly sorry for John," she said. "After all, he is so young and he's always been too dependent on mother. In fact," she added thoughtfully, "I sometimes think that mother has spoiled John. But just the same, it's time he stopped being such a baby, for if he ever drops out of college, I know it will simply break mother's heart." Again she sighed, and at the sight of her downcast face Armstrong experienced a warm tide of sympathy never induced by the plight of John Barr.

"Don't you get sunk about it, Penney," he urged. "I'll watch out for him all I possibly can."

"You've been very, very good about it," said Penelope gratefully. "Mother says he would have surely flunked out at midyears if it hadn't been for you."

"Oh, I didn't do so much."

"Yes, you did," she insisted, "and you were a peach to do it."

They arrived at an aging entry and climbed several half flights of wooden stairs to the second-floor landing, where Penelope knocked upon a door. No answer came from within; so she led the way into a study that was unoccupied and impressively disordered.

"Good gracious!" murmured Penelope. Standing in the middle of the room, she drew off her gloves and surveyed the devastation. "While we're waiting, Bobby," she announced, "I'm going to give you my impression of a young lady breaking the Sabbath into a lot of little pieces."

He drew the leopard coat from her shoulders, revealing a shapely body garbed in green one tone darker than her hat.

She had finished picking up the scattered newspaper near the fireplace when she abruptly swung around. Armstrong, too, half turned, for John Barr, clad in mussed pajamas, yawned in the doorway of the bedroom.

"Hello," he grunted. "What time is it?"

Armstrong saw a red blush suffuse Penelope's face as she regarded the skinny little figure and the suit of pajamas which obviously should have been sent to the laundry earlier that winter.

"John!" she said severely.

Her tone evidently roused John to the conventions; he hastily withdrew, half closed the door and called: "Have I got time to get to chapel?"

"Hardly," said Penelope. "Chapel was all over a half hour ago."

"Well, for heaven's sakes!" exclaimed John, deeply injured. "Why didn't you stop in and wake me up?"

"Don't be such a child," said Penelope sternly. "You're perfectly able to get up by yourself for eleven-o'clock chapel."

"Now mother'll get another letter from the dean," complained John, "and it's all your fault."

He quickly closed the door, and Penelope turned to Armstrong with a gesture of helplessness.

"Oh, dear!" she said plaintively. "Anybody would think he was still ten years old."

When the bedroom door presently reopened, Armstrong, expecting John to appear in a bathrobe with soap and towel in hand, was surprised to see his brother-in-law elect fully dressed. Penelope, too, seemed surprised.

"Why, John," she asked slowly, "aren't you going to take a shower and brush your teeth?"

"Naw," he said resentfully. "I don't run any risk in this cold weather. It's different in summer, when a fellow ——"

"I see—I see." Penelope attempted to fasten a neglected button beneath his tie, but gave up on discovering that the button was missing.

"Say, you're going to stay till tomorrow, aren't you?"

"No," Penelope replied, shaking her head. "I have to start home this afternoon." John's freckled face sagged

"Oh, do you?" he asked glumly. "I thought you'd stay, and you two could take me to the inn again for supper."

Penelope's eyes gleamed in a sudden, humorous smile. "I'm sorry," she said gently, "but I won't be able to stay."

As the time drew near for setting out for the club, Armstrong speculated uneasily about John. At supper the night before, and later at the hockey game, he had cheerfully endured John's presence for Penelope's sake, comforting himself with the prospect of having her exclusively during these last few hours. But now he wondered if he were being selfish. After all, he decided miserably, she probably would like to have her brother with them at lunch.

"John," he began heartily, looking at his watch, "how about eating with us?"

Penelope, before her brother could answer, shot a quick look at Armstrong—a warm look in which he saw gratitude and understanding; then she filled him with unexpected joy by firmly shaking her head.

"No, John," she said. "This is my last chance to see Bobby, and I'm going to be selfish and have him all to myself at lunch. You go on over to Commons now."

Armstrong, while helping her into the leopard coat, managed to convey his gratitude by a masked pat of approval, and soon the three were tramping down the wooden stairs. Then the old hallway echoed to a most unaccustomed sound, for Penelope, with an arm around John's thin waist, tried to raise his spirits by an application of baby talk and tickling.

"Are the li'l' feller all broke up," she inquired solicitously, "'cause his big sister is leaving on the choo-choo car?"

"Quit it!" (Continued on Page 55)

"No," He Said. "That's the Way This Girl Really Looks. And How Do You Expect Her to be Happy When She's in Love With Me?"

THE SPRINTING PRESS

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

JIM POLE was a persistent and achemy person. He parked the shiny new sedan under an oak tree and thumped across the veranda of Ethyl's home.

"Honey," he announced, in a voice large enough to match his Herculean body, "heah's me."

Miss Watling's acknowledgment betrayed no vast enthusiasm. "Is you?"

"Uh-huh. I brung you somethin'."

It was curiosity, rather than any grander passion, which brought Ethyl to the front door. The Gargantuan Jim gestured toward the car at the curb.

"Tha's yourn, Ethyl sweetness."

"Mine?"

"Ev'y wheel of it."

"Oh, Jim! You don't mean it."

"Tha's the one thing I don't mean nothin' else but."

With eyes shining like twin inkwells, Ethyl walked to the car. She touched it with affectionate, prideful fingers.

"Sedans is the fondest things I is of, Jim."

"Tha's what I speculated, honeybunch." He appraised her out of the corner of his eye. "You know what I wish you'd use that fo', Ethyl?"

"What?"

"A honeymoon!"

There was a moment of silence. Miss Watling caught her breath. In this moment of his magnificent generosity, Ethyl desired most profoundly to adore Jim Pole, but she was unable. There were things about the ardent gentleman which she had always detested and always would detest. Reluctantly she shook her head.

"Ise afraid I cain't assept the car under them terms, Jim. 'Tain't fair to let you build up hope when I don't aim to commit no matrimony with you."

He sagged. "Tha's all right, gal. The car is yourn anyhow. On'y there ain't nothin' would make me gladder than fo' you to pufform a honeymoon in it."

"I—I cain't, Jim. So I guess I better not take the automobile offen you."

"Aw, g'wan, take it."

"You understan' ——"

"Yeh, sugarfoots, I understan'. On'y Ise boun' to hope that some day you alters yo' mind 'bout makin' ma'iage with me."

There was no withstanding such generosity, and so Ethyl Watling accepted the car from the large gentleman whom she felt she could never marry. She did it because he was insistent and because she wanted a car more than anything else in the whole wide world. He suggested a ride and she mounted to the driver's seat, where it became immediately apparent that she knew a great deal about handling a car.

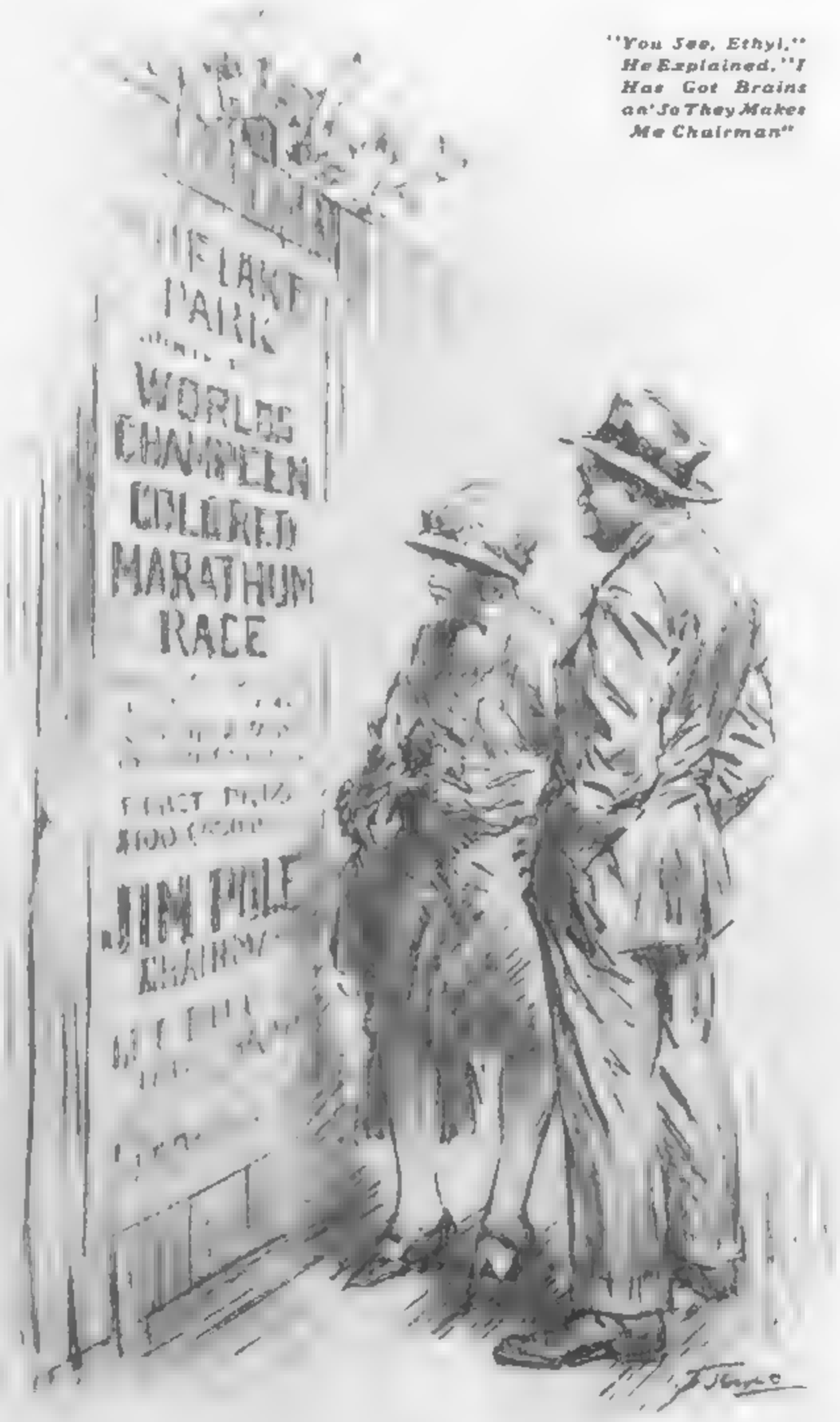
Jim Pole permitted his powerful figure to relax in the seat beside the lady of his choice. He closed his eyes and dreamed dreams. Perhaps there was a chance for him after all; particularly since she didn't seem to suspect that his gift had been prompted as much by expediency as generosity.

The bare facts of the matter were that Jim was faced with a lawsuit which he knew would result in a judgment against himself. He was seeking to divert all of his assets, and the car was about the only one of importance which he possessed. The action at law not having yet been joined, he was free to do as he wished with his own property. Hence this excessive gift to the fair Ethyl.

Jim Pole was not unadroit. He knew that Ethyl would never drive the car without remembering its donor most tenderly.

He knew also that she was an upright and prideful young lady who could be prevailed upon at any time to return his gift. Therefore she might have it now. His creditor could obtain a judgment and find no property to levy against. And if Ethyl persisted in her determination not to marry him, he could suggest to her that it just naturally wasn't decent for her to retain so expensive a present.

She drove happily, but doubt still disturbed her.



"You See, Ethyl," He Explained, "I Has Got Brains an' So They Makes Me Chairman"

"I ain't aimin' to hurt you, Jim, but you understan' that my takin' this car don't mean Ise gwine marry you."

"I comprehen', honey."

"An' there ain't no strings tied to it?"

"Nary string."

She sighed. "You is the mos' gin'rous man I has ever met. My on'iest wish is that you was attractiver."

He was content with small blessings. She drove westward in the general direction of the Ensley steel mills. They came at length to a great acreage devoted exclusively to the entertainment and amusement of colored persons. There was a sign over the gateway: BLUE LAKE PARK. Happiness For Colored Only.

They stopped outside and stared through the gates. The various concessions seemed afflicted with chronic ennui. The gaunt roller coaster was idle. The Ferris wheel lurched around for the delectation of a single passenger. A few children rode the merry-go-round and one youth popped away at targets in a shooting gallery. Ethyl shook her head sadly.

"Park ain't hahdly doin' nothin', is it, Jim?"

"Not yet it ain't, gal. But in a couple weeks ——"

"You think that big athaletic carnival is gwine start somethin'?"

"Sho's you bawn, it is. Trouble with Blue Lake now is that all the cullud folks is goin' to the ol' park, an' they ain't got the habit of comin' heah. Our athaletic carnival an' swimmin' meet is gwine git 'em in the habit of attendin' Blue Lake, an' where folks attends at their money stays." Jim Pole nodded his bullet head sagely. "An' specially that Marathum race is gwine git a heap of folks out heah to see the finish."

In the gathering dusk the girl's eyes dwelt on a poster which was attached prominently to the park fence:

BLUE LAKE PARK
JUNE TWELTH
WORLD'S CHAMPEEN COLORED
MARATHUM RACE
FIVE MILES THROUGH CITY STREETS
ENDING INSIDE THE PARK
ADMISSION FREE BARBECUE FREE
RACE OPEN TO ANY 100% COLORED PERSON
FIRST PRIZE $100 CASH MONEY
APPLY TO COMMITTEE
JIM POLE, *Chairman*
GET THE BLUE LAKE HABIT
THE UNAVERSE'S LEADING COLORED RESORT

Mr. Pole swelled like a pouter pigeon at sight of his own name.

"You see, Ethyl," he explained, "I has got brains an' so they makes me chairman. Us pays a cash prize of one hund'ed dollars to the winner of the race, an' we gits the crowds in to see the finish an' also eat our barbecue. It cos's a heap of money, but, gosh, we got the swellest park in the United States, an' once cullud folks gits comin' heah, they won't never go to no other amusement place."

"It—it shuah is a 'tractive sign," admitted the damsel. "I got to say that."

She headed back toward the center of Birmingham, and even as they rolled along Eighth Avenue someone else was reading a throw-away which was a duplicate of the sign on the Blue Lake entrance.

This person was brown of complexion, shy of expression and dressed in ultra-modest fashion. He sat scrouged up in a corner of the day coach and shifted his eyes from the announcement of the Marathon to the faintly distant smoke haze which marked the city toward which he journeyed.

There was nothing great or stalwart about Bromide Williams, but he had a cheerful brightness of eye and a friendly, engaging manner.

He seemed smaller than average, yet, when the train rolled under the great shed, he moved down the aisle of the car and thence along the platform with the easy, springy tread of the well-conditioned athlete.

Bromide asked directions and came eventually to the hustle and bustle of Eighteenth Street. He was vastly impressed by the winking lights of the movie and vaudeville houses, and his eyes pressed through the darkness toward the imposing bulk of the Penny Prudential Bank Building, a towering structure of, by and for negroes. An odor of sizzling pork and pungent Brunswick stew was wafted to his nostrils and he crossed with his suitcase to Bud Peaglar's Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, where he found a seat at the counter and ordered more lavishly than was wise, considering the decidedly impoverished condition of his purse.

Bud's place was filled with cash customers and merriment. At one of the tables a dapper gentleman in checkered vest and shirt of orchid silk was cueing balls into pockets with disconcerting regularity. And because he was in such excellent fettle Florian Slappey soon found himself lacking opposition. Reluctantly he racked his cue and joined the stranger at the lunch counter.

"Jus' come to Bumminham?" Florian asked the stranger cordially.

"Uh-huh."

"Gwine stay heah?"

"Not 'specially." Bromide produced the thumbed throw-away and extended it to Florian. "Where at c'n I find this feller, Jim Pole?"

Florian grimaced with distaste.

"He'll mos' likely drif' in heah sometime soon." Then, curiously: "You come heah fo' the Marathum race?"

"Uh-huh."

"You don't look like no athalete."

Bromide injected the full force of a radiant personality into the smile he bestowed upon Mr. Slappey. "I ain't so awful good. But I thought I'd try."

Florian shrugged. "Ain't no cullud men in Bumminham can run fo' shucks. They all —— Yonder comes Jim Pole."

The stranger bade Florian farewell and introduced himself to the Marathon chairman. Mr. Pole was inclined to be superior — which didn't seem to bother the newcomer at all.

"Yeh, Ise chairman an' I assepts yo' entrance." He eyed the slim frame doubtfully. "How good is you?"

"Not so terrible good."

"How fas' you reckon you can run them five miles?"

Bromide was modest. "Well, I reckon if I train a h'l' bit—I guess—lemme see—I could run it ——" He did some careful calculation and then casually mentioned a time five minutes faster than was possible for any other contestant.

Jim Pole's eyes narrowed.

"You don't mean that?"

"Yes I do. Co'se, if I was in real good shape I could run it a heap faster, but ——"

"Is you suttin you can run it that fas'?"

"Sholy. That ain't hahdly movin'."

Jim Pole wrapped powerful fingers around the arm of the little man. As he guided Bromide through the door and into Eighteenth Street they looked like a black Goliath and a brown David.

Mr. Pole was engaged in the process of thinking. What Bromide had just announced was most prodigiously interesting. Mr. Pole walked Bromide southward to Avenue F and thence to his room in Sis Callie Flukers' eminently respectable boarding house. He seated Bromide and stared down at him.

The Following Afternoon Florian and Jasper Were Again at the Track, Watching Bromide Trail the Field in the Daily Workout

"You has come to win that hund'ed dollars?"

"Ise gwine try."

"Man, you cain't lose! Fum what you say, you could run backwards an' beat the bes' man which has entered."

"Aw, now ——"

"Don't aw me. Ise tellin' you the troof." He lighted a black cigar. "How'd you like to make two hund'ed instead of one?"

The face of the little man expressed eagerness. "Isholy do crave money, Mistuh Pole, if I gits it honest."

"Oh, this is honest all right. 'Cause they ain't nobody gwine say it ain't honest fo' you to keep yo' mouf shut. All you got to do is sit quiet, say nothin' an' do what I says. Then when you win the race you gits the hund'ed-dollar prize money, an extra hund'ed dollars fo' brawtus, an' also 'tween now an' the race I an' my frien' pays all yo' espenses. What answers you?"

"Ise willin'."

Jim stepped downstairs to the telephone. In five minutes he had Semore Mashby en route to the house in his battered flivver.

"Semore," he announced when the little man arrived, "this heah feller is a real runner. Nobody in Bumminham but us knows he is. He says he can step our Marathum route five minutes faster than Dr. Brutus Herring, which is the best runner entered so far. Now, Semore, I asks you, what's to prevent us formin' a pool an' cleaning up on this—bettin' Bromide against the fiel' at even money?"

Semore's little eyes glittered acquisitively. "Soun's good, Jim. But can Mistuh Williams do what he says?"

Mr. Williams was ready to show them. They chatted for two hours more, giving Bromide's dinner a chance to digest. Then the little man stripped to his running regalia.

At sight of his figure the others nodded enthusiastically. Bromide was indeed deceptive in his clothes. Out of them he showed a deep and powerful chest, a pair of well-developed arms, and legs of glorious proportions. The muscles of thigh and calf were exquisitely developed.

They took him in the car to a deserted road in Shades Valley and there, in the glare of their headlights, he stepped off two miles in ten minutes.

He ran with the ease and grace of a deer, his tiny feet spurning the road, his arms swinging rhythmically, his breathing deep and untroubled. At the end of two miles they pulled him into the car again. Here indeed was a gold mine. They made no effort to conceal their delight.

"Cullud boy," said Semore, "you is marvelious. But we ain't gwine let nobody else in Bumminham know that you is. Nor neither you ain't."

"But if they see me practicin' ——"

"Tha's just the point," chuckled Semore. "They is gwine see you. All the runners is gwine practice on the race track at Blue Lake Park. You included. But when you is practicin' you has got to look like you is slow. In fack, you has got to practice in long pants so they cain't nobody see them swell leg muscles."

Bromide considered. "Is that fair?"

"Don't be an idjit. Of co'se it's fair. Ain't no rule says you got to practice at yo' bes' speed, is there?"

"No-o-o."

"Ain't no law you got always to run yo' best. It's jus' good stragety. You make 'em think you ain't nothin', an' when the race comes along you run away with 'em. It's just like folks does on hawss tracks. They don't leave their hawses run fast until the race. Ain't that a fack?"

"It ain't nothin' else, Brother Mashby."

"An' you is willin'?"

Bromide shrugged. "I reckon so. Any fellers which is as good to me as you two ——"

And so it was that two days later a deceptively small gentleman appeared on the track at Blue Lake Park in an old sweater, long trousers and a pair of running shoes. Other contestants were training and Bromide fell in with the crowd. *(Continued on Page 130)*

Despite Willie's Best Efforts—and He Was Running as He Never Had Before—the Distance Between Himself and His Opponent Widened

AFTER PETROLEUM—WHAT?

By Isaac F. Marcosson

IN VIEW of the now familiar oil overproduction, with its unnecessary drain on the natural reserve, the question of future supply becomes increasingly acute. People are beginning to wonder if the carriage manufacturer is coming back to his former prestige, and whether the faded letters "L-i-v-e-r-y S-t-a-b-l-e," now supplanted by the more esthetic "G-a-r-a-g-e," on endless buildings, will have to be restored. Is a nation on wheels, as it were, going back to the hoof so far as daily transport is concerned?

There is more truth than idle speculation in this surmise. Although it may be postponed longer than we think, the time is inevitable when we shall be obliged to depend for motor fuel on imported crude or a synthetic liquid distilled from coal, lignite or shale. This concluding article therefore will deal with the vital matter of oil exhaustion and, what is more important, the agencies available to stave off the era of substitutes. Into it must also enter an answer to the pregnant interrogation: After petroleum—what?

It is part of the chronic paradox which is oil that in an hour when superabundance gluts the market and depresses the price, in most instances below cost of production, the specter of famine should arise. This apprehension, however, is both timely and well founded. Check the flow of petroleum and you paralyze power and progress all the way from farm to factory and ship. Petroleum has become increasingly indispensable to civilization on land and water.

In the preceding paper you saw how the current crisis, born of excess, has brought the need of conservancy home as never before, and that some kind of safeguard, whether voluntary or involuntary, will emerge. This is only one phase of a bigger problem. No matter how we bulwark Nature's store, we must be prepared eventually to supplant her gift with a manufactured product. Conservation can merely prolong the life of an essential raw material doomed to ultimate extinction within our confines.

The first step in this final appraisal is a recapitulation of the big facts, notably concerning production. We cannot probe into the future without knowing something about the past. Oil and its products have become so cheap and accessible that few people stop to wonder about their source. In the same way they fail to appreciate the growing depletion of the hoard.

Assets With the Wanderlust

SINCE Colonel Drake put down his first well in 1859, the United States has produced nearly 10,500,000,000 barrels of petroleum. The annual output has grown from 209,557,000 barrels in 1910 to 900,000,000, which was the record of last year. We supply 70 per cent of the entire world yield. There are many men in the business who believe that if our present prodigality continues, this percentage will be exactly reversed and we shall be holding the short end.

With increased production has come a big advance in use. We consume, with exports, 1,000,000 barrels of gasoline a day. In 1927 the per capita absorption in the United States was 93.9 gallons, while for the rest of the world the rate was 3.3 gallons.

Each year has witnessed some new inroad upon oil. Its growing employment in the home is only one of many instances. The manufacture and sale of oil burners to warm the American household has increased more than 6000 per cent in the last three years. They warm every class, from cottage dweller to lodger in skyscraper hotel and apartment house.

Behind all this is the expanding maw of the American motor car. The high-powered vehicle is the demand of the public, let gasoline consumption be what it may. In 1913 we had just passed the 1,000,000 mark with automobiles. Today we have 23,225,000. Optimists in the business predict that we shall double this number in ten years. Whether the prediction comes true or not, the fact remains that for motor transport, as for nearly every other major line of human activity, we must have more and more oil to keep the wheels turning.

If we had an inexhaustible reserve of oil underground, there would be no commentary on this expanding consumption. The reverse is true, because the store is highly problematical. You cannot block out oil in the same way that our reserves of coal, iron and copper are surveyed. Furthermore, coal stays put and oil does not. A testator is never certain that his bequest of oil land will be productive at that distant time when it is drilled by his heirs. This results from the nature of crude. It has the wanderlust. Because of its roving disposition, it must be garnered, once the oil well begins to flow. Otherwise adjacent areas take toll.

Any analysis of the situation must start with an inquiry into how much oil is left in the ground for our future needs. Like every other feature of the business, this is uncertain. All predictions so far have been in error. For forty years dire forecasts of imminent exhaustion ruled.

As recently as 1921 statisticians maintained that our domestic output would be at its peak when 500,000,000 barrels were obtained. Yet last year, as you have just seen, we produced 900,000,000 barrels, and the figure would have been higher but for the curtailment program at Seminole and Yates.

The New Ventura Avenue Field in California

The difficulty in making any estimate of the invisible supply of petroleum grows out of the fact that the discovery of crude is not yet an exact art, although oil science has made many great advances during the last five years. Oil is hidden and production therefore becomes a finding industry. Favorable-looking lands become oil fields when the drill has proved the area, and only then. It means that all estimates must necessarily be conjectural.

Following the constitution of the Federal Oil Conservation Board by President Coolidge at the end of 1924, the American Petroleum Institute named a committee of eleven, which made an exhaustive investigation of the petroleum resources of the United States. Their report forms the best basis for ascertaining just how much oil is still available. The committee estimated that the wells and fields then producing would yield a future production, by ordinary flowing and pumping methods, of 5,300,000,000 barrels of oil. These fields had already yielded a grand total of 8,000,000,000 barrels.

The Surplus

IT WAS further pointed out that for each barrel that had been produced, and for each barrel that would be obtained by the methods then in vogue, at least two barrels remained in the ground Owing to the haste that marks the oil operation, a maximum of only 25 per cent of the crude in the well is recovered. Many experts feel that the ratio of two barrels recoverable for each barrel already produced is too small, and that three and possibly four will eventually be available.

Using the minimum recovery of two barrels for one means that according to the 1924 calculation 16,000,000,000 barrels are in the reserve. This is based on the 8,000,000,000 barrels produced up to that time in the proved areas. Add to this the crude recoverable by the same ratio from the known reserve of roughly 5,300,000,000 barrels and you have a total of 26,600,000,000 barrels. Not all this ocean of liquid gold can be salvaged economically, but the oil is there and is obtainable in some way.

The committee of eleven report naturally took no cognizance of the flush fields brought in after its work ended. Since then new areas with gush yields have combined to bring about the existing overproduction. At the same time they will leave a wider area for recovery through intensive effort.

Chief among these recent bonanzas is Seminole in Oklahoma, whose five pools produced 108,572,461 barrels in fourteen months. While this series is being written four big wildcat wells in the same area have been brought in, adding more pools to the field. Under the curtailment agreement they have been pinched to 100 barrels a day each, awaiting the time when the older pools in the district shall have had a considerable drop in output. Drilling will not be delayed long, however, and by early summer these prospective areas, unless drastically held in check, may repeat the 1927 overproduction.

There appears to be no end to new discoveries and production in the West Texas field. In the now famous Yates pool two 20,000-barrel wells and one 65,000-barrel well were discovered late in November. It is estimated

that the potential daily output of Yates is more than 300,000 barrels. As at Seminole, it is curtailed through agreement among producers. The limit here is 30,000 barrels a day. The Winkler field, also in Texas, would have a daily output of 100,000 barrels if the wells, now shut down, were being operated.

California has come to the front with a fresh spurt. At Long Beach a prolific deep sand has been uncovered in the oil Signal Hill section. By December first more than 100 wells were being drilled. Signal Hill is a town-lot area where lease owners cannot delay operation.

To these fields must be added Ventura Avenue and Seal Beach, both in California, as well as the reborn Spindletop in Texas. They strengthen the reserve for future use. The wells drilled during the last three years have already yielded considerably more than 1,000,000,000 barrels of oil and their productive life is still largely in the future. This makes the total reserve from all actually proved sources nearly 30,000,000,000 barrels. At the 1927 rate of production, this would last thirty-three years.

Moreover, the oil store of the United States lies in 1,100,000,000 acres of land not fully explored in which geology indicates oil is possible. Here and elsewhere the geologist is on the job with instruments that are taking the mystery and elusiveness out of oil finding.

Three Miles Down to Oil

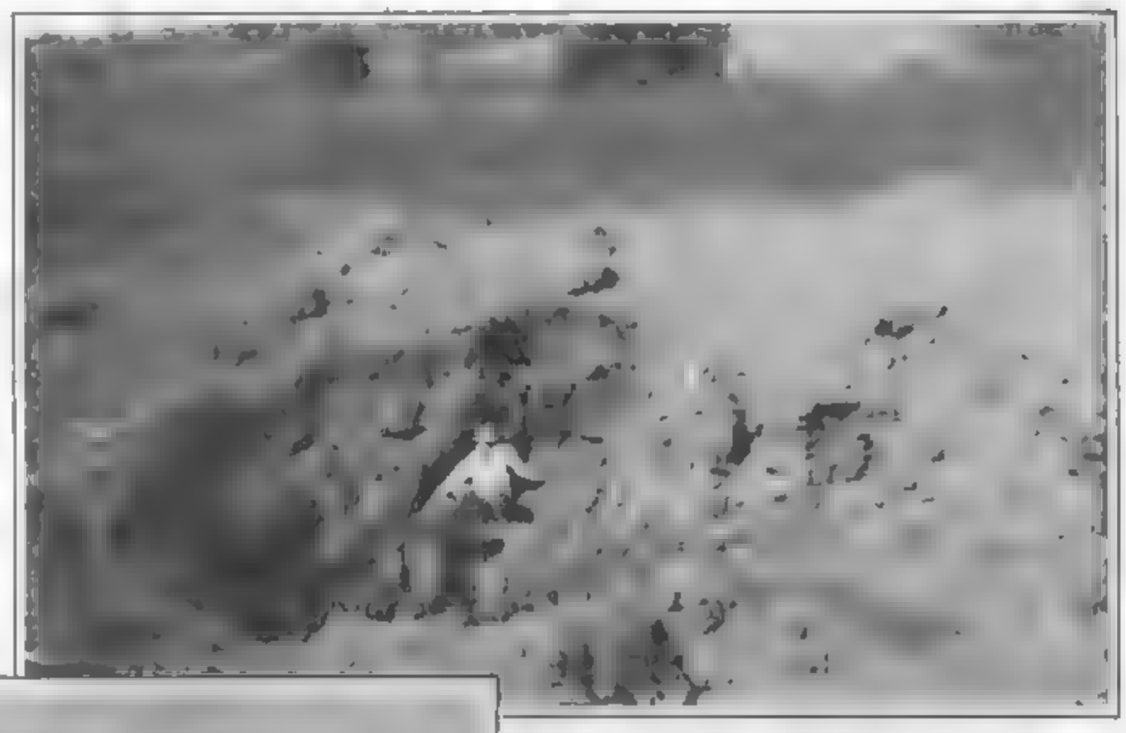
IT IS not until the finding of new fields lags that we shall concentrate on production in old areas. The period of prolific discovery in Pennsylvania, the mother state of petroleum, culminated in 1890. Production declined until 1915, when it was only 25 per cent of the peak reached in 1891. Today the output in Pennsylvania is actually greater than it was ten years ago. Efficient operation, once it became worth while, not only arrested the decline but enhanced the yield and held it for a decade, with the likelihood that it will continue for some time to come.

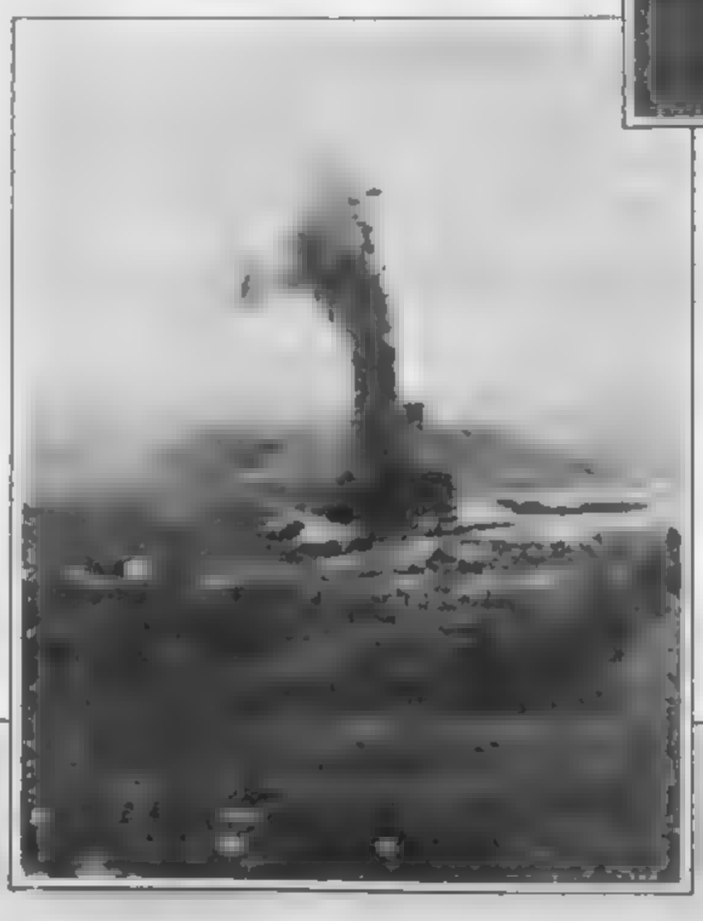
With this statement we come to what might be called the reclamation processes. They comprise one of the bulwarks of the future natural oil supply in the United States. There are four operations—namely, deeper drilling, water flooding, air and gas lift pressure, and mining. Each has demonstrated its ability either to restore old and abandoned areas or increase the output in active fields. We will take them in order.

Deeper drilling is just what the name implies. To understand it you must know that Col. E. L. Drake borrowed the idea for the pioneer oil well from salt drillers operating along the Kanawha River in West Virginia. Before that time oil wells had been dug by hand in Poland, Rumania and Russia. Even today wells are being bucketed—that is, actually dipped for oil—in these countries

Colonel Drake used a drill and set casing in a hole. It was the first time that this had been done in oil finding. One afternoon in August, 1859, the well reached a depth of sixty-nine feet and the crew stopped work for the day. When they returned the next morning the well was nearly full of oil. The Drake discovery had been made and the American petroleum industry was born.

In the early days of the Appalachian development wells were seldom drilled deeper than a few hundred feet. As shallow sands—all oil is found in sands—became exhausted, the drill, in following the dip of the producing horizon, as it is called, or in searching for new horizons, had to go to greater depths. This penetration opened up new areas, with the result that drilling became increasingly deep.





A Dynamite Explosion to Create an Earthquake in Oil Finding

At Top—A Shell Hole Resulting From a Synthetic Earthquake

At Left—The Irak Well Just After it Blew In, Flooding the Countryside With Oil. It Now Flows 95,000 Barrels a Day

Below—The Irak Well Before it Blew In

It is interesting to contrast that first sixty-nine foot Drake well with the 8000-foot wells now to be found in California, where the operation is on a deeper scale than in any other state. The California fields provide the latest evidence that deep drilling can harvest two crops of oil. This is notably true in the Ventura Avenue field just outside the city of Ventura and sixty miles northwest of Los Angeles. In 1915 prospectors drilled to 2250 feet—a deep well for those days. It was not a paying producer and work stopped. Eleven years later commercial oil was brought in at 6000 feet. The field is now producing 60,000 barrels a day.

Another instance of the efficacy of deep drilling, this time with a romantic background, is furnished by the revived Spindletop. The wells in this spectacular field, which made oil history, never got below 1000 feet. It was long before the deep-drilling era. When they fizzled out the region was practically abandoned. In 1926, and within stone's throw of the original producing section, oil was discovered in big quantities at 5000 feet. It is estimated that 60,000,000 barrels of oil are now recoverable at Spindletop. Without deep drilling this might have remained forever locked in the sands. Seminole was not proved until the operators went down as far as the first prospectors.

Deep drilling therefore becomes a definite first aid to our future oil needs. It is altogether likely that the oil well of tomorrow may be from 10,000 to 15,000 feet in depth. The development of old areas through this improved method of production will be tantamount to the discovery of fresh fields.

The second method of recovering oil from old wells is by flooding them with water at high pressure. It has been successfully employed in the old Bradford field of Pennsylvania and elsewhere in that state. The cost is high and the system cannot be operated economically on low-priced oil on land giving a meager yield.

Scrubbing the Sands With Gas

MUCH more has been gained in a practical way from gas and air lift. Oil underground is heavily impregnated with natural gas, which helps to propel it to the surface once the hole is made. Unless the operator exercises care, much gas is wasted in the air. Hence the gas-conservancy movement now in full swing.

By the gas-lift principle the gas is returned into the well to aid and extend its flowing life. The sands are scrubbed with gas, as the phrase goes, and the gas permeates to adjacent areas, accelerating the oil movement. The process is called recycling, because the gas is literally recycled back to its original home. It brings about a restoration of pressure. The system has been so perfected that it is now widely employed. At Seminole, for example, it increased output by 150,000 barrels a day. It has been known to swell the daily production of a single well from 300 to 5000 barrels.

In connection with natural gas is a fact that few laymen appreciate. The utilization of natural gas for the making of gasoline constitutes one of the most important conservation efforts of the industry. Formerly

Continued on Page 146

THE WHEELBARROW

Amory's Guests Fell To With an Appetite That Showed No Signs of Being Marred by the Gravity of the Situation

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

AS THE steward was hurriedly preparing tea and sandwiches, Amory said to his three pretty coadjutors: "The first requisite of any reconnaissance is teamwork. And that's just precisely what, so far, we four haven't got."

"Which says ——" Sabine challenged.

"Each of us four," said Amory, "has some inside dope that's being held out on the three others. Unless we pool what we know or suspect, we'll get nowhere—or some place worse." The look of guilt on each pretty face proved the truth of his charge. Amory, in his self-assumed capacity as chief, continued: "I think we are each in the same sort of boat—tongue-tied through a promise of secrecy. What if, under the stress and obligations of the moment, we repudiate these pledges?"

Sabine said slowly but decidedly, "That can't be done without the consent of the one to whom you are pledged."

Yonne looked at her with a frown.

"It's news to me that you've got anything up your short sleeve except muscle. But I might have guessed from the scratches on you."

"Then," said Amory, "as a partner in this quest, Sabine is out. . . . How about you, Yonne?"

Yonne looked troubled.

"I simply can't spill any of the beans in my basket. If you knew, you'd understand."

"The trouble is I don't," Amory said dryly. . . . "Your play, Jenny."

Jenny swallowed and her eyes filled. Yonne was right, Amory perceived, about the crying complex. He continued hastily if a little impatiently: "Well, how are we going to find anything or anybody if we're all barking on different trails? Like trying to track a buck with a coon dog or rabbit beagle or sheep dog or a bloodhound."

Sabine asked limpidly, "Who's the bloodhound?"

"Let's say I'm it—or to be more exact, I'm the bloodhound's quarry."

"What?" Yonne asked sharply.

"I've been twice shot at this afternoon. I can say that much without any breach of promise."

Yonne and Sabine gave him a scared look. Jenny choked back a sob. Both girls glanced at her suspiciously. There came at that moment from far out at sea a deep, vibrant, wailing note. Yonne looked up quickly.

"Fog coming in. That's Monhegan."

"The fog's already in so far as we're concerned," Amory said sharply. "Do we join forces for this search, or don't we? Is there any mutual base from which we can start, or any objective point for which we can all head?"

"I've got to go home," Jenny said tremulously, and blotted her gray eyes, in which the fog had been all the time.

Amory looked at Sabine. "What about you?"

"I'm ordered home, but I'm not going there."

The steward brought up a generous tray—tea, sandwiches and a lobster salad that was perhaps the costliest ever served in those costly precincts. Amory's guests fell to with an appetite that showed no signs of being marred by the gravity of the situation. Looking seaward, Amory discovered a dull gray wall with a billowing upper edge and he felt a faint draft of air from the southeast. The Reading Room steward walked to the flagpole and took the halyards off the cleat. Amory, as a point of etiquette, took sundown from this post as from a yacht club.

"Colors!" he called sharply to the quartermaster, who lowered the Griselda's bargee and pennant and ensign, ran the nightcap up to the truck of her tall Marconi mainmast and set the riding light.

"If I'm to take you girls across the bay, we'd better start," Amory said. "In about an hour it will be thick as bottom mud. You're not going to spend the night in your house alone, Yonne?"

"Jenny agreed to stop with me," Yonne said, and looked at the girl whose praises as protectress she had sung that afternoon to Amory. Jenny looked at this moment, he thought, about as courageously protective as a rabbit under a bush.

"I'm sorry," Jenny said, "but I've really got to go home—after what's happened."

"I'll spend the night with Yonne," Sabine said. "Nothing's going to bother us."

They finished their impromptu supper in a silence that was a little constrained. Amory was surprised at having received no official recognition from the Chimney Corner. Evidently the troubled minds of that punctilious colony were focused on more pressing affairs than the visit of the yacht whose owner was known to them, despite the fact that this owner was a bachelor and at that moment entertaining its most distinguished daughter and two of her friends—admitted guests—in full scrutiny of the Reading Room.

Amory, for his part, was trying to decide on his own course of action in this curiously tangled affair, now beginning to loom decidedly ominous and sinister. Viewed full and by, it looked as if Howard Phelps and his rum-running escapade, which was on his part a sportive venture, had collided with the Coast Guard and possibly with some local band of rum runners whose activities were more sordid. It was probably a triangular mess, Amory thought, and one in which these three girls were in different camps. Sabine might be trying to protect her stepbrother, Yonne fearful of her own brother's involvement, and Jenny by no means sure that her stepfather had not overstepped his usual caution and protested principles.

And here was Amory anxious to serve all three girls, who had in separate encounters roused his sympathy, interest and admiration. He had to some measure fallen

consecutively for each, their distinctive appeals to some extent antidoting what might easily have been a serious interest in any one.

Actually, he thought Jenny the prettiest of the trio, and in some ways the most appealing, if her allure had not been so diluted in brine.

Meanwhile the woolly fog blanket was being drawn steadily up into the bay. There would be time to take the girls across in the gig, deposit Jenny at the lobster pound, then pick his way through the rock pasture into the Mill Cove before the fog and darkness blotted out all marks. But they would have to start immediately, and in any case his return trip would not be so good. But the sea was still, and with a dory compass and strong torch he ought to be able to keep from getting lost.

This plan he now put into execution; loaded his charges into the gig and shoved off. But the stealthy speed with which a fog bank travels, propelled by the faintest of breezes, is deceptive. Fog has a fashion of thrusting out long tentacles like an octopus and a sinister way of enveloping one's objective in these. Before they had got halfway across the bay the lobster pound was totally obscured. Amory had taken its bearings and found no difficulty in fetching the jetty where Jenny, bewailing her defection, got out and wished them good night.

"What's the matter with her?" Sabine asked as they shoved off. "What has she got to do with this ghastly mess?"

"I can't tell you," Amory answered shortly.

"Which means you won't," Sabine said.

"Precisely. No more than you two will tell me or each other anything."

The fog promptly enveloped them. It occurred then to Amory that to play safe he had better shove in for the shore, land the two girls on the rocks and let them follow the trail through the woods.

But when he suggested this, Yonne said shortly, "If you'll let me take the wheel, I can pilot you in without hitting anything. I've been doing it for the last ten years."

The wise seagoing stranger never scorns the local pilot, even though this be a youngster of eight or nine.

Amory relinquished the wheel and said to Sabine, "Who's going to let your family know where you are?"

"Jenny will telephone," Sabine said indifferently. "If I'd told them before leaving, there'd have been a row."

Yonne picked her way through the rocks, that several times loomed grim and menacing. She took short cuts, and presently, as the darkness was deepening, the Deforests' jetty bulked itself almost against them. As Amory stopped the outboard engine there came from back in the opaque gloom a peculiar whistle that had a lilting note.

Yonne answered it, then turned and said a little breathlessly, "My men are back. They must have decided not to sail the boat around."

"Then you don't need me," Sabine said.

"I'd love to have you stay," Yonne said, in a voice distinctly constrained, "but it really isn't necessary. Wouldn't it save you a ruction if Amory were to take you back home?"

"I'll say it would! Shove off, Amory, and wind her up before it gets any darker. Once out in the bay, we'll be all right. When we get over by the other shore we can stop the engine and listen for the generator of the Chimney Corner power plant."

Amory obeyed. He did not greatly care for poking round in the Stygian darkness that must envelop the place when actual night fell.

"Good night!" they called to Yonne, and headed out again. Closely hugging the shore, which was bold, Amory was guided by the black rampart looming up, and followed this till they had rounded the point.

"We'd better hug this shore down to the lobster pound, then shoot straight across," he said. "It bore east by south from the Chimney Corner."

"Which gives us west by north to run back," Sabine said. "Yonne's a poor liar, isn't she?"

"So you got that?"

"Of course. That's their family whistle, but it wasn't her father and brothers. A little fog might delay but would never stop their sailing the Friendship sloop they went after."

"Then," said Amory, "it was Paul. But why do you give it away?"

"Because I've decided that you're safe."

"Then it was Paul whose retreat you were covering this morning?"

"No, darn it!" Sabine said. "I didn't know that Paul was within five hundred miles."

"What about the wrist watch?"

"That was mine, just as I told you. I won it from Paul last summer at poker. Put my own, that was twice its value, against it."

"I see. One fog is clearing. You disposed of it later to your stepbrother."

"What a bright young mind! Do you think I'd have put up such a knockdown-and-drag-out for anybody but a member of the family? You see, I took you for a C. G. scout. I forgot about the gold braid."

"Well, then, I'd say that Howard was still alive. But where does Paul come in, if that was his whistle?"

"I don't know—on the level. But it looks to me as if he were in the same business, but not entirely for sport. Paul wants to get a stake to marry Jenny."

"Who, at this moment," Amory supplied, "is in a state of constant flood lest he get nabbed and jugged for his part of the affair."

"Well, you ought to know," Sabine said. "But aren't you spilling something?"

"She told me nothing. She did not even reward me for my expressions of sympathy and promise to keep my mouth shut. I kissed her to stop her crying—just as I kissed you to stop your laughing."

Sabine jeered:

"Tobacco wick, tobacco wick,
When I am well it makes me sick.
Tobacco wick, tobacco wick,
It makes me well when I am sick."

(Continued on Page 80)

One of the Oarlocks Gave a Whine. Instantly There Came a Detonation From the Black Solid Gloom on the Starboard Side

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 3, 1928

Poor Little Rich Men

TYPICAL American millionaires need not fear comparison with the rich men of any other country on the globe. Happily for us as a nation, most of our great fortunes have been built up by men of restless constructive genius, imaginative men of unusual endowment, so constituted that the fostering of vast enterprises was their natural channel of self-expression. Their desire to make money has often been subordinate to the urge to build, to leave behind a chain of monuments of their own handiwork to be tangible and speaking memorials of the builders' ability to conceive and carry out great projects, and often to hint at their love for their fellow men.

Not long ago the metropolitan press overflowed with well-deserved homage for such a man on the occasion of his eightieth birthday and printed some of his business philosophy as applied to the art of giving. It is commonly agreed that the success of Mr. Nathan Straus as a philanthropist is even more significant than his achievements as a merchant. As long ago as 1892 he fathered and financed a movement to supply pasteurized milk to the children of the New York slums. This campaign called for as much vision and courage as benevolence, for it had to encounter the bitterest opposition and to accept jeers and ridicule in lieu of thanks. General approbation was withheld until it became apparent that the substitution of wholesome milk for poisonous milk had saved uncounted thousands of infant lives. Gradually the Straus benefactions expanded until now they constitute a business which absorbs much of its founder's time and energy and pays him liberal dividends in satisfaction, happiness and human interest.

Though there are few who can equal the long and continuous record of Mr. Straus for unselfish benevolence, men of similar type are so common in the higher ranks of business and industry that they are taken for granted, and they throw into unpleasant relief those who live to themselves alone. Every large city possesses examples of both types. The former is loved and respected and has the good will of all. The latter is deferred to and kotowed to, not because he is rich but because he is powerful, not because men admire him but because they fear him.

Such men are often free with their money when they are spending it for personal luxury or prestige. They like to enthrone themselves as deities in costly temples of self-worship and to surround themselves with hired worshipers. They crave admiration and esteem, and so they try to buy them instead of earning them.

It would be unjust to hold these self-centered Croesuses up to scorn and loathing. Often they are very good fellows. The stethoscope would reveal warm hearts beating under their waistcoats, and the best-trained ear could hear no murmur of the cash register. Something is unquestionably wrong with them. It may, of course, be sheer meanness; but it is more likely to be lack of imagination, ignorance of what a dollar or a million of them will buy when spent in wise benevolence, or failure to perceive how surely giving blesses him who gives as well as him who receives. When the warm heart of youth grows cold it is because absorption in personal interests has shielded it from first-hand knowledge of the human distress and want on every hand. Our great imaginative philanthropists are able to perceive human needs and to relieve them without coming into close personal contact with them. Our poor little rich men who lack this fine faculty need to come face to face with the sick and the starving and the unemployed so that they may behold with their own eyes the conditions which exist about them. Few could harden their hearts to what they would see or resist holding out a helping hand.

The best type of benevolent man thinks little and says less about laying up treasures in heaven. He does what he does because he likes it and because he can get more kick out of life in that way than in any other. His taste may be, and usually is, an acquired taste, but this makes it no less strong. Happy is he who acquires it before he can afford to gratify it, for this is the best guaranty that the desire will become and will remain a preferred creditor.

Communities in which mean or unimaginative rich men outnumber the opposite type deserve a certain amount of sympathy; but in the long run their lot will be happier than that of their poor little millionaires whose lives are slipping away without yielding them the best of the rewards for which they have been grubbing. The loss is theirs and it is irreparable. Deathbed generosity will avail them little.

Facts of Crime

SO REPEATEDLY is the public told these days of the complexity of crime that there is danger of apathy and hopelessness in facing the problem. This, we believe, is a mistaken policy. It is true that there are many facts which authorities on the subject have not been able to master as yet. Central agencies for the collection of criminal statistics are sorely lacking in this country. The National Crime Commission feels that the whole work of organizing and collating such data will have to be undertaken from the foundation up.

Then, too, there are sharp differences of opinion as to the cause or causes of crime. This is a subject on which all men have pet opinions of their own. The decline of parental and religious authority, the death, separation or desertion of parents, delays of justice, leniency to criminals, severity to criminals, alcohol, automobiles, poverty and prosperity—all have their enthusiastic supporters. There are those who believe that most criminals are physically diseased and others who regard them as mentally defective. Still others minimize the element of disease and believe that criminals voluntarily choose crime as a profession, under the influence of faulty social conditions.

"One attorney comes to me," says a governor who was besought to pardon two murderers, "and pleads: 'This man was brought up on the streets, without a home, without a mother, without education. He never had a chance. Let him go.' Then another attorney comes and says: 'This was a good boy, brought up in a good family, with all advantages; a Sunday-school teacher, respected until this terrible, this unaccountable thing happened. Let him go.'"

It is all very puzzling. Yet there are facts of which we can be sure and to which society must cling. No sane person doubts the complexity of the causes of crime or questions the help which continued study of all the factors may ultimately afford. It goes without saying that the proper training of young men and women, if ever we discover what that training is and find ourselves able to apply it, will do much to solve the problem of crime. Such a statement is so obvious that it is bromidic.

But meanwhile what is society to do about the boys and girls who have grown into manhood and womanhood only to prey upon decent citizens? Are we passively to allow bandits to shoot us up in their own sweet way until that far-off Utopian goal of a perfect moral training for youth has been universally put into effect?

We see developing a mushy, brainless attitude which holds that no man should be held accountable for his acts provided any abnormality can be discovered in him. By all means let us seek through every form of hygiene known to man to prevent the children of today from becoming the criminals of tomorrow. But does that mean that the criminals of today, who were the unadjusted children of yesterday, shall be turned loose and blessed every time they shoot a bank messenger to take a pay roll or kill husband or wife to procure a new paramour?

There is much that is unknown concerning crime, but we do know this much: If organized society is to preserve itself against chaos, it must apprehend, convict and confine with dispatch and businesslike efficiency those of its members who from one cause or another run amuck and become menaces to society.

War and Peace

IT MAY be that conferences, agreements and treaties for the limitation of armaments, together with various provisions for arbitration, will in time bring about world peace. The value of treaties and agreements, of international conversations and meetings, is not to be dismissed with a sneer. Rochester and Syracuse, Sacramento and San Diego do not carry on military warfare as did the cities of the Middle Ages, and the relations of peace which exist in New York and California may ultimately extend to larger areas, such as nations, continents and races.

Yet to abolish war in the abstract, as it were, to outlaw it per se, seems somehow to partake of the elusive. We are dealing here with an amazing variety of complicated questions of fact, and it behooves man to be humble of opinion. An example is the idea that if only nations would disarm forthright all would be well. But the historians must answer the question of whether disarmament, or its milder form, unpreparedness, has always prevented wars.

Then, too, it is a much-disputed point whether military or naval power incites to its own use. There is, of course, the saber-rattling, jingoistic type of army or navy officer who needs every now and then to be suppressed. Modern progressive nations do not propose to leave their international policies entirely with professional soldiers. Yet, looking at the subject more broadly, it is a question whether great military power, especially in the hands of autocratic government, has not been more an instrument of aggrandizement than its cause, the willing tool of a deep underlying purpose.

A great scientific organization, when instructing its delegates about to leave for an interracial conference, gave directions that, whatever subjects were taken up by others, its delegates were not to mention the words "war" and "peace." This may shock many good people, but its purpose is full of common sense. What civilized man must do is to dig up the roots of war. To abhor and denounce the culmination of deep-seated differences does not get very far, because the issues have by then become too vague, indefinite and far-reaching. We must go back of the great omnibus calamity of war and clear the soil as far as possible of racial, social, economic and political wrongs.

Straight thinking demands that cause and effect must not be confused. The unarmed Canadian border dates from an agreement between this country and Great Britain. But if Canada and the United States had not enjoyed much in common and trusted each other all these many years, the agreement would have been valueless. Whatever devices or mechanisms are found to be useful in maintaining peace, it will never do to forget that underlying them is the necessity for unremitting toil in clearing away international misunderstandings and injustices.

GETTING BACK TO GOLD

By Samuel Crowther

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

IT MAY be news to the chronic emotionalists—and probably to others—that the United States has restored the gold standard to Europe so that we may trade with them and they may trade with one another. This does not sound like much of an undertaking, for most of our people are in the fortunate position of not having to bother about other than the amount of their money. And those who remember that we are on the gold standard think of it only as an emblem of victory over free silver back in 1896. Money to us is money. Money in Europe since the war has not been money, but something in the nature of a ticket in a lottery whose managers had decamped with the prizes. Money, it may be condescendingly said, is only a medium of exchange and gold is only a commodity. In the long run we actually do exchange commodities for commodities, but it would be quite out of the question in modern society to barter, and even centuries ago it was seen to be an advantage to trade a bulky commodity for a less bulky one which could be traded for something else.

Gold, being an interesting metal of high value as compared with its bulk, and always in demand for personal ornament, became eventually accepted as the safest and most convenient medium of exchange. It is not a wholly satisfactory medium, but it is the only commodity which has a world-wide acceptance as money—and nothing changes more slowly than the money habits of a nation. A promise to pay written on a piece of paper is as good as gold only if it be known that it can at will be exchanged for gold. This holds equally whether the signature to the promise be that of an individual, a bank or a government.

Transatlantic Cancellation

EXPERIENCE has shown that it is not absolutely necessary, in order to maintain a gold standard, to have a fund of gold equal to the amount of notes issued, because if the people know that they can get gold for their bank notes a large number will never ask for gold. This is where confidence comes in. If all the people are confident they can be paid in gold, then none asks for gold. They will accept the paper money at face value.

A country which had no transactions running without its borders could manage perfectly on credit—that is, confidence—money. It was on this principle that all the governments operated during the war. They saved their gold to pay for things they bought in other countries; their own people used paper money. When the war was over none of the belligerent countries excepting the United States was in a position to make its money good. For promises to pay in gold they substituted promises which were not promises to pay at all, but merely symbols of gold. This is what is known as fiat currency—an edict that a piece of paper must have the value written on it.

This worked fairly well until the people found out what their money was worth. It is international trade that values money, although very little money passes. If a New York merchant sells $1,000,000 worth of goods to an English merchant, he will draw a bill of exchange on the buyer in London, and in the course of time, if this were the only transaction, London would have to ship $1,000,000 in gold to New York. But if at the same time a London merchant were selling $1,000,000 worth of goods to New York, his bills on New York would cancel out the bill on London and no money would have to pass.

The Allied powers bought heavily from us during the war; but after we entered, our Government simply loaned the money to pay the bills of the sellers and no gold had to pass. That is the origin of part of the war debts. Following the Armistice, and while the treaty was being negotiated at Paris, our Government, for reasons best known to its then executives, continued to lend, which was the reason for our high exports in 1919. Then the Treasury ceased to lend. We were the nation with goods to sell and Europe wanted those goods, but it discovered nothing it could use for money. The figures on their printed bank notes began to lose significance. All money was reëvaluated according to the dollar—that is, according to gold. All the European governments were engaged in social programs, and these programs eventually got around to presenting someone with paper money. Thus they almost daily had to print more money, because they were paying out more than they were taking in. This rendered the outstanding stock daily less valuable as compared with gold. The affair of discovering the buying power of expanding paper currencies became a guessing contest.

Nobody can do business with money that is not money. In many countries the price of money was on an hourly basis, and a workman would find that his wages had lost much of their buying power before he got to the store to spend them. In Berlin and Vienna I saw long queues before butcher shops fade away because the prices changed while they waited and they had not money enough to buy. International trade dropped in the years from 1920 to 1922 to three-quarters of the prewar volume. We sold Europe $2,000,000,000 worth of foodstuffs in 1919 and only $550,000,000 worth in 1923.

The World's Money Running Wild

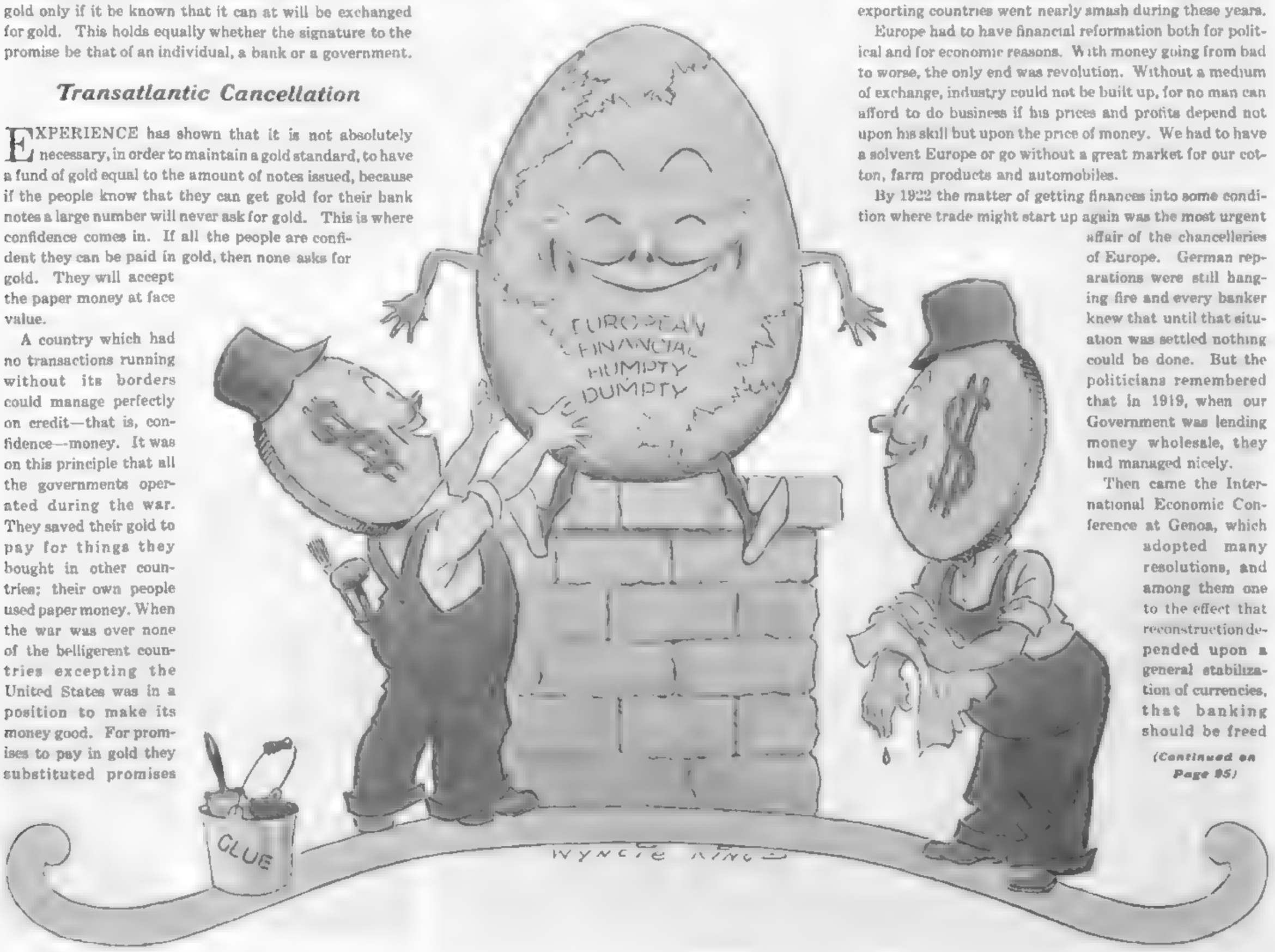
THE prices of many commodities are determined on a world basis. With the world's money running wild, there could be no world prices. All the great agricultural exporting countries went nearly smash during these years.

Europe had to have financial reformation both for political and for economic reasons. With money going from bad to worse, the only end was revolution. Without a medium of exchange, industry could not be built up, for no man can afford to do business if his prices and profits depend not upon his skill but upon the price of money. We had to have a solvent Europe or go without a great market for our cotton, farm products and automobiles.

By 1922 the matter of getting finances into some condition where trade might start up again was the most urgent affair of the chancelleries of Europe. German reparations were still hanging fire and every banker knew that until that situation was settled nothing could be done. But the politicians remembered that in 1919, when our Government was lending money wholesale, they had managed nicely.

Then came the International Economic Conference at Genoa, which adopted many resolutions, and among them one to the effect that reconstruction depended upon a general stabilization of currencies, that banking should be freed

(Continued on Page 95)



SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Are Women's Clothes Going to Their Heads?

Willie Seeks Higher Levels

PAPA," said Willie, "I have finally come to realize that the fabric of my daily life is shot through with bunk — bunk, pure and simple. Naturally, things cannot go on in this way, now that I have come to my senses."

"I do not understand," said the father.

"Yes, papa, I believe you do. I hereby join the campaign against bunk. I am neither an anarchist nor a radical in a literal sense, but I must stand for a certain degree of intellectual freedom."

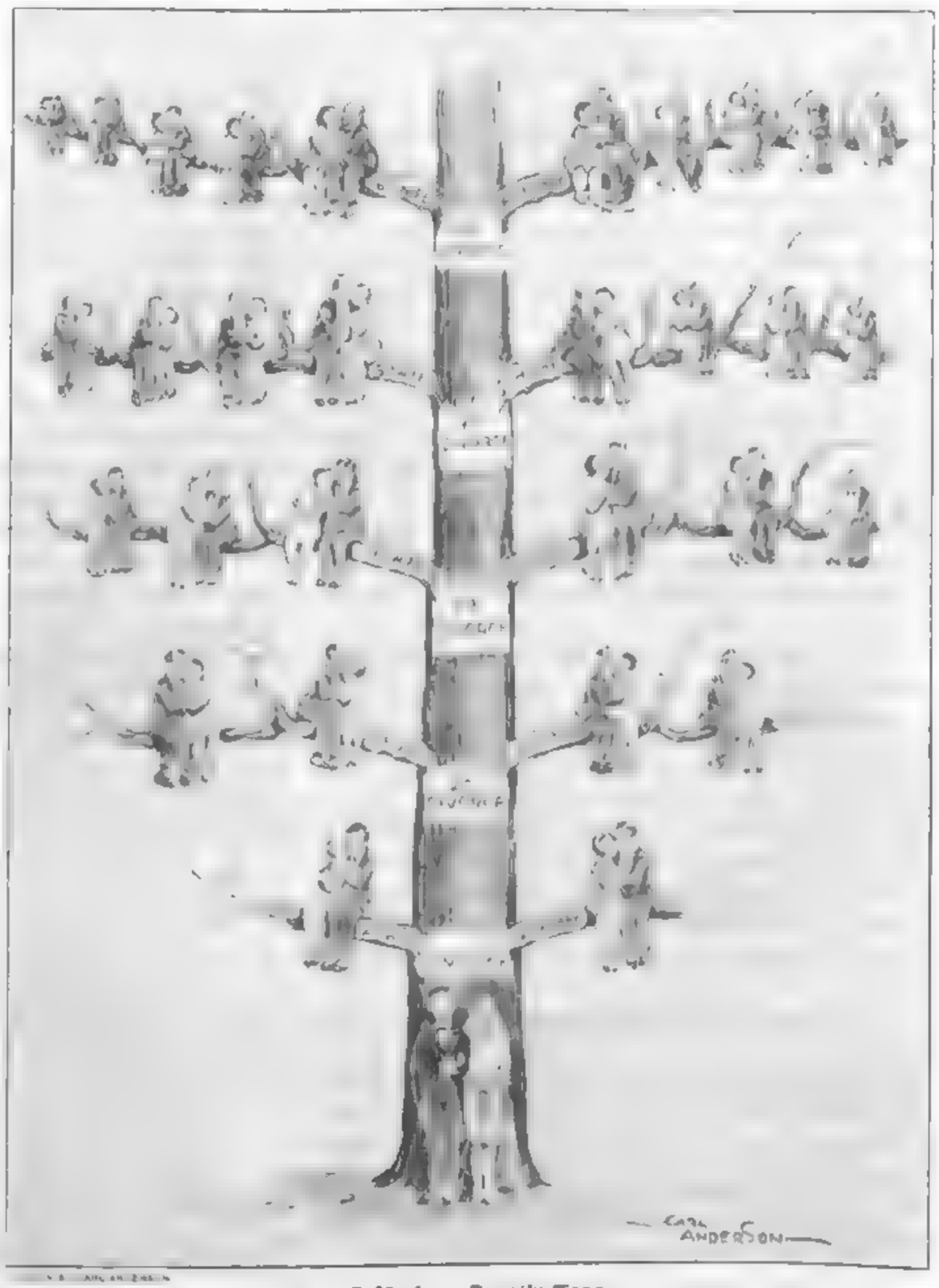
The father stirred uneasily.

"Tradition, convention and custom have marked me for their own and I am in danger of becoming one of the multitude of bourgeois morons, with a rubber-stamp mind. I might even sink to the level of the proletariat, which, I understand, is at least one stratum lower than the bourgeois. Until now, I suppose, I have been too lazy, intellectually, to protest."

"Go on, my boy, let's have it out."

"For one thing, I lift my voice, feeble as it is, to denounce that most asinine of all asininities, the dancing school. Why should I, a comparatively free agent, be forced to suppress my natural desires and tendencies, whatever they may be, and spend an hour or two with a bunch of boors and potential wowsers who, like myself, are doing something they

(Continued on Page 93)



A Modern Family Tree

The Unsung Hero — The Children's Barber

"It Seems to Me That These Pine Logs Don't Smell the Same as They Did When I Was a Boy"

Why many a meal is made on vegetable soup!

A glance at all these ingredients of Campbell's Vegetable Soup shows you how hearty and substantial it is.

Women have discovered that it is often just the sustaining, nourishing luncheon or supper they want. Food of such splendid quality so easily and quickly prepared!

Thirty-two different ingredients blended and cooked by skilled French chefs. All you have to do is to add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil and simmer for a few minutes. Serve it today!

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

A dash of style, a winning smile
Give me a jaunty air.
But it's when I dine, I really shine
For Campbell's Soup is there!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE HUMAN CHASE

THE STUBBORN END

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

THEIR heads were very close together over the worn leather top of Chief Inspector Absolom's desk. Brett was acutely conscious of the perfume of the great bunch of dark violets Lady Muriel was wearing.

"Here is my *bonne bouche*," she announced, laying a sheet of paper upon the table between the two men. "Presently I will explain how it came into my possession."

The letter, which they pored over together, was written on a sheet of business note paper, stamped at the top:

From Gonzales & Ardron, Fruit Importers and Brokers,
Riverside Street Wharves, E.C. 3.
The Management,
Milan Hotel,
W.C. 2.

Dear Sirs: Our Barcelona agents have asked that a small suite may be reserved in the court on the afternoon of the second of November for their representative, Mr. Paul Gilmott, and another room as near as possible for his secretary, Señor Sacrosta. These gentlemen will arrive at Victoria by the afternoon train from the Continent.

Kindly confirm the reservation.

Faithfully yours,
GONZALES & ARDRON.

The two men looked up inquiringly.

"That letter," Lady Muriel explained, "was dictated by Matthew early in the morning on the day of the raid. The first thing of which I was conscious when I woke up was the clicking of the typewriter. He was dictating letters to a secretary in the next cabin. Then came an alarm. I suppose, as usual, some of his spies brought in news of your doings. He hurried away and the secretary followed him. My door wasn't locked then. I looked out and picked up this sheet of paper in the companionway."

"The second of November!" Absolom exclaimed.

"The second of November!" Brett echoed excitedly.

"Well, what about it?" Lady Muriel inquired. "Does the date mean anything to you?"

"It does, indeed," the Chief acknowledged. "The second of November is the date upon which we have been asked to safeguard the transference of a considerable number of priceless precious stones from Buckingham Palace to the Tower of London."

"Not the crown jewels!" Lady Muriel cried.

Absolom shook his head.

"There is a great deal of wonderful jewelry belonging to the royal family," he confided, "acquired by them at various times, which is not included in what are historically known as the crown jewels. As you are aware, Their Majesties are leaving England for three months on November the third, and they have expressed a desire that this jewelry should be sent to the Tower for safekeeping during their absence."

There was a brief but very tense silence. Brett was drumming upon the table with nervous fingers.

"Even for Matthew," the Chief Inspector muttered, "this would be a mad enterprise."

"But the man is mad!" Brett declared harshly. "Everything points to it. Besides, hasn't he announced openly that he is going to bring off one great coup and disappear?"

When the Little Crowd of Excited Men Rushed Into the Cabin They Found Him on His Knees by the Side of the Dead Man

"He'll disappear, all right," Absolom prophesied. "We have proved that he is not so infallible as he thinks. If this is his scheme, he'll disappear between the trapdoors with a rope round his neck."

Lady Muriel shivered.

"But why," she ventured, "should he choose a well-known hotel like the Milan to work from? He has always had such wonderful hiding places."

"Has had," the Chief Inspector observed dryly. "You must remember that we've wiped out two or three of them. To come boldly to a hotel like the Milan, with his wonderful gift of disguise, is really a stroke of genius. It is just what I should have expected from the man. If he really tries to bring off this coup, I shouldn't be surprised to see him attempt it from one of the royal carriages. . . . The second of November." He glanced at the calendar upon the wall. "Four days," he continued thoughtfully.

The telephone bell rang. Absolom spoke for a few minutes and rang off. Then he glanced at the clock.

"That's rather opportune," he remarked. "Lady Muriel, you'll have to excuse us. The Controller of the Household at Buckingham Palace wants to see us about making arrangements for the transference of the jewels. Brett, you'd better come with me."

Lady Muriel rose regretfully to her feet. "Mine is a hard life," she complained. "I submit to an abduction and go through no end of drudgery for the benefit of the law, and when a really interesting assignment comes along, I'm not even invited. . . . I should love to see those jewels."

Absolom smiled as he took down his overcoat from its peg.

"Lady Muriel," he said, "we can't take you to Buckingham Palace with us, but if things go our way this time"—he pointed to the letter still lying upon the table—"you'll be able to buy your country cottage and a couple of hunters."

"Blood money!" she shuddered.

"The best money in the world if it's Matthew's blood," was the fervent rejoinder.

At precisely a quarter-past three on the afternoon of the second of November two tall young footmen in the undress royal livery, superintended by a gray-headed butler, staggered out of one of the seldom-used side entrances of Buckingham Palace and hoisted a small chest, which they had been carrying, into a police van drawn up with its open door a few feet only from the threshold. Three policemen superintended the operation, and three more, who were already in the van, helped to draw the chest to the farther end of the vehicle. The constable who had been guarding the door mounted the step, called out to the driver and the van moved off. As it left the gates of the palace and turned into the Mall, two other cars, each containing four plain-clothes policemen, drew one in front of it and one behind. A limousine, which had been waiting inside the railings and in which were seated the Chief Inspector and Brett, with a plain-clothes policeman on the box, joined in the procession. They passed along the Mall, down Northumberland Avenue and on to the Embankment, the escorting cars drawing so near to the police van that there was only a few feet of space between them all. Many curious glances were thrown at the little cortège, but its progress was absolutely uneventful. In precisely thirty-five minutes the strongly guarded gates of the Tower were opened to admit it and the van pulled up exactly opposite the main entrance to the building. The policemen emerged, the doors were opened, and, surrounded by a strong escort, the chest was carried inside, along a corridor and down some steps into the famous strong room. Here the Governor himself, with the keys in his hand, was waiting. The Chief Inspector saluted. "Box from Buckingham Palace, Sir Gregory," he announced.

They all stood round while the Governor unlocked a particular section of the amazing series of steel chambers. A door glided noiselessly back, an electric light flamed out and the chest was pushed home into its resting place. Absolom turned to Brett with a little sigh of relief, mingled perhaps with a shade of regret.

"False alarm, after all, Brett," he observed.

"It seems so," was the doubtful assent.

There was a sharp tinkle from the bell of the house telephone just inside the door. One of the attendants answered it and hurried over to the Governor.

"Will you speak at once, sir?" he begged. "It is a message from Buckingham Palace. You are switched through down here."

Sir Gregory took the receiver. There was a sudden change in his face as he listened.

Continued on Page 32

S W I F T

To surprise her family with an alluring, unexpected flavor in some well-known dish—what joy this brings to every good housekeeper! For this reason many women find especial pleasure in serving Premium Ham with vegetables and fruits. The mellow, distinctive flavor of Premium blends appetizingly with other foods to make dishes that are as original as they are tempting.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Be sure it is Premium

Look for the blue tag. The brand Swift's Premium on the rind. The blue Premium label. The word Swift on the sanitary parchment wrapper.

Boiled Premium Ham
with vegetables and prunes

Cover half a Premium Ham with cold water and boil slowly, allowing 30 minutes to the pound. One hour before ham is done, add carrots and beets. One-half hour before ham is done, add onions, white potatoes, red cabbage and one pound of large prunes. Serve ham surrounded with vegetables and prunes. (A touch of the French is given to this "boiled dinner" by the use of prunes.)

Swift & Company

(Continued from Page 30)

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "Yes—yes . . . I'll telephone the result."

He turned back toward the little group. There were two of the Tower guards in the background, four of the plain-clothes men, the Chief Inspector and Brett. The huge door of the strong room was still open and the recently arrived chest stood in one of the private compartments over which were emblazoned the royal arms. The Governor unfastened his coat and from a chain which was interwoven with a belt he drew a thin key.

"Are you going to open the box, sir?" the Chief Inspector asked, with a sudden thrill of alarm.

"Instructions from Buckingham Palace," was the breathless reply. "This is a pass-key to all the royal coffers."

He thrust it into the lock, turned it twice, juggled with it for a moment and touched what seemed to be a spring. The lid of the chest flew open. Inside, on the top of the metal tray, were neatly arranged strips of sheet iron. The rest of the box was filled in the same manner. He rose to his feet and pointed downward with a shaking finger.

"Half a million pounds' worth of jewels stolen under your very nose, Mr. Absolom!" he cried. "Thank God, I have a dozen witnesses that no one approached the chest after it had entered these precincts."

Neither of the two men wasted a single minute in incredulous and useless exclamations. They hurried out to their car and a few seconds later were flying along the Embankment.

At Buckingham Palace the guards at every gate were doubled and it was not until the Chief Inspector had disclosed their identity that they were allowed to pass. They made at once for the entrance from which the van had started. A detective sergeant from Scotland Yard was waiting for them and motioned them to follow him up the stairs. At the first turn a rope had been hastily tied from the banisters to a hook in the wall. From here there were seven steps, and again an abrupt turn upward. In various positions and angles upon the seven steps were stretched the crumpled-up bodies of three dead men, two of them wearing the royal undress livery of the household and the third a butler's ordinary afternoon clothes.

"Not a thing has been touched, sir," the sergeant announced. "Ten minutes after you left, when I was thinking of removing my men, the alarm came from one of the servants."

"Ten minutes!" Brett exclaimed, the words flashing from his lips.

"These stairs are very seldom used, sir," the man explained. "Even the two or three rooms on the floor above have an exit onto a different staircase."

The doctor, who had been bending over one of the bodies, stepped underneath the ropes and drew himself upright.

"The most horrible affair I ever came across in my life," he confessed. "All three men must have been stabbed almost simultaneously from behind, and in each case the knife reached the heart. Three different knives, all of the same pattern. It's incredible! The whole thing's more like the Middle Ages." He mopped his forehead.

"They are servants of the household, I suppose?" Absolom asked the sergeant.

"Two footmen and the butler to the stewards' room—been in the royal service for more than thirty years."

The Chief Inspector turned to the physician. "Doctor," he said, "the bodies can be moved to the mortuary, but absolutely nothing else must be touched."

Brett made his rapid appearance from one of the servants' sitting rooms. He drew his Chief to one side.

"A Pink Heather Laundry van," he reported quickly, "was waiting against the side of the house there. I noticed it—in fact, I had a look inside before we started. The driver wore a hat with 'Pink Heather Laundry' across it. I've talked to one of the housekeepers, who seems to have been the only person about. These are sort of back stairs, you see—very seldom used. She says that three of the ordinary laundrymen, except that they were wearing long mackintoshes, carried out a basket of laundry which had been prepared for them, a few seconds after our departure."

"Where is she?" the Chief Inspector asked.

"In this sitting room, sir," Brett pointed out, leading the way. "She is in a terrible state of nerves."

Absolom was in no mood to respect the condition of anyone. He pushed his way into the room.

"Madam," he demanded, "you had laundry prepared for the Pink Heather Company today?"

"Yes," she acknowledged; "the men called for it just after the police van left."

"The usual men?"

"They seemed so to me, sir. They were wearing the Pink Heather caps. The only thing was that, although it wasn't raining, they wore long mackintoshes."

"They took the laundry away?"

"Yes, sir. I saw the van drive off."

"Then what's that?" Brett asked, pointing to a corner of the room.

She looked across and stared. Then she rose to her feet, readjusting her spectacles.

"Why, I believe ——" she faltered.

Brett flicked aside the rug which covered the hamper and wrenched open the lid.

"The laundry is here," he announced.

The old lady was bewildered. "I saw the basket carried ——"

"Madam," the Chief Inspector intervened, "will you be so good as to make no statement or answer any questions? Not a word, mind, about that basket or anything else."

"Not a word," the old lady promised.

Absolom had already raised the receiver from the telephone instrument which stood against the wall.

"Exchange," he called. "Listen! This is Scotland Yard speaking from Buckingham Palace. Give me the number of the Pink Heather Laundry Company—urgent! You can disconnect anything necessary. This is official."

In less than twenty seconds a voice was announcing itself as the Pink Heather Laundry Company.

"Scotland Yard speaking," the Chief Inspector repeated. "Have you sent to Buckingham Palace today for servants' laundry?"

"The car is leaving in five minutes," the voice replied. "We received a telephone message to say the things would not be ready before four."

"How many vans have you?"

"Two, but one is at the repairer's, out of order."

"And you are certain that the other car has not left?"

"Certain," was the confident reply. "It is standing in the yard now."

The Chief Inspector rang off.

"Matthew at his best," he groaned, turning toward Brett. "Come along."

A quarter of an hour later the two men were closeted in the Chief Inspector's office at Scotland Yard. Absolom was walking restlessly up and down the room. Brett was hungrily watching the telephone. The whole of the detective system of London was at work from one end of the City to the other.

"Let's hear your reconstruction, Brett," the Chief Inspector demanded, suddenly relapsing into his chair and lighting a cigarette. "I think you're on the right track."

"It's fairly simple, I'm afraid," was the doleful acknowledgment. "A perfect revelation of Matthew's methods—thorough from beginning to end, every joint in place. These footmen are pretty well all alike, so there wasn't any trouble about that. The elderly man is a well-known figure, and I rather fancy Matthew himself played the butler. They hired or bought a van and had 'Pink Heather Laundry' painted upon it, had suits of livery made for two footmen and the butler, procured a laundry basket and drove boldly up to a back entrance. Any servant who might see them round the bottom flight of stairs would naturally suppose that they were bringing in laundry, as they were wearing the Pink Heather caps, and their liveries were entirely covered by long mackintoshes. They left the basket empty, just out of sight of the first turn, waited in the lavatory at the bend for the coming of the three men, dealt with them, threw off their mackintoshes, brought out their bogus box from the laundry basket, handed it gravely over to the police, slipped back again, on with their mackintoshes, out with the laundry basket—containing the chest which they had taken from the three dead men. It must have been an exciting few minutes, because at any time someone might have come down those back stairs and found the three dead bodies.

"However, they had Matthew's usual luck. Everything went well for them. They hoisted the basket into the Pink Heather van and drove off. Inside the van they probably had a kit bag waiting for the chest. They exchanged their clothes in the van, stuffed the bogus ones into the basket, tied it up again and got rid of it some way or other. They would have to get rid of the basket, because they were probably able to disguise the van by pulling slats down, but if it

(Continued on Page 62

They Filed Out Onto the Cobbled Pavement of the Wharf and Made Their Way Along Toward the Side of the Steamer

Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

NUMBER 26

Some say:

"It's light"

others say:

"It's heavy"

. . . so how can YOU choose oil?

When you buy merely "a quart of oil" what do you get? You don't know. The dealer may not know. Only the refiner knows. There are no fixed standards.

A recent test showed: *seven* so-called "medium" oils, well-known brands, ranged in body all the way from "light" to "heavy"!

And *six* so-called "heavy" oils, well-known brands, ranged in body all the way from "light" to "extra heavy"!

Suppose your engine is built for a "medium" oil. You may ask for "medium" and get "heavy." What happens? Your engine may waste gallons of gasoline every year to overcome piston drag. Or you may ask for "medium" and get "light." Then your engine consumes oil excessively.

In either case you get lubrication that is seriously inadequate.

In today's congested traffic, constant stops and starts put a new strain on your engine.

And today's improved highways have increased average driving speeds—and increased engine heat.

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars and motor trucks are specified below

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below "Arc." means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32° F. (freezing) to 0° F. (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, Model T, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E")

If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS AND MOTOR TRUCKS	1927		1926		1925		1924	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Auburn 6-66	A	Arc	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" 6-63 & 8-87	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (other models)	A	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Austin	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Case Y			A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (other models)			A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chandler Special Six	A	A						
" (other models)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chevrolet	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler 60, 70, 80	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (other models)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Cleveland 51			A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (other models)			A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Cunningham	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Davis	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Diamond T	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Dixie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
Dodge Bros. (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Durant Four			A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Elcar (4 cyl.), 6-65	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (8 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (other models)	A	Arc			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Erskine	A	Arc						
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Falcon	A	Arc						
Federal FW, X2, X5, X6, 1 Ton	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" L'Bo, 3 Ton	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc		
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Federal K, 1½ Ton	A	Arc						
" (other models)	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
Flint	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Ford	F	F	F	F	F	F	F	F
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Four Wheel Drive	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
G. M. C.	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
General Motors T20, T40, T50, 1, 2 Ton	A	Arc						
Gardner (8 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
" (other models)			A	A	A	A	A	A
Graham Bros.	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Gray	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
International S, SD	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A		
Jewett			A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc
Jordan Six	A	Arc			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Eight	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc		
Kissel (6 cyl.)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" 8 cyl.	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc		
Lincoln	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Locomobile								
" (8 cyl. & Jr. 8)	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mack	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marmon (8 cyl.)	A	Ar						
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Maxwell					A	Arc	A	Arc
McFarlan Eight	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Moon	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard Six	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
" Eight	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	Ar	Arc	Ar	Arc	Arc
Peerless 60, 90 and 8	A	Arc	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pierce-Arrow	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Pontiac	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Reo	A	Ar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Republic 1½, 2, 2½, 3, 5 Ton					Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" 2½ Ton	A	A	A	A				
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rickenbacker	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Ar	A	Arc
Rolls-Royce	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Star	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	Ar	Arc
Stearns-Knight	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	B	A
Stewart 9					Ar	Ar		
" 21 Flint Stewart	A	A	A	Arc				
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Studebaker	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc
Stutz	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Velie	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
White Capacity Class	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
White Knight 1½			B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
" (6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc		
White 15, 20 & 20D, ¾ and 2 ton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (other models)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A

TRANSMISSION AND DIFFERENTIAL:

For their correct lubrication, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C" or "CC" as recommended by complete Chart available at all dealers

These new conditions call for a new margin of safety in lubricating oil.

You get that margin of safety when you ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil—the world's quality oil.

Mobiloil is produced from crudes chosen for their *lubricating* value and not for gasoline yield. And Mobiloil is made by the largest and most experienced specialists in lubrication.

Mobiloil was used by Col. Lindbergh on his New York-to-Paris flight and his Washington-to-Mexico City flight—by Commander Byrd on his expedition to the North Pole—by U. S. Army Round-the-World fliers throughout their trip.

It pays to be sure. Ask for Mobiloil according to the Mobiloil Chart on this page. It is the cheapest to use!

GARGOYLE

Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

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Other branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

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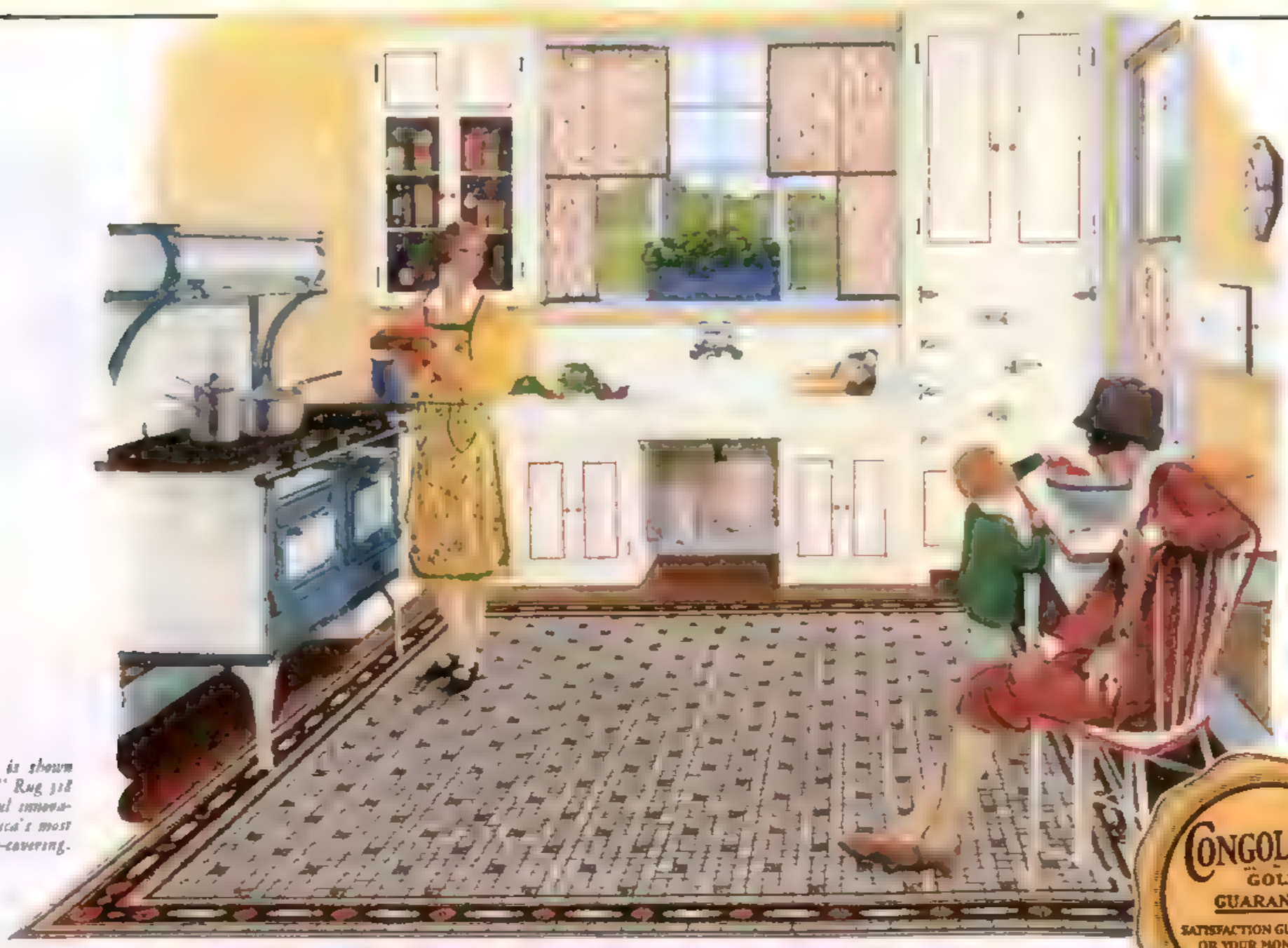
and your kitchen is cheery as Spring itself



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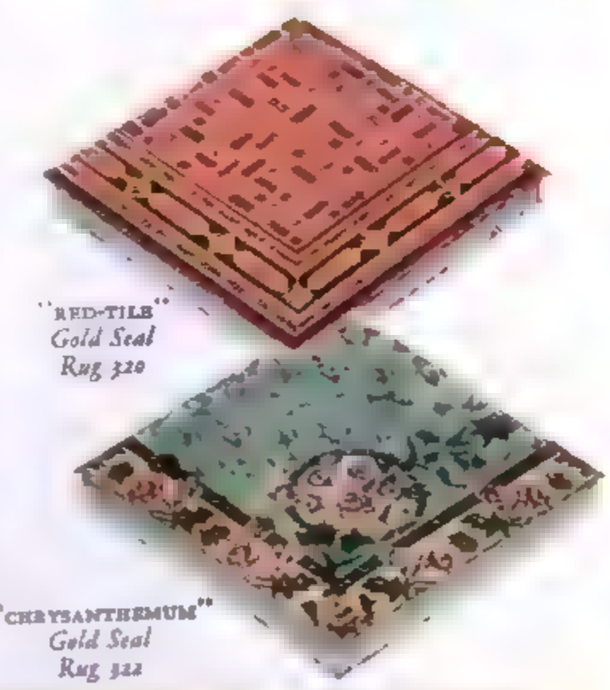

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SEP 47

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CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL RUGS

AN AMERICAN BANKER

V

By Jesse Rainsford Sprague

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

Looking at the Swarms of People and the High Buildings, and Wondering How It Must Feel to be a Banker in Such an Atmosphere of Big Business

THE option I had so unexpectedly acquired really had possibilities if I could get hold of the money to exercise it. A few shares of Southton National stock had recently changed hands at close to $400, and the doctor was keen enough to know he had to name a price somewhat within reason in order to call my bluff and get my $1000. The fly in the ointment was the fact that it was January, 1921, and prices on commodities of every sort were tumbling. Almost every retail store in Southton was advertising cut prices, some of them going as low as fifty cents on the dollar, and even at that no great volume of merchandise was moving. Those citizens who had money were hanging on to it, expecting still lower prices. It was an unpropitious time to try to sell anything at full value, even bank stock.

Of all the moneyed people in town, I could think of only one man who might be inclined to invest nearly a quarter of a million dollars and who was in position to do so. This was a lawyer named John Emerson, who had, some years before, negotiated a Texas land deal in the Wichita Falls section for some local speculators, and not being able to collect his fee in cash, had accepted a piece of the real estate, on which he had paid taxes ever since without returns. Now everything was changed, for his property was in the center of an oil-producing section, and Emerson had just returned from a Texas trip during which he had made a deal with one of the big oil companies that would net him several hundred thousand dollars.

I went to see Emerson, whose office was upstairs in our own building, and showed him my option. I explained the whole situation—namely, that I wanted no profit and that my desire was merely to get Doctor Cummings out of the banking picture of Southton and get another man in his place who would be a more ethical competitor of the Merchants State Bank. My main talking point was the fact that the purchase of Doctor Cummings' stock would carry with it the presidency of the Southton National. Such a position carries considerable prestige in a town like Southton.

I also set forth what Emerson already knew—namely, that the bank had for years been a money-maker and that the old doctor had built up a really efficient staff of employes who could carry it on without a hitch, even though the new president might be inexperienced in banking. When Emerson said he would talk it over with his wife I knew my chances were promising. There was, however, one serious snag. As Emerson explained it, he had received only a first payment on his oil-land holdings and the balance was strung out in remittances covering a period of six months.

I told him there was a chance we might be able to get a temporary loan in New York that would enable us to swing the deal, and if he decided to go in on it I would match my time against his for a trip to the metropolis. To make a long story short, Emerson talked it over with his wife and with business friends and resolved to accept my proposition. Three days later we took the train together on our New York journey, which through a peculiar twist of circumstances was destined to result for me in a far more important issue than getting rid of the peculiar competition of Dr. Azro Cummings.

Our first New York call was on Henry Jackson, president of the Shippers National Bank of lower Broadway, which was correspondent of our Merchants State Bank in Southton. Mr. Jackson was expecting us, for I had wired him of our coming, and we lost no time in getting down to business. It was he who had written me of what Doctor Cummings was doing to weaken the prestige of my institution in New York circles, and he agreed that the Merchants State Bank would be better off with some other man in the doctor's place, particularly when I told him of other of the doctor's enterprises, such as the Uncle Sam episode and the window display of currency with the We Make Our Own Money placard. I laid our proposition before him, which was as follows: My friend John Emerson had $40,000 in cash that he proposed to pay down on the purchase of Doctor Cummings' interest in the Southton National. We wanted to borrow $200,000 more to complete the deal, giving the bank stock as collateral. The loan would be paid within six months, or before, as Mr. Emerson realized on his Texas oil lands.

Mr. Jackson told us to come back the next morning. When we reported at the specified time he said his bank did not feel like putting out the entire amount, but would take half of it and would arrange with another New York institution to take the rest. He gave me a little compliment in saying this would be contingent on my personally checking up on the assets of the Southton National. Naturally I agreed to this. It all came out easier than I had expected, and by two o'clock that afternoon we were fixed up and ready to take the evening train for home. Emerson said he wanted to go uptown on some personal errands, and we parted, agreeing to meet at the Pennsylvania Station at six o'clock.

Then fate, or coincidence, or whatever it was, took me in charge. Emerson left me on Broadway at the corner of Maiden Lane and I strolled idly down that little thoroughfare to look at the displays of diamonds in the jewelers' windows. Just before I got to Nassau Street I noticed a downstairs barber shop and debated with myself whether I should get my hair trimmed. There was a mirror in a shop window next door in which I inspected myself and decided my hair could wait until I got back home. If I had decided otherwise I should probably be living in Southton now.

I turned down Nassau Street toward Wall, looking at the swarms of people and the high buildings, and wondering how it must feel to be a banker in such an atmosphere of big business. Directly I turned into Broadway, with the idea of going to the Battery for a look at the bay. As I approached the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company Building I saw, standing on the steps in front, a man named Worthington, whom I had met several times when he was bank examiner in the South. I talked with him a few minutes, when he remarked that the Transcontinental was Hugh P. Cunningham's bank and suggested that I might like to meet the gentleman. I said I would, for I had heard a great deal of Mr. Cunningham.

We went into the building. Hugh P. Cunningham was standing at one side of the banking room, speaking with one of the uniformed attendants, who touched his cap and left as Worthington and I approached. Worthington presented me and almost immediately went away, leaving Mr. Cunningham and me standing together. I felt myself in an awkward position, for I really had nothing to say, and Mr. Cunningham did not appear inclined to help me out. Fumbling about in my mind for some subject of conversation, I remembered that I had once met a vice president of the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company at a convention in New Orleans, and on the spur of the moment I asked for Mr. Taylor.

"Mr. Taylor is not with us any more," Mr. Cunningham replied. "He has gone with another bank."

What I said next I can only attribute to the fact that I am country raised, with little of city sophistication about me; and as such a man is apt to do when feeling himself in an embarrassing position, I tried to cover my embarrassment by a joke.

I remarked gayly, "If you need a good man to take Mr. Taylor's place, remember me."

The next moment I knew I had cast my feeble joke on barren ground, for Hugh P. Cunningham looked at me quickly and said in all seriousness, "You mean that, of course?"

Having put my foot in it thus far, I couldn't very well draw back without considerable awkwardness. I said I meant it.

"What is your record?" Mr. Cunningham then demanded.

I told him in a few words what I had done as a banker, what my present mission in New York was, and mentioned the names of a few men who knew me. It all took place within ten minutes, and without leaving the spot where I had been introduced to him.

At the end he merely said, "You may hear from me."

I could hardly realize, when I was out on Broadway again, that I had actually made application for the position of one of the vice presidencies of the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company. It seemed so strange, in fact, that I spoke to no one of it—not even to my wife after I got home. Sometime, I thought, it might make a good story of the strange ways of New York banking circles, but for the present I would forget it.

Continued on Page 37

Before men learned acid plating in the 15th century, precious metals were dissolved in mercury and applied as a liquid, the quicksilver then being evaporated in a furnace

THE life of many Packard parts today is enormously increased by the heavy plating of special alloys which protects them from wear and weather while adding to the gleaming beauty of the car.

Plating was for ages a purely ornamental art. First thin plates of gold or silver were soldered or riveted to the baser metal. Hence the name.

But through the centuries men learned better ways of coating one metal with another—and other reasons than mere appearance for doing so. The process became an industrial art involving many sciences.

In this process as in scores of other details of design and manufacture Packard spares neither pains nor expense in its effort to surpass current standards.

Packard's most valuable asset is its reputation for creating the best built as well as the most beautiful of cars. And in its effort to deserve and perpetuate this reputation, Packard never forgets that long life is an important attribute of true quality.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

Packard cars are priced from $2275 to $4550. Individual custom models from $5200 to $8970, at Detroit

(Continued from Page 35

Two days before my option on the Southton National Bank stock expired I called on my friend Doctor Cummings and informed him that I was ready to do business. It must have been a tremendous shock, but I will say for him that he took it like a true sport.

He merely pulled at his whiskers a few times and said to me musingly, "My stars, son, I didn't think you could do it!"

Even when the formal transfer was made that relieved him forever from control of the Southton National Bank, he showed not the slightest animosity toward me for having engineered the deal, but shook my hand warmly at the end.

"You and I played a great game," he chuckled, "and I guess it's all right for you to win one trick. It was time for me to cash in my chips anyhow."

Whatever ill feelings I ever had toward the doctor I discarded then. He looked on life as a game of wits and it was only chance that made him a bank president instead of a medicine lecturer on a democrat wagon. He had no idea the two games should be played under different rules.

Doctor Cummings passed out of the Southton banking picture on the first day of March. On the fifteenth of the same month I received a letter from Hugh P. Cunningham offering me a position as one of the vice presidents of the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company of New York.

I was hard put to it to decide what to do with the offer from Hugh P. Cunningham. It was only my own confusion in the presence of the big man that had caused me to make my awkward application for the post of a vice presidency in the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company. There was really no reason for me to leave Southton. I didn't need the larger salary. I was worth in the neighborhood of $100,000, all invested in stock of the Merchants State Bank and other income-bearing property. As active vice president of the Merchants Bank I had things virtually my own way, for Mr. Outcault had retired some years earlier from practical affairs. Our former paying teller, Wylie Taggart, had developed into a very efficient cashier, so I was not too much tied to my desk. I had a nice home, and both Ellen and I had many friends whom we enjoyed. Nothing stood in the way of a happy and contented existence in Southton until the end of the chapter.

Yet in the face of all this, I accepted Mr. Cunningham's offer. Paring it right down to the last analysis, I suppose I accepted because of vanity, which is the mainspring of two-thirds of all human actions. I had done well in a small city. So far my vanity was satisfied. But there was still the question as to whether my ability was only of small-city caliber; if I might fail in competition with more sophisticated men. If I never tried myself out in a great metropolis I could never know this. Perhaps it sounds naïve for me to say these things, but I think they express the truth. I am not ashamed of it. After all, if men weren't vain the world wouldn't progress.

As long as I have spoken thus plainly about myself, perhaps it will not seem out of place at this point to state what I believe to be the reasons for whatever success I have had as a banker. Nowadays I am frequently called on to make speeches before various gatherings of men engaged in banking, and almost invariably, after such an occasion, young men come to me with this statement:

"I have worked so many years in such-and-such a bank. There doesn't seem to be any future for me. I'm in a rut. What in the world can I do to get out of it?"

It is always dangerous to generalize, but when this is said to me I always think of an incident that occurred during the first year or so of my marriage, when Ellen and I started housekeeping in Southton. There was an old Italian named Mario who worked by the day around the neighborhood, and once he was digging a trench through the yard of our next-door neighbor, Miss Heppie Bissell, a spinster who had extreme ideas of tidiness. As I started downtown one morning I overheard a dialogue between Mario and Miss Bissell. The dirt Mario had spaded up lay in a neat enough pile along the edge of the trench, but evidently it did not quite suit his employer, for as I came near I heard Miss Bissell complain that some of it was being needlessly scattered over her grass. At the criticism old Mario straightened up and delivered this bit of philosophy:

"I do goods job, Mis' Bissell. I worka fast. But when you cutta da cake you maka some crumbs."

Old Mario had a pretty sound idea. A lot of people fail to get along in life because they are afraid of making some crumbs. Right now I could name fifty men in the banking business who have plenty of brains, but who are holding subordinate positions because never under any circumstances will one of them make a suggestion. With each there is the apprehension that if he originates something he may be held responsible for its success, and responsibility is the one thing he is afraid to face.

Fortunately for me, I never had this fear. I have, moreover, always gone on the assumption that banking is a trade, not a profession. I think that has helped. People in general like to do business with a man who thinks of his job in plain terms. I, myself, will always patronize a barber shop rather than a tonsorial parlor. And when the time comes I think I shall prefer to throw my business to an undertaker instead of a mortician.

I suppose there is a reason for such preferences, and the way I figure it is this: When a man calls his job by a plain name you know he is thinking more about his job than about his personal glory. When he calls his job by a fancy name you suspect he has his eye on the grand stand. I have read that Michelangelo called himself an artisan, not an artist. So did Frans Hals and Benvenuto Cellini. It was only when all sculptors and painters began to call themselves artists that decadence set in.

To have your eyes always on the money is likewise a poor way to get on, because that also takes your mind off the job. In Southton there was a lawyer named Harry Scholl, who had graduated from the state university with high honors and seemed to have everything necessary for a big success in his chosen profession. He was good-looking, had prematurely gray hair, a deep bass voice and considerable gray matter of a sort. His ambition was to be a rich lawyer. At first he believed he could become one through marriage, but this plan went wrong when the young lady from Little Rock whom he married turned out not to be the heiress he thought.

Nothing daunted, he started to build himself up by joining all the societies in town and making speeches at

(Continued on Page 49)

"I Do Goods Job, Mis' Bissell. I Worka Fast. But When You Cutta da Cake You Make Some Crumbs"

"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'"

By Sir Harry Lauder

Sir Harry and Lady Lauder With President Coolidge at the White House

FROM 1918 until this year—I am writing in the early summer months of 1927—I have been consumed with a restlessness which has kept far in the background all thoughts of settling down to the quieter life I had been looking forward to before and during the war. The loss of John completely altered the course of his mother's life and mine. As I have told you, we were glad to give up Glen Branter, and Laudervale was now our only retreat, for we never established a really permanent home in London. But here again there were too many sad memories for us to feel happy for more than a few days at a time. Travel and work were the only things that could take our minds off our sorrow. So, during these nine years we did a tremendous amount of globe trotting.

A day or two after the Armistice in November, 1918, we found ourselves on the old Mauretania, the first liner to leave England for America after the declaration of peace. There were more than five thousand United States troops on board, with a mere handful of ordinary passengers. Lady Lauder and Mrs. Vallance, Tom's wife, were the only women making the trip—an almost unique experience in Atlantic travel. Talk about floating hotels! On that run the Mauretania was turned into a series of gigantic military messrooms; there were meals being served from early morning until late at night. When the ship got into New York, where she and her soldier passengers had an amazingly enthusiastic reception, the stewards and orderlies must have been fit to fall asleep on their feet. I calculated that something just under a hundred thousand meals must have been served on board during the five days' sail. The Mauretania was heavy with food when we left England; when we arrived in the Hudson she was sticking clear up out of the water.

It was most interesting to me to talk to the returning U. S. doughboys. They were a grand lot of chaps, and full of stories about the war and their experiences in it. Many of them who had been brigaded for service with British units early in the days of America's entry into the struggle, entertained me for hours with their vivid and picturesque impressions. Some of them had actually met friends of mine at the Front, and others who had heard me sing in different parts of the States had gone and visited John's grave on the Albert road. I formed several friendships on that memorable trip across the Atlantic which I hope to retain for the rest of my life. There is a subtle bond in those wartime friendships which makes a special appeal to all of us, don't you think?

A Knight in Australia

I HAVE no intention of wearying my readers by any further categorical descriptions of my wanderings throughout the world during the past eight or nine years. But I feel that I would be scamping several of the most interesting and eventful years of my life if I did not refer, however briefly, to some of the incidents which stand out prominently in my later career and to some of the extraordinary men and women it has been my good fortune—or otherwise—to come across in different parts of the world. Another thing that occurs to me is that many people everywhere may be expecting me to say something about the material rewards that have come to a public entertainer like myself who has achieved some measure of international popularity. Well, I may feel inclined, before I have finished, to let you into my confidence—partially, at least—on this highly delicate personal point, but all I will admit in the meantime is that the income-tax authorities of the wide world seem to have done themselves very proudly out of Harry Lauder. Had these persistent and insistent fellows been nonexistent, it is just possible that I might have scraped enough to live on quietly long before this time of day.

We went over again to Australia from Frisco at the end of my 1918–19 American tour. My party arrived in Sydney on the first of March, to experience a repetition of the boisterous welcome scenes which had marked my first visit in 1914. Seated at lunch in the Hotel Australia on the day of our arrival, a telegram was handed to Tom Vallance. He opened it. I was speaking to John Tait and Ted Carroll at the time and paid no attention. Tom got up from his chair, came round the table to where I was seated and held out his hand.

"Congratulations, Sir Harry!" was all he said. Turning to his sister, my wife, he said "Nance, you're now Lady Lauder."

We were tremendously excited and we eagerly read the cable again and again. It contained the brief statement that His Majesty the King had been graciously pleased to confer on me a knighthood of the British Empire. By and by Nance and Mrs. Vallance started to cry, so, between tears and general congratulations all round, we had a very happy luncheon party.

Later in the day cables began to roll in from home, from America and elsewhere—hundreds of them—all containing congratulations. In the first flush of my pleasure and enthusiasm I determined to reply to them all individually, also by cable, but when Tom—wise fellow!—submitted an estimate of the cost, I abandoned the idea and just wrote letters of thanks. This job, I remember, occupied all my spare time for a fortnight.

I made my first public appearance as a knight of the British Empire at Melbourne on the night of the Saturday before Easter, 1919. The newspapers, of course, had had the information as soon as I had, and they printed the news, together with long appreciations of myself, under suitably big headlines. The result was that I got a magnificent ovation from a crowded audience when I stepped from the wings. The people rose and cheered me again and again.

As I stood there waiting for the tumult to die down, my thoughts were of a very mixed character. To tell the truth, I was nearer bursting into tears than swelling with pride at the distinguished honor my king had seen fit to confer on me. A man's mind works very quickly on such occasions. During the minutes I stood on the stage at Melbourne that evening before starting to sing I Love a Lassie my whole life passed in flashing snapshots before my mental vision. My poverty-stricken early days, the hard, sweating toil in the mines of Lanarkshire, the struggles and the strivings and the ambitions to make good on the concert platform, the gradual crescendo of success as a theater celebrity, my world tours and the laughter and cheers of millions of people in two hemispheres, the fortune which I had honestly built up by my own unaided efforts—and now this great and unexpected honor as the culminating point in a colorful career!

All these pictures, all these thoughts, came rapidly but clearly as I stood under the spotlights at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, that night. And I would willingly—aye, with great joy—have bartered the lot for one smile from John, one shake of his hand, only to hear him say "Dad, old man," once more.

Working His Passage

ALTOGETHER I have made four tours in Australia, including one in Tasmania, and three in New Zealand. For both of these magnificent island countries in the southern seas I have an immense admiration and a great love. Although comparatively close to each other—a matter of twelve hundred miles means nothing in the huge spaces of the South Pacific—they are entirely different in geographical characteristics and in the types of their peoples.

New Zealand, as I think I have already said, is practically another Scotland, and seeing that this is so, it made an instantaneous appeal to my affections from the very outset. Its MacDonalds and MacIntoshes and MacLeans, with their Caledonian Societies and Burns Clubs and Gaelic Associations, transform many of its towns and villages into purely Scottish territory; there are, I am assured, thousands of Gaelic speakers in New Zealand who have never seen, and never will see, the land they venerate second only to their own. Scottish weekly and daily papers are delivered in New Zealand in their tens of thousands. I know one old man in Auckland who has had an Aberdeen daily paper posted to him every day for thirty years. Immediately he gets his copy he scores out the dates from the tops of the pages and writes in the day of the week on which it arrives. Thus is Scottish sentiment and the news of Scotland kept alive and warm ten or twelve thousand miles from home. What Scot can help developing an extraordinary affection for such a country and such a people?

I have always made the return journey to Britain from Australia by way of the United States. To me it seems the natural route back to the bens and the glens of home. For one thing I never get tired of the sail across the Pacific, with its calls at lovely Samoa or equally lovely Honolulu, and for another I have always known that Will Morris would be waiting at San Francisco or Vancouver with a full west-to-east tour booked up for me. In other words I have consistently worked my passage on all my tours with the exception of the time spent on shipboard. And even on the long days and weeks at sea I have utilized the time to compose new songs and perfect the ground plans of others.

Two years ago, sailing from India to the Straits Settlements, there was a man on board our ship who was always speaking about "my friend MacKay" and what the two of them would do when they met. Result, one of my best recent numbers, When I Meet MacKay. All my sailor songs, including There is Somebody Waiting for Me and a new pirate song which I am just rounding off, have been inspired on board ship. So you see I am never really idle. Constitutionally I seem to be incapable of idleness or laziness of any description. Ever since the war I have felt that I must be up and at it all the time.

At one time or another I have met most of the leading industrial magnates, from the late Andrew Carnegie to the redoubtable Henry Ford. Mr. Carnegie I met first

(Continued on Page 40)

2-DOOR SEDAN
$1045
Landau Coupe . . . $1045
4-Door Sedan . . . $1145
Sport Roadster . . $1075
Cabriolet . . $1155
Landau Sedan . . $1265
New Series Pontiac Six, $745 to $875. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the General Motors Time Payment Plan

Special Sport Equipment

Available on all body types: six wire wheels with tires . . . special front fenders with tire wells . . . two special tire locks and locking rings . . . collapsible trunk rack . . . $100 extra on open cars . . . $110 on closed cars . . . six disc wheels with same equipment, $75 on open cars . . . $85 on closed models.

You Simply Cannot Match It At the Price

Body by Fisher

Let's get down to facts. Let's make some interesting comparisons. Let's ask some pertinent questions. Where else can you get a Six that's the equal of the Oakland All-American at a price that's equally low?

★ ★ ★

Where else can you get a whispering brute of an engine . . . smooth and powerful . . . with the famous G-M-R cylinder head? Where else can you get such a sturdy, rigid frame . . . such impressive vital units as its big, easy-action clutch . . . its big, smooth-shifting transmission . . . its crankcase and cylinder block of "bridge-truss" design?

★ ★ ★

Where else can you look for the beauty and luxury of its Fisher bodies? For the poise and grace and balance it displays in every line. Where can you turn for its change of pace . . . its snap and speed and staunchness? Where are such precision construction and advanced engineering design?

★ ★ ★

There's no need to go farther. The answer is crystal clear. Look where you will . . . see everything to be seen . . . drive any car you choose. You'll arrive at just one conclusion . . . you simply cannot match the All-American Six at its price.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 38)

in my dressing room at Blaney's Theater and afterward I visited him by invitation at his house in Fifth Avenue—the most sumptuous house I have ever been inside in my life. Andrew and I had many long talks about his old home town of Dunfermline and his Scottish castle of Skibo. He was particularly anxious that I should visit the Homestead Works at Pittsburgh and gave me letters of introduction to, among others of his colleagues and managers, Mr. Charlie Schwab. At a later date I was able to visit and inspect the enormous and terrifying plant at the famous steel town of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Carnegie always appealed to me as a simple and kindly man, but preternaturally shrewd in industrial and financial affairs. His name will live as long as the higher education of young Scotsmen goes on in the universities of my native land. Already, by his benefactions to these institutions, he has enabled thousands of our boys to equip themselves for the battle of life with the best education the world affords.

Mr. Henry Ford came down one evening to the Shubert Theater in Detroit when I was performing there. He came behind subsequently and assured me that I had made him laugh more heartily than he had done for many years. I replied that we were equal in this respect, for I had laughed more over Ford car stories than at any other joke which had ever been invented. This pleased him immensely. He came to our hotel next day and drove my wife and me out to his works in the first sedan produced from the famous Detroit plant. My wife admired the little car so much that Mr. Ford said he would send her one to Dunoon. He did so, but forgot to send a chassis with the sedan, so I had to purchase one in Manchester on our return to England! Let me say at once that it was a grand little bus and we ran it all over Argyllshire for several years.

I have referred to Mr. Charlie Schwab in connection with his old chief, Andrew Carnegie. Mr. Schwab I met on more than one occasion, and formed the opinion of him that he was a strong, dominating, but honest and fearless personality; the sort of man to depend on in any emergency and who would carry through any scheme or ideal he had set his heart upon, once he had made up his mind that it was the right and wise thing to do. I have been brought into personal contact with the Swifts, the Armours, and with the great warehouse kings like Marshall Field and the late John Wanamaker. I was one of the few stage celebrities that Mr. Wanamaker came to hear in Philadelphia. He was always exceedingly kind to myself and my wife, and we were accorded the great privilege of visiting him in his private room at the famous store which bears his name.

From One Champ to Another

NATURALLY I have met all the great fighting men of the States from old John L. Sullivan down to the present champion, Gene Tunney. Gene and I have the same theatrical manager, Will Morris, and only a few weeks ago, in Chicago, Gene, Will, Tom and I dined together and swapped stories. This was before the second meeting with Dempsey had been arranged, but Gene was supremely confident of retaining his crown no matter when or where the return battle took place. Tunney is a magnificent specimen of manhood, with a mentality considerably above and beyond the majority of professional pugilists I have met. I tried him out by asking if he had ever heard of a man named Robert Burns. Secretly I would have laid ten bucks to one that he would correct me and say "Of course you mean Tommy Burns." But I was wrong. At once Gene came back at me with:

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been brokrn-hearted."

And I had to hand it to him for the smart literary boy with a knowledge of real poetry.

John L. I first saw in Boston many years ago, but he was then an old man and had been in retirement from the ring for a very long time. He attended several of my performances and always came round to the dressing room for a chat. I suppose John L. has turned in his grave several times on hearing of the colossal sums recently earned by the masters of the ring in America. It was at Boston, I remember, that I was the central figure in a very awkward incident over which I have often laughed since, but which was no laughing matter for me at the time.

I had gone with several friends to the Boston Athletic Club to see the late Jim Driscoll fight a lad named Grover Hayes. As I did not want to attract undue publicity, I put on an old cap and turned up my coat collar before going into the club.

The fight was so fascinating and lasted so long that I forgot all about the time. Suddenly looking at my watch, I discovered to my horror that it was ten minutes after the hour of my performance at the theater. So I made a break-neck dash out of the club and got on the stage almost half an hour late. Fortunately—as I imagined at the time—the manager had gone on and apologized for my absence on the plea that I had been engaged in a charity performance in a distant part of the city. But next morning the papers came out with a full report of the manager's remarks and, in another column, a story of how keenly interested Harry Lauder had been in the Driscoll-Hayes fight. I tell you I had to suffer many leg pulls about my interest in charity performances in Boston.

Charlie Chaplin and Sir Harry at Los Angeles. They Have Exchanged Hats and Sticks

Jim Corbett I often meet in different cities all over the States. The last time I saw Jim I had to congratulate him on the success of his reminiscences in the columns of the great magazine in which my own recollections are now appearing. The Roar of the Crowd certainly held my breathless attention for many weeks. I regard the story as a ring classic of the first water. Jim Corbett has always been in a class by himself, both as a fighter and as a personality. Jim Jeffries and Jack Dempsey I have both met in Los Angeles frequently, while dear old Bob Fitzsimmons first came into my ken by stepping onto a New York stage in my early days and handing me a decorated horseshoe which he had forged himself, and bearing a card on which were the words, From One Champ to Another. In the dressing room afterward Bob gave an exhibition of the punch which floored Corbett in their famous fight, and he was so realistic that Tom pulled me away from the old fire eater, in dread that he would forget himself and imagine that I was his opponent of ten years before.

When playing Los Angeles I have had the pleasure of meeting most of the world's cinema stars. My greatest friend in Hollywood is Charlie Chaplin. Every time I go there he and I forgather, and many a crack and palaver we have about the old days when he was a comedian, like myself, on the British stage. Well do I remember Charlie—although I didn't know his name then—and his grotesque antics in Fred Karno's funny sketches. Often, when a Karno production was on the same bill as myself, would I go round to the front of the house and chuckle with merriment at the drolleries of the little black-haired fellow with the red nose and the wabbly body movements. Charlie comes to the theater to see me and I go on the lot to see him. We have been photographed a score of times together. One picture in particular which always makes my friends laugh when I let them see it is entitled Charlie Lauder and Harry Chaplin. In it we have changed costumes and the result is a most amusing picture.

Among many other personal friends I have at Hollywood are Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, Bill Hart, Fred Niblo, Reginald Denny, John Gilbert and Joe Schenck. Of the movie queens I know specially well, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Edna Purviance, Mary Miles Minter, Bessie Love and the Talmadge girls are the chief, and I must give them all credit for being exceedingly nice to a poor legitimate actor and singer like myself, who has to work hard for a mere pittance of the enormous salaries they earn as screen favorites. I vastly enjoy my occasional visits to Los Angeles and film land. Its inmates are most lovable people, warm-hearted, gay, and careless of everything save their work, which they take very seriously indeed. I have spent many charming days and interesting evenings among the hierarchy of the cinema world in sunny Los Angeles. Some day I would like very much to go out there and make a picture myself.

The Winner Pays

I WAS often told by my friends that America has been very good to me. And occasionally, if I seem to be in a communicative humor, one or other of these friends will try to do the pump-handle trick and ask me just how much money I have made in the States and Canada.

"Oh, I haven't done so badly," I tell them always, "and I would have done still better had I been able to stick to a' I earned – the livin' oot there's awfu' cost'y."

And there is a slight substratum of truth in part, at least, of that canny reply. I defy any man to keep on going to America, as I have done for twenty years, and not make a financial side slip now and again. At heart I am a very simple man and though I have steeled myself against easy money all my life—realizing that the only money worth having is the money you have worked hard for—I was very prone, in my earlier visits to the States, to listen to all sorts of tales and schemes having for their object the quick and certain collecting of dollars, either in hundreds or tens of thousands. I suppose my reputation for excessive caution in matters monetary kept away from me many people who would otherwise have been only too pleased to enlist my sympathies and my bank book in certain get-rich-quick Wallingford plans. But I couldn't steer clear of them all.

But all my financial transactions outside my legitimate business have not turned out failures. Andrew Carnegie one night came to my dressing room in New York. He was astonished and delighted to meet in me a man smaller than himself, and said so with great glee. I denied that I was shorter in stature than he and we decided to settle the argument by measuring heights against the dressing-room door. Before Andrew took up his position for Tom to take his height he said that if he beat me he would give me a good tip on the Stock Exchange. Overhearing this, I think Tom decided there and then that the steel magnate would win. In any case Tom gave the verdict in favor of Mr. Carnegie by a tenth of an inch.

"Buy United States Steel Common," whispered the millionaire on saying good night.

Next day I bought a thousand at thirty-two dollars and forgot all about the transaction for several weeks; in fact I was back in London before United States Steel Common was brought to my memory by hearing some fellows speak about it.

"What is it standing at today?" I asked excitedly. Round about forty-two I was told. I couldn't get to the nearest telephone quick enough to order my broker to sell

(Continued on Page 127)

"Pow!" . . . a rear tire blew!

COUNTRY road. Late at night. Not a garage or a lamp-post in sight. Ordinarily, I would have been up against it. But I had a good flashlight along, and that was that!

I wouldn't drive a car at night without a flashlight. And I always make sure that it is in working order by keeping it loaded with genuine Eveready Batteries. The battery, you know, is really the works—and Eveready is the battery for mine.

Get the flashlight habit. A good flashlight is as necessary as a good watch. It knocks darkness and danger for a loop.

If I ever went skating

—either on ice or rollers, I'd have a good flashlight along. It would help me to avoid collisions, point out the danger-spots, and help in other ways. In fact, there are hundreds of uses for a good flashlight.

Also, I would keep it loaded with genuine Eveready Batteries—those little cells that are crammed and jammed with light and life. The name "Eveready" would tell me that they're the best that money can buy. And experience would prove it.

Get the flashlight habit. It's modern. It's American. It's sensible!

Junior used to be afraid

HE WOULDN'T go to sleep unless I stayed with him. Then I got an idea. I bought him a flashlight and left him to play with it until the Sandman came. He's not afraid in the dark now.

I keep his flashlight loaded with Eveready Batteries to make certain it will not fail to light. We use Eveready Batteries in our radio—I know they're the best to be had. So why not in the flashlight, too?

My advice to every mother is to get the flashlight habit. It pays in so many ways, it's just foolish to be without this handy little gloom-chaser.

The power-house of your flashlight . . . *the battery!*

NO FLASHLIGHT is ever better than its battery—not even an Eveready Flashlight! Power-full, that is what a flashlight ought to be. Loaded from end to end with vigorous, potential power. Always ready to flash into action when the switch signals "LIGHT!"

Eveready Flashlight Batteries are made in the same shops that produce the famous Eveready Radio Batteries and are just as thoroughly dependable. There are six good reasons for their superiority:

1. *Eveready Flashlight Batteries are dated.* You *know* they are fresh when you buy them.

2. *The star washer.* This accurately centers the carbon "bobbin" in the zinc can. A patented Eveready feature, insuring uniform current-flow when the light is on and consequent longer life.

3. *The rolled-and-soldered can.* Insures uniform thickness of metal and therefore uniform electro-chemical activity.

4. *Projecting tip on brass contact.* Insures perfect contact from battery to lamp-base and from cell to cell. Another patented Eveready feature.

5. *The Eveready jacket.* Consists of asphaltum, sandwiched between two plies of chip-board. Prevents short-circuiting by keeping out external moisture.

6. *The carbon mix.* After all, the real heart of the battery. These "active materials" are prepared by a patented process to give longest service.

No matter what make of flashlight you use, load it with Eveready Batteries for better service and longer life. Insist on Eveready Batteries. One case of battery failure may cost you dearly.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
New York UCC San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

EVEREADY
FLASHLIGHTS
& BATTERIES
-they last longer

Saving money is not my idea

THAT is, saving money at the expense of dependability. No doubt, I could buy cheaper flashlight batteries than Eveready, but I'm taking no chances. When I press the switch, I want LIGHT.

I use Eveready Batteries on my radio set and Eveready Batteries in my flashlight. They are made by the same people in the same shops. And how! It's sometimes a matter of light or death. What's a penny or two then?

Get the flashlight habit. A good flashlight is always a convenience—often a life-saver. And the battery is terribly important!

. . . and then the program stopped!

RIGHT in the middle of the Eveready Hour. A good program. And then . . . nothing! I got my flashlight and went over everything. Found a broken lead-in. Fixed it. Everything jake again.

I wouldn't know what to do without a good flashlight. And I wouldn't use anything but genuine Eveready Batteries—the same make I have on my "B" circuit. Eveready Batteries make a flashlight come through with *light*, every time.

Get the flashlight habit. It's scientific . . . and sensible!

The night I stepped on a rake . . .

I WON'T forget it soon. I had a bump on my head the size of an egg, to remind me. Then I bought a flashlight. It has been worth its weight in Liberty Bonds.

I keep it loaded with genuine Eveready Batteries. I find they give a brighter light for a longer time. Those little cells are just *alive* with what it takes to make light. The Eveready Radio Battery people make them. You *know* they're good.

My advice to everyone is to get the flashlight habit. . . . Get it quick! And insist on Eveready Batteries.

Blueprint sketch of four Goodyear-equipped Jordan beaters in No. 3 Plant of the Consolidated Paper Company, Monroe, Michigan. Photos show the Goodyear Belts at the drive and driven pulleys.

Copyright 1928, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

That Jordan Drive—and the G. T. M.

Paper mill men all know that transmission belting has no harder job in any industry than driving their Jordan beaters. The heavy loads and the high speeds test the stamina of any belt, and if it hasn't the "goods," it hasn't long to live. This exacting duty was taking such heavy toll of the belts in their No. 3 Plant that the officials of the Consolidated Paper Company, at Monroe, Michigan, finally decided to call in the G.T.M. —Goodyear Technical Man.

The G. T. M. is an expert on belting. He has specified belts for paper mill duty the country over. He operates on the Goodyear Analysis Plan, which begins with a scientific survey of the service required, includes a practical consideration of the operating conditions in the particular plant, follows through the manufacture of the belt specified for the job, and then watches over its performance to see that it does its work efficiently and economically over the longest period of use.

The Goodyear Analysis Plan was thus applied in the case of the Consolidated Paper Company's plant. In co-operation with the Master Mechanic and other officials, the G. T. M. figured every mechanical factor involved—pulley diameters, center-to-center distances, horsepower loads and motor speed. He noted with equal care the special operating conditions in the plant, such as the fact, for example, that belts are here exposed to the action of water and oil.

Then he specified Goodyear Belts for their battery of Jordans —16-inch, 8-ply Goodyear Transmission Belts—the belts that proceeded to give the Consolidated Paper Company a new kind of trouble-free service and lasted two and a half years, *twice as long as any other belts they had ever used!*

Two-thirds of the belt equipment in that plant today is Goodyear belting, G. T. M.-specified to its job. Much of the hose employed there for wash-up and other mill uses is Goodyear Hose. Mr. Harry Worthen, the Master Mechanic, says of the Goodyear Belts' performance, "I do not recall when we have had a shut-down over belt troubles since we have been using Goodyears. Not only have they given us twice the belt life we used to get, but they have also contributed important savings in belt costs and uninterrupted service."

It stands to reason that belts properly specified to their work have a better chance to perform more economically and efficiently than belts bought as just so many feet of such-and-such-ply belting. The performance of G. T. M.-specified Goodyear Belts invariably confirms that logic, in terms of longer life and efficient, economical operation.

If you have a belting problem, involving either a single drive or an entire plant, you may profit greatly by a meeting with the G. T. M. He has a practical knowledge of belting duty in many industries. You may depend on any Goodyear Mechanical Rubber Goods he recommends—Transmission, Conveyor or Elevator Belts, Hose, Valves or Packing—to give you trouble-free, low-cost service over a long, long time. For details of the Goodyear Plant Analysis Plan or for records of Goodyear products in your industry, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

The Greatest Name in Rubber

BELTS · VALVES HOSE · PACKING

GOODYEAR

RIDERS OF THE WINGED SKI

By Frederic Kenyon Brown

SKI jumping has already made its bow to the American public as the newest and most sensational of all our organized sports. There is nothing comparable to a ski jump in ability to thrill the spectator. It is human aviation performed on two clumsy-looking flat sticks of wood. It is a human gliding achievement minus the overhead wings. It is the human being's outdoing of the kangaroo with mighty leaps measuring up to more than 200 feet. It is the human body, divested of all mechanical enginery, speeding through space at more than a mile and a half a minute.

Every winter along the snow belt of the United States this sport is witnessed on a wholesale scale. Colleges have their ski-jumping contests. Prep schools now include them in their lists of annual sports. Towns, cities, villages and select winter-sports clubs hold a growing list of ski-jumping meets every winter. The sport is here to stay. It has passed the experimental test and is now surrounding itself with a rapidly increasing number of enthusiasts from Maine to the Canadian Rockies so that it is beginning to give the United States the aspect of a winter Switzerland.

John Plichta, Ripon, Wisconsin, Ski Expert, Introducing His Flag Ski Jump From the Intervale Ski Slide at Lake Placid Club, New York

Ski jumping bristles with thrills as a porcupine's back does with quills. It is not only the hurtling cannon-ball speed the ski rider generates and controls and the mighty 100 and 200 foot leaps through space he navigates that give the sport its scalp-tingling thrills. The barren site of a ski jump is capable of raising the goose flesh at the idea of anybody on ski having the nerve to descend one. The very preparations of the ski man for his jump make the blood tingle.

The United States, young in the sport, already holds the world's championship. In 1925 Nels Nelsen, an American ski jumper, leaped on his ski over a distance of 240 feet. Small boys of ten and twelve in the insignificant winter carnivals think little of leaps they make of from forty to sixty feet. High-school boys are unhappy if on a major ski hill they fail to leap the air for a 120-foot distance. Veteran riders in the main ruck of competitors have to do leaps of around 150 to 160 feet on the outstanding hills to be anywhere near the count. The New England ski-jumping championship record was a prodigious leap of 190 feet made by Bing Anderson in 1923 on the sensational Brattleboro, Vermont, hill. And all this has to be done with from twelve to fifteen pounds of two eight or eight and a half foot strips of wood clamped tight to the feet!

Sliding at a Mile a Minute

NO LOCATION of any type of American sport can even remotely compete with a ski-jumping site for its ability to give a thrill. We cannot get much of a kick over the appearance of an airdrome, or a football stadium empty of players and spectators, or of a baseball diamond in the big leagues. But the sight of a barren, unoccupied ski-jumping hill makes the goose pimples tighten the skin.

The jumping hill may be one of two kinds—natural or artificial. The artificial one is usually a steel or wooden trestle-work, not unlike the steepest section of a giant roller coaster bodily moved to act as a place for ski men to ride down.

The natural hills are terraced affairs. First comes a long drop of 300 feet or more. This is the starting hill, whose function is to develop speed in the greased ski of the rider. It must be long and steep enough to generate velocity somewhere in the vicinity of forty to fifty miles an hour. This hill ends in a sort of almost level shelf or platform, raised, say, five feet sheer above the ground. This forms a little cliff called the take-off. It is to the ski jumper what the springboard is to the diver—only the take-off is rigid. It is the function of this take-off to shoot the ski rider off into space.

In front of the take-off is an almost level place called the knoll. This extends for from forty to ninety feet. Then the ground slopes away until it becomes almost a sheer cliff—for 300 or 400 feet on the larger hills. So steep is this front slope, this third section of the jumping hill, that a rider who falls close to the top rolls head over heels and over his flapping ski until he lands at the bottom with the breath gone from him. So steep is it that a rider is two-thirds horizontal against the face of the hill, not unlike a nail thrust into wall paper.

In all, this site forms 700 to 800 feet of dizzy-looking declivity, with a sheer fall from top to bottom of 300 feet. The sides of the landing slope covered with greasy snow, well packed down, look made to order for flies to cling to rather than human beings going more than a mile a minute on ski.

The writer helped direct one ski meet on a major-sized hill where the knoll in front of the take-off was not a knoll but a gully filled with pieces of dynamited rock. This gully extended for close to forty feet in front of where the riders took the air. This meant, of course, that if the rider for any reason failed to get the correct momentum he could hurtle into the gully of rocks. Yet an entire day's ski jump of morning practice and afternoon competition went off with less than half a dozen riders making any protest about this hazard, and the majority of these were boys in the junior jumps.

For two seasons this same jump had a landing hill that had been blasted out of a rocky cliff. The stones were simply cleared to one side and the snow path built between. Only a light sprinkling of snow was dashed over these two balustrades of jagged rocks. Yet not a rider ever demurred at this mental hazard. These riders had to hit that path between the rocks at a terrific momentum. They faced the possibility of turning in the air, of shooting off at an angle, yet they never winced. This shows the caliber of the men who follow the sport.

But few of the ski riders are ever satisfied with that 700 or more feet of precipitous declivity. They usually want more speed-generating surface and a longer ride over the front landing hill. This accounts for the tower trestles that are built on top of the starting hills. These structures may be twenty to forty feet in the air, reached by ladders, and guarantee the rider a swifter plunge down to the take-off.

A safe ride down one of these extra trestles itself is a feat in balance and control. Standing on the top of one of these towers, the ski rider looks down the starting hill, beyond the take-off, to the level field beyond the landing hill. Spectators down there look exactly as they do from a 300-foot skyscraper. From where the rider stands the front hill is practically invisible. It is so steep out there in front of the take-off that from the take-off it resembles a great gulf into which the rider is about to throw himself like a stone casually flung into a gorge.

Suppose yourself to be standing in the tower of a 300-foot skyscraper with a pair of elongated ski buckled to your feet. Before you slopes a roof, ending in a rain gutter. Then sheer space and beyond it tiny figures looking up at you, and a bugle sounding somewhere the order for you to slide down that roof slope and then hurl yourself into space for the delight of those people. That is the way each jump looks to the ski rider on a first-class hill as he gets ready to start his jump.

The Jumping-Off Place

THE artificial jumping sites, the steel or wooden trestles, are even more startling to the spectator. Some of these jumping sites are entirely artificial with the exception of a landing hill—that is, the entire momentum is gained down the grooves of a steel or wooden shute and the jump made from a take-off over the natural hill site.

These structures are built high above the ground, some of them higher at their highest point than the surrounding trees. They may or may not have rails alongside. If wooden, the structures creak and groan and sway in the cold winter winds. As the ski rider stands ready for the drop down an iced groove he has the sense of standing in mid-air on a plank, and that plank pitched forward at a fearsome angle. On both sides of him is space. Yet he must thrust himself down that skidway, whip up speed and set himself for the plunge from the lip of the take-off. This is no place for anyone with the least grain of yellow pigmentation in his make-up. It is the sport of the veritable snow gods.

So much for the thrills the spectator gets from the jumping sites themselves. One of the features of every ski meet at a first-class hill is for spectators to climb up the steps alongside the jump and stand at the different points and get the view that faces the jumper. This never fails to be worth all the admission. Time and time again people who get such views before a meet will be heard protesting that it is utterly impossible and incredible that human beings can be found willing to trust themselves on their ski on such an apparatus of seeming death.

Keeping in mind the sensational spine-tingling nature of the ski slide itself, the spectator at a ski-jumping meet gets his next thrills from the ski themselves. The first impression the ski give is that of tremendous clumsiness. For they are longer than the full length of the ski man himself. In fact, the usual length of the ski is determined by the ski rider's finger tips held above his head. This gives a six-foot ski rider an eight-foot pair of skids—huge flat feet with curled-up tips.

Each ski for jumping purposes is very heavy when compared with ordinary cross-country devices. From six to

eight pounds per ski is about the average—twelve to fifteen pounds of dead weight added to the feet. Hickory or ash is the wood. A neat little trick quite a few ski men have is to fasten pieces of sheet lead to the front of the ski. This adds a pound or two to the dead weight, and its purpose is to keep the flat fronts of the ski from being blown back during the flight. In somewhat the same way that the deep-sea diver wears lead to keep his balance under the square-inch pressure of the sea depths, so the ski rider uses lead to keep his ski down and under him during his wandering in the air.

The next item of interest to the spectator is to see the ski man deliberately clamp these outlandish elongated wooden skids to his shoes. One of the shudder moments to an onlooker strange to ski jumps comes in the realization that the ski man rides the air and descends to that top-speed landing with the runners deliberately clamped to his feet.

By a curious leverage and clamp system and iron foot braces, the ski so clamped become as much a part of the rider's feet as his shoes. Like his feet, they will go with him in flight or in a headlong tumble. The toes are strapped in. A buckle belt comes up from the heel plates, around the front of the shoe, and is made fast.

The onlooker's imagination is set busy by this operation. Suppose the skier takes a spill! Suppose he lands with the tips of his ski slanted too far forward so that they dig deep into the snow bank! Suppose he lands with the ski crossing each other while he is in full momentum! Then what? They usually stick right where they are clamped.

It is no unusual sight to see a ski rider plunge into the air from the take-off and land for a spill. Then down he rolls, head over heels and with his clamped ski looking like the highly magnified feet of some mastodontic grasshopper, and so it continues for 300 feet or more clear to the bottom of the landing hill.

In one contest a rider took a spill and started on the roll down the ski-landing hill with his ski deliberately spanking him all the way down. Sometimes the ski will smash in two in a spill—and remember that they are made of finely grained hickory or ash of the strongest sort. The rider will take half a ski with him and leave the other sticking in the course.

Waxed Lightning

THERE is one little safety device on some of the ski binders. This is a form of binding that will hold tight as a debt as long as the rider's foot remains flat. But if the toes crumple in a spill the harness is released, the foot slips out of the clamps and a broken set of toes or a broken foot prevented.

One thing that escapes most of the uninitiated at a ski jump is the fact that no ordinary ski rider ever considers the average ski site, with its precipitous declivities, fast enough, even when coated with brilliantine granulations of frozen-over snow. Nor does he consider the soaplike smoothness of his polished ski runners slick enough for his descent through space. So the craft has invented the neat little ceremony of waxing the runners.

Paraffins, waxes, shellac rubbings—anything to give the glassy and greasy filament to the ski runners—are always eagerly sought and bought by the ski rider. The night before a jump he rubs down his ski with fine sandpaper to eliminate all the scratches. Then he shellacs the grain to add to the ski's natural speed. This shellac is then smoothed down ready for a coating of wax. Slow snow is made swifter by the wax. Swift snow is made swifter. The wax makes a ride over granulated ice particles the first cousin to greased lightning.

In fact, the ski man who expects to win steadily at the sport has to be an expert in the use of waxes. There are waxes and waxes to use in the ski jumps. There are waxes that outdo other waxes on certain days when the snow of the ski hill is of a particular consistency. As this waxing process is just so much extra speed at the command of the snow rider, it behooves him to know his wax. Last year, in one of the Brattleboro contests, a jumper won out over swifter-riding rivals solely on the fact that he had brought along with him a wax of a particularly suitable consistency for the soft mushy snow.

Some of these waxes are mysterious trade secrets. They seem to be part tar and part something else. Some of these compounds can slow up a ski on an upgrade and speed it on a down grade. One of the common methods for waxing for extra speed is to iron melted paraffin on the runners, leaving it glazed. One thing is sure: If there is any possible way under the sun of speeding himself up the ski rider will try it, no matter how fearsome the slope of snow down which he hurls himself.

On the eve of a junior jump, when the young American of ten or twelve is to ride down a hill and leap his sixty feet through the air and land standing up, he waxes too. Like a little Jove, he desires to ride the thunderbolts like his elder brother on the big hills. All this is unknown to the general public. They find their hair curling at the mere thought of human beings on any sort of skids having the courage to ride down even the ordinary ski hills for the jumps. It is easy to imagine the startled gasps of the spectators could they see the calm deliberation of the jumper,

A Daring Skier Making the Descent of One of the Peaks Which Tower Above St. Moritz

tucked away in his room or kitchen, converting the natural speed of the wood into waxed lightning. And then, not satisfied, wondering when some new sort of wax to speed him up will be invented. "Speed merchant" just about fits the ski rider.

A ride down the starting hill and out onto the take-off and then down through the air to the landing slope, a total distance of 700 feet, has taken a rider exactly fourteen seconds by the stop watch. It has been done in swifter time than that, of course, but this is an actual example of the ordinary big jump. Fourteen seconds to come down; but the long climb back—perhaps close to ten minutes. The rider has to carry his ski on his back. He has to climb at least 300 feet of stairway to reach the path up the starting hill. Then at the top of the hill he has to climb up a ladder with his ski still on his back to get to the starting trestle. All this is hard on the knees and the wind. Mountain climbers will appreciate the extra physical endurance involved in a ski jumper's competitive grind when it is remembered that he takes three competitive and one practice jump on the afternoon of the contest. This means three sturdy climbs up to the heights just after breath-taking jumps. Weaklings have no place in a ski-jumping contest.

These are some of the outstanding elements that enter into the making of this most sensational sport. Now for the ski-jumping contest itself. The setting of a gala ski-jumping contest at Revelstoke or Brattleboro or any of the lesser jumps such as Dartmouth or Berlin, New Hampshire, is a treat for the eyes. On the huge sensational Brattleboro jump the course is outlined with evergreens interspersed with pennants in the colors of the rainbow—a flame of color against the calcium white of the snow.

Around the guy ropes inclosing the wide level area, where the ski riders Telemark to a stop and catch their breath, presses the holiday crowd, in sleighs, afoot, in automobiles. The costly furs and sport garb of the stadium football games are duplicated here. A band discourses music until the brass instruments freeze up. Close to the foot of the hill is the announcer's stand, a platform elevation connected by telephone to the judges' stand up near the take-off, past that to the starter's phone away up skyward at the starting tower. The judges are huddled inside a high timber tower that rises fifteen feet above the level of the knoll that caps the steep landing hill. Near them stands the bugler, whose gay ta-ta-ta-ta flashes the musical announcement to the multitude below:

"Here he comes!"

The Fashion for Ski Riders

THE ski riders are assembled at the starting tower. Their racing garb is varied but striking. They wear specially made oiled shoes with concave heels. These heels are designed to give a grip to the heel harness. Above the regular woolen stockings or socks is a second sock, rolled down over the shoe top. This is to keep the snow from getting into the shoes, and keep the feet dry. The popular ski rider's clothes run to navy-blue trousers or tights, blue shirt and visored blue cap. If the rider belongs to the Olympic Ski Team he wears the tiny American shield on the front of his cap. The other riders wear a varied assortment of club emblems on their shirts—initials of their clubs or insignia, such as polar bears, winged ski, snow birds, the coat of arms of Lancaster.

Then there are the mitts. Heavy buckskin mittens with tight wristbands are as necessary to the ski rider as gauntlets to the old-time knight, and for the same purpose—protection from cuts and bruises. With the ski rider trying to make a landing on the snow while whizzing through the air at a velocity of more than a mile a minute, a tumble means danger to the hands and wrists from bits of frozen snow. These are like so many concealed knife blades waiting to cut blue gashes in any exposed piece of the ski rider's flesh.

The ski riders wear numbers just like football players. These are worn on the chest and are usually squares of white oilcloth with the numerals painted on them.

The rider mounts his ski and gets into position at the top of the jump. Word comes up the hill from the men with large snow rakes that the landing hill has been groomed so that there are no grooves or bumps on the surface to mar the delicacy of a landing. The judges give the word to the bugler. The brassy starting signal bites into the crisp cold air. The crowd along the sides of the landing hill and the thicker huddle of spectators outside the horseshoe clearing in the lower levels suddenly hush.

Someone cries, "Here he comes!"

The megaphone of the announcer rumbles the information: "Numba-ar 10! Olaf Hensen! First trial jump!" The first jump in a ski competition is a practice one.

For the spectators far enough back from the base of the steep landing hill, the view up the dizzy slopes to the starting tower is like a vision up to the snow-white gates of Paradise itself. The whole thing has an ethereal look; the glistening white trail bordered by evergreens and flaming pennants rises up among the tree tops and merges with the glow of the early afternoon sunset.

(Continued on Page 46)

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AND MOTOR CAR

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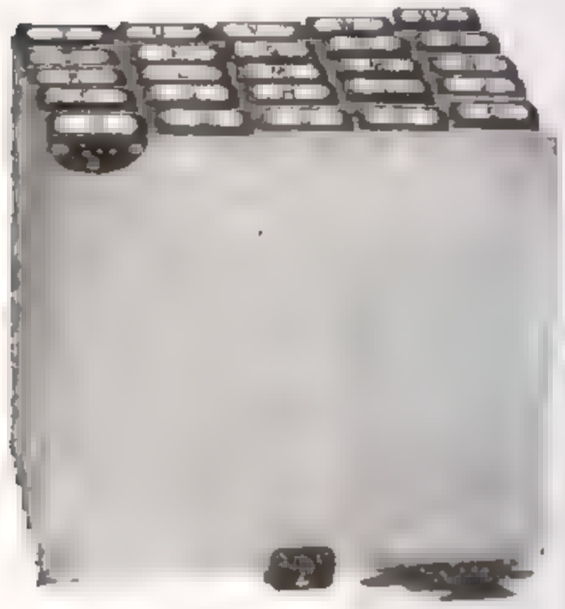

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(Continued from Page 44)

Olaf himself, meanwhile, has set about the afternoon's task of making that trial leap. To him the start of the ride down nearly 1000 feet of sheer declivity, part of it snow and part of it air, brings with it the necessity for an unusual combination of thinking and body control.

First there lies his task on the starting hill itself to work up momentum, to take full advantage of his waxed ski and the frosty condition of the snow. He has a plunge of 300 feet in which to generate enough momentum to skid him out into the air from the take-off for his mighty leap.

He crouches down on his ski on the starting hill in the attitude of a jumper, ready for the spring. His mittened arms dangle. They swing back and forth. He is whipping up momentum. Meanwhile he is muttering the ski man's prayer to the snow gods. There is nothing theological about this invocation of his. It is purely technical. On its answer will depend the success of his landing upright down there on the landing hill.

"Lean forward! Lean forward! Lean forward!" That is the ski rider's prayer.

As he mutters it fervently his eyes are glued on the two tiny flags that mark the edge of the take-off and the beginning of space into which he must fling himself—well forward.

That take-off is leaping up at him with the suddenness and surety with which the earth rises up to meet a falling stone. It is on the brink of that take-off where the ski rider must exploit to the full every particle of the momentum he has whipped up on the flash down the starting hill.

With Airy Abandon

He must leap from that take-off cliff, must yank his body and his ski from the snow and ride the air at exactly the right spot on the take-off. A jump too far back will rob his air ride of yards. A jump too far over the brink will put him out of balance.

Meanwhile, swift as his thought processes are, equally swift is that take-off in slipping back under his ski. Judges tower over him, watching every move of his through critical eyes. But he sees no judges. Spectators line both sides of the take-off, but he sees no observers. Both sides of the steep hill in front of him are inky with onlookers, but he is blind to them.

He is busy tensing low on his ski, body suddenly a skinful of tight-coiled clock springs. He is muttering, subconsciously, "Lean forward! Lean forward!" Consciously, he is timing his leap.

The brink of the take-off waits for no man. It is there. It is beginning to slip under the curved front of his ski. Then he springs.

In this act the ski man reveals a viking abandon. With all the possible strength he has in his body he leans forward, uncoils like an unbolted mainspring and hurls himself over the brink of the take-off in almost a headfirst dive. His arms sprawl wide against the air. His body straightens, his ski skid on impalpable cold air now—true viking ships of the air.

Below him the steep grade of the hill drops away, leaving him suspended above it fifteen or twenty feet. His knees are stiff. His ski are kept perfectly level in spite of the efforts of the rush of air to push against their flat fronts and tip them.

His flash from the take-off into the air is a sort of moment of grand review before the judges. He is riding the air past their watchful, critical eyes. And in spite of the fearful speed he is hitting up and the difficulty of maintaining balance, he has to show grace, abandon, ease in that flight, or it will be thumbs down from the judges.

It is now that he begins to help answer that ski man's prayer: "Lean forward!" He angles his stiff-kneed body against the wind pressure, chest out, shoulders well back. Then, having taken care of form and balance, he tackles the new problem of adding to his speed more than gravity can give him.

Meantime, above this fight he is making for more speed and for form and for balance, runs the crescendo of his prayer: "Lean forward! Lean forward!"

For this reason: If he should descend from the air without leaning well forward, the instant his ski struck the snow and slowed him down ever so slightly he would topple backward for a nasty spill, shocked like a fighter hurtled back with a left-handed knuckle on the chin. The only way to overcome the wind pressure and keep upright when he lands lies in leaning forward—easy to say, very, very difficult to do. Hence the constant vocal repetition of it while the ski man rides.

The first part of the ski man's flight in the air from the take-off is straight ahead. But soon 160 pounds of bone, flesh and clothes, weighted by fifteen pounds of hardwood, begins to feel the pull of gravity and to sink toward the snow. But as it does so, the landing hill pulls away, being graded to keep the ski man in the air as long as possible.

The ski rider is now tilted forward, his ski dipping downward at an angle to the grade of the landing hill. This angles the forward-bent body of the ski rider so that he is almost horizontal in the air and plunging like a plummet down above that hill. This plunge through space naturally adds to his tremendous velocity. He is now like a man riding down a ghostly, precipitous skidway with no restraining force but that of the air pressure.

Some 100 feet of the hill has blurred from under him—120—150. Still he is in the air. His arms are whirling now in the effort to keep him up still longer.

A rider in making a flight down the Revelstoke hill hit up a speed of eighty miles an hour for the average of the hill, including the start-up, the snow and the air run and the glide to the bottom of the hill. But in this downward plunge through the air, where the velocity reaches the maximum, it easily goes over the 100-mile-an-hour mark. Some 170 feet of air has been vaulted; still the air rider makes his fight to keep from landing. He is now only a foot above ground and still hitting off his full power of speed. A half second in the air means several feet more of space to be compassed. He struggles for it. A foot above the snow, he is still following gravity and distance is gained. He and the hill are now merging. He is half a foot above the snow now and still adding to his leap.

Back to Earth

Then comes the most amazing feature of the jump. The rider melts into the slope at this high velocity. Hill and ski meet one another with the gentleness of lovers' lips. No shock. No jolt. The landing hill has been scientifically graded to bring that result to pass.

The judges and spectators watch for the critical part of the jump—the landing. A spill means a loss of points. Lack of grace in making the landing deducts points. Touching the hands to the ski or the snow in an effort to keep one's balance is counted as a fall. Judges and spectators are exacting in regard to the ski rider.

This is the way the skier does it: He slides one of his ski forward, and at the moment of impact he bends one of his knees almost to the ski, at the same time gracefully balancing himself with his outspread arms. It is the graceful curtsy of the Colonial dame saluting her squire with the daintiest of homages in the stately minuet. It is called the Telemark landing and never fails to bring a gasp of admiration from the crowd.

Incidentally, this is the highest technical way for the ski man in full flight to readjust himself to the new flight down the snow. He is skidding down the remaining part of the precipitous grade at express speed. He rises from his Telemark and sways from side to side with the grace of a dancer as he keeps his balance. Still in flight, he does not forget to reach up and grab his toque, or cap, in his right hand and so salute the crowds below him. But the fight is not over yet. A trap awaits him down below—the come-up—the come-up and the dead line.

So far the ski rider has been riding downward by snow and air, following gravity and grades. But he must come to a stop in his swift flight somewhere, and that somewhere is now rising up like a judgment to try him. It is the place where the sheer descent comes to an end and the level snow field waits for him. That is the come-up. Somewhere along this waves a red flag marking the dead line. If the ski man falls before crossing that line he is disqualified as far as calling his landing a standing jump is concerned. This is the climax of his performance, the place where hearts leap into mouths until that red flag has been passed, standing up.

It is not without significance that this place is called the dead line. The rider ends up his tremendous flight here like the last man on the end of a human whip lash. The sudden shock of the change of level acts like a blow that staggers. It is as if this end of the flight bristles with mocking imps who reach up and tilt the ski of the rider or jerk their curved points down or toss them up in the air, spinning the rider in a grotesque back flip, or handspring.

Past the Red Flag

Our rider is swaying down to the bottom of the landing hill, cap in hand, the picture of lithe, blue-garbed grace. The come-up is leaping to meet him. Again the ski man's prayer: "Lean forward! Lean forward to counteract the sudden jerk at the change to the level!" He leans. His curved runners skid to the new level. The rider's body stiffens to the shock. He is jerked backward, but his precaution in leaning forward compensates for this. But the shock lurches him to one side. For an instant his right ski is lifted in the air. He wabbles on his one runner and seems about to topple. The dead line is near. The crowd is breathless. The rider struggles to regain his balance. He thrusts the second ski to the snow. He rides by the red flag. The crowd cheers. Olaf has made his first trial jump standing.

He flashes past the dead line, snowplowing with his ski. Then 100 feet farther on he gives a sudden lurch of his body, snow flies like white ostrich plumes from the back of his ski and he brings his flight to a halt in the horseshoe level with a magnificent Telemark turn.

He stands and watches the measurers clamping the steel tape to the imprint where his ski first touches the landing hill.

"One hundred and eighty feet!" yells the announcer.

The crowd roars its appreciation. This is a practice jump and means that the real competition jumps that come cannonballing over the take-off are to come close to championship marks.

All this has happened within a few brief seconds. The 1000 feet out to his stopping place that the ski rider has covered has taken less than a minute. The eye has to work swiftly to catch him. Vikings of the air!

The effect of these jumps on the crowd is electrifying. Old hands who have witnessed every form of sport agree that there is nothing in sportdom that is so awe inspiring and hair raising as these jumps. Thrill follows thrill. A jumper turns in the air at the take-off. Another lands with his ski crossed. Another rises in the air, floats down the hill and seems never to be coming down. He is making a new record. Two men, doing the brother act, ride off into space hand in hand. Then see! A jumper leaves the take-off and spins backward in a complete somersault and lands upright on his ski. Another jumper comes into space and he performs a double somersault and lands upright.

As one man said to the writer:

"Never has a sport given me such a kick. The first jumper I ever saw make the leap left my hair standing up so straight I thought I should never be able to comb it down again."

P. A. hits me right where I live

COME to think of it, I've been smoking Prince Albert for so many years, I couldn't say just *when* I started. P. A. is as much a part of my day as a good breakfast. I'd as lief go without one as the other. Open a tidy red tin and you'll know how I get that way.

Fragrant, I hope to tell you. Then you chute a load into your old pipe and apply the match. Cool as a landlord demanding the rent. Sweet as the proof that you've already paid. Mellow and mild and long-burning . . . it seems like you never *could* get enough of such tobacco.

No wonder this friendly brand outsells every other on the market. No wonder one pipe-smoker tells another about the National Joy Smoke. If you don't know Prince Albert by personal pipe-experience, it's high time you got together. Millions of contented pipe-smokers will say the same thing.

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[CELOTEX IS USED AS INSULATION IN MANY OF THE BEST HOUSEHOLD REFRIGERATORS—BOTH ICE AND MECHANICAL]

AN AMERICAN BANKER

(Continued from Page 37)

corner-stone layings, patriotic gatherings and prominent funerals. He built up quite a following this way, and for a while did well, until it began to be talked around that he lost more cases than he won. His trade fell off to such an extent that eventually he gave up trying to compete with city lawyers and moved to a little cow town out in West Texas, where he had the field all to himself. One day after he had gone I asked Judge Bee of the corporation court what the trouble was.

The judge answered: "Harry sort of lacked single-mindedness. He was always thinking so much about the fee he was going to get that he could never wholly lose himself in the case he was trying to argue."

Perhaps this weakness of Harry Scholl's somewhat describes the point of view that holds back some of those in banks and other business institutions who complain of being in ruts from which they can't get out. My experience is that the salary stays small in proportion to the thought spent on it.

When I went into the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company of New York on May 1, 1921, there was everywhere a sense of uncertainty. Business was paying for the spree it had indulged in during the flush period of '19 and early '20. Nearly 4,000,000 people were said to be out of work in the United States, and conditions in other countries were worse. Many of the New York banks had been caught in the failures of ambitious export firms whose merchandise lay on the wharves and vacant lots of foreign ports where buyers either could not or would not accept their purchases. No one knew from one day to the next what the currency of foreign governments might be worth in dollars.

It was this situation of uncertainty that gave me an experience I look on as the most valuable of my life. During the summer of that year the manager of the Transcontinental's London branch, Burton Radcliffe, came over at Mr. Cunningham's request to make a tour of the United States and study conditions at first hand. As I was so lately from the South, it fell on me to accompany the visitor on the territory extending from Virginia to West Texas and introduce him to the officers of our correspondent banks and important Southern customers.

Mr. Radcliffe was an Englishman, London born, and one of the comparatively small number of men who had succeeded in that intensely competitive field without money or influence. His father had been manager of a small bookshop and circulating library, his salary never being more than three pounds a week. Mr. Radcliffe himself had gone to work when he was fourteen years old as page boy in a London bank and had gradually risen to the managership of one of its suburban branches. He had met Mr. Cunningham in 1909, when the latter went to England to arrange for the opening of a London office, and accepted the position as the Transcontinental's representative. At the time I made my trip with him he was a man of fifty-five.

It is a misfortune of most Americans that they have so few opportunities to meet educated people of other nationalities, and one of the reasons, I think, that we ourselves are often misunderstood abroad. Because the foreigners who come to this country are generally ill educated, a bit uncouth from our standards, we get in the habit of thinking lightly of all foreigners, and perhaps showing it a little when we go to other lands. For example, when Hugh P. Cunningham told me I was to act as escort to a Britisher on a tour of the South, I expected to meet a stage type, either a John Bull sort of person or a Lord Fauntleroy; it did not occur to me that Burton Radcliffe would turn out to be the keen, sophisticated, thoughtful business man that he was.

On our journeyings together I began to see life and affairs from a little different standpoint from that to which I had been educated. We spent a day in Galveston, and in conversation with one of the local bankers Mr. Radcliffe chanced to mention that he needed an executive of certain qualifications for work in the London office of the Transcontinental. The Galveston man was interested at once. It appeared he had a sister living in Liverpool, married to an Englishman, whom he had visited the previous summer, and while there became acquainted with a man in a Liverpool bank who he believed would perfectly fit the position Mr. Radcliffe wanted to fill. The latter expressed his thanks for the information, but it seemed to me he was not so much interested as he might have been. The next day, as we were on the train for Waco, I asked Mr. Radcliffe if he intended to get in touch with the man in Liverpool.

He said he hardly thought he would, and I asked him why.

"It wouldn't be quite fair to the Liverpool bank, would it?" he countered.

I said the bank could doubtless fill his place without any trouble; to which he replied that it would be contrary to English custom for him to make an employe an offer.

"From what I gather," I said half jokingly, "your English custom takes mighty good care of the institution, but is pretty hard on the individual. Haven't you thought that you might be giving that Liverpool fellow the chance of his life if you were to put him on your staff?"

We were riding along the Brazos River bottom at the time, and on both sides of the railroad, as far as the eye could see, were tremendous stretches of growing cotton, with human habitations strung out at intervals of each mile or so. Mr. Radcliffe waved his hand toward this picture of abundance and then turned to me with great seriousness.

"As long as there are places in America like this," he said, "you can afford to put the individual above the organization. There is room for everyone to advance without hurting anyone else. But England has nothing like this. Perhaps many times we seem to hold the individual down, but whatever we do is the result of hard necessity. We have to put the organization ahead of the individual. Otherwise we couldn't exist."

Shortly after we got back to New York, Mr. Cunningham took me out to luncheon one day and asked me how I would like to go to London for a spell as his personal representative. Under existing conditions it seemed advisable to have someone on the ground to watch the fluctuations in foreign exchange and to keep posted as much as possible on business conditions in Europe, and London was the logical point of vantage. I think the friendship I had struck up with Burton Radcliffe on our Southern tour had something to do with Mr. Cunningham's deciding on me for the London mission.

Ellen and I sailed in September. It was at first decided I should stay six months, but the time was extended to the better part of a year, and during that time I came to have a healthy respect for many British business practices. In telling of these practices I wish to be understood as no hyphenated American; I speak merely of things that an older nation than ours had found to be practical.

It is really ridiculous how little matters unconsciously ingrained in a person of one nationality may prejudice him when he goes abroad. For example, in American banking, overdrafts are taboo. A man who borrows money signs a note as a token of his obligation. During my first weeks at the Transcontinental's London branch I was somewhat scandalized to learn that English banks not only allow overdrafts but do so as a regular practice; that a business firm wishing to borrow money may arrange to overdraw its account for a certain sum and pay interest accordingly. No formal document is executed.

Used as I was to the American custom, this seemed a highly inefficient procedure. I mentioned it one day to Burton Radcliffe.

He laughed and remarked: "There may be a certain satisfaction in having a note in the vault, but it doesn't make your loan any better. After all, it's the responsibility of the man who borrows that really counts."

I saw the point. In America we did a thing one way and in England they did it another way. But basically there was no difference.

There is one subject on which I hesitate to speak, though it is so vital I shall risk it. From our American standpoint, British business is harsh toward the individual. Only exceptional men are encouraged to believe they can rise above their beginnings. Unless there is some especial reason, the elevator runner is expected to run the elevator until the end of the chapter, the doorman to remain doorman and the bookkeeper to remain bookkeeper.

Yet the harshness is tempered in a way that we in America might do well to investigate. I was in the Transcontinental's London office during the worst period of England's postwar depression, yet, so far as I know, no British financial institution let any person out of employment for reasons of retrenchment, although many were heavily overstaffed. I regret to state that the London branch of one American institution did, in 1921, discharge a number of employes whom it had put on its pay roll during the flush times immediately following the Armistice, and came in for considerable adverse criticism on account of it. The local viewpoint was that a business house had no right to augment its working force to take care of a temporary increase of business unless it was prepared to furnish employment when business slackened.

In our own London office there was an example of the local attitude toward employes. A man whom I shall call Howard was engaged by Mr. Radcliffe, when the office was first opened, to take charge of a certain department. Howard was a plugging sort of man, with not much imagination, who handled his job well enough as long as the department was a one-man affair; but when the department grew to the point where it required organization and a number of people to carry on the work, Howard fell down completely. He was no organizer. Another man was appointed to take over his job.

But there was no idea that Howard should be put off the Transcontinental's pay roll. Mr. Radcliffe told me that during a couple of years he tried Howard out in various positions, trying to find some department where he would fit in. At last it was discovered that he had a talent for research. Mr. Radcliffe created for him the post of statistician, and to this day he has his little cubby-hole of an office where he well earns his salary and will do so until it comes time for him to retire on the pension that is provided for employes, made up partly by small deductions from his earnings and partly by a fund set aside by the company.

As I see it, the difference between American business and that of our Anglo-Saxon cousins is something like this: We assume that each man is capable of promotion to high position. Sometimes this is so and sometimes it isn't. We give the capable man unlimited encouragement, but are inclined to let the other man shift for himself. It is the philosophy of a new and incredibly rich country where success seems so easy to the competent that we are apt to believe the incompetent must be willfully inept.

The British, on the other hand, boldly face the fact that everyone cannot rise—has not the ability to rise. But to offset this, life is made reasonably safe for the man whose ability goes no further than a career of opening doors or keeping a single-entry ledger. I am glad to say the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company of

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

LAURA LA PLANTE and JOHNNY HARRON *in "Finders Keepers"*

"Finders Keepers," the comedy written by Mary Roberts Rinehart, was a splendid story. But it is far better in moving-picture form. And it has given LAURA LA PLANTE a chance to demonstrate that she is a comedienne *par excellence*.

Of all the pictures MISS LA PLANTE has made for Universal, I like this one best. I have never seen her so much at home or so utterly able to handle a difficult role such as this one, in which she is a girl engaged to three men at the same time during the world-war, when hysterical sentiment was at its height.

JOHNNY HARRON, EDMUND BREESE and EDDIE PHILLIPS assist MISS LA PLANTE, and you know and admire them all. I want to compliment Wesley Ruggles on his masterly direction, and every one connected with the production for fine work.

"The Cohens and Kellys in Paris" is causing laughter of the unbridled sort. It is being sought by the foremost moving-picture theatres everywhere. When you ask your favorite theatre if it has this picture, also ask about ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*** and ***"Finders Keepers."***

If you do not know where Universal Pictures are shown in your neighborhood, write to me and I will tell you just where they are to be found. I suggest that you do this because this year will be marked by pictures of beauty and great desirability.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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New York now has in its New York organization a plan similar to that in vogue in its London branch.

Doubtless there is a happy medium between the business practices of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. I think I cannot express it better than by quoting the remark of a Britisher of long residence in the United States whom I met on the boat upon my return from my London mission.

"If we could breed a race of business men with a combination of British conservatism and American pep," he said, "what wonders we would be!"

I think one of the best descriptions of a business man I ever heard was what a certain great New York financier once said of Hugh P. Cunningham, then president of the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company.

"Cunningham knows how to get business," the financier remarked, "and he knows what to do with it after he gets it."

That Mr. Cunningham knew how to get business was certainly proved by the progress the Transcontinental made during his years as president. Yet he was distinctly not what is termed a go-getter. He often made the remark that a bank is in reality a merchandising institution, dealing in credit, and he always spoke of our deposits as "purchases," and the loans we made as "sales." At times when our deposits were overly large in proportion to our loans, he would say we were "overstocked."

Another of his sayings was that it is easier to build a big bank than a good bank. He applied this philosophy to business of all kinds, and made it one of our rules that especial care should be exercised in making loans where the balance sheet of a would-be borrower showed an abnormal increase in sales.

I recall one outstanding instance of this sort that happened shortly after my return from London. The radio industry was just then beginning to make enormous strides, and our new-business department at the Transcontinental was trying to get the account of a concern in New England that had gone into the manufacture of a device that was used in radio sets and was apparently making a wonderful success. As the name of the concern is well known throughout the country, I will call it by the fictitious title of the Coleman Manufacturing Company.

The Coleman family had been connected with New England industry for 100 years, making certain metal goods sold by the hardware trade, and had amassed a considerable fortune through the old-fashioned, easy-going traditional methods handed down from father to son. Its name was considerable of an asset nationally, and when the radio industry came on, a group of citizens went to the Coleman family with the suggestion that the business be incorporated, new capital put in and a department organized for manufacturing this patent radio device, which should bear the Coleman name. It happened that the head of the family at the time was a man in his sixties, with no male heirs. Mainly for this reason the family decided to accept the proposition, and control of the Coleman Manufacturing Company passed into strange hands.

For a year or so the reorganized company was enormously successful, and its stock, listed on the New York Curb Exchange, went up by leaps and bounds. The new directorate had engaged as sales manager a man I will call Sternfeld, to whom much of the success was attributed. He was a driving man, constantly devising sales contests to keep his force of salesmen at a maximum of activity. One of his schemes, I remember, was a horse race in which each of his 100 salesmen throughout the country was assumed to be a jockey, and each man was sent a daily telegram telling him what his relative position was, based on the number of his sales. Those who were in the lead at the end of each week were given cash prizes. Sternfeld himself was reported to have a contract calling for a yearly salary of $50,000, together with a substantial commission on any increased volume that he was able to secure.

The corporation was at the height of its prosperity when the head of our new-business department reported to Mr. Cunningham that the Coleman company was ready to open an account with the Transcontinental. A full report of its affairs was sent in and gone over by several of our executives, each of whom expressed his favorable opinion, after which it was sent up to Mr. Cunningham's desk for a final O. K., as was our custom in extra-important matters. The following day he sent for me to come to his private office, and there I found him going over the Coleman company report. He asked me if I had seen it and I replied that I had not.

"That's one of the reasons I sent for you," he said. "One or two things are puzzling me and I want to get a fresh viewpoint."

I looked over the report, which contained a comprehensive record of the company's business for the past five years, showing its sales both before and after it had passed out of the hands of the Coleman family. There were even exhibits of the go-getter literature sent out by Sternfeld to his salesmen. Knowing Mr. Cunningham's dislike of high-pressure methods, I asked him if it was the horse race that made him hesitate to take the account.

"No, it isn't that," he answered with a laugh. "I guess we've all got to get used to these newfangled ideas, though I'd be better satisfied if the Coleman Manufacturing Company had built up its big volume without quite so much high-powered work. There's something else that bothers me. Look over the figures for this year."

I did as he directed, and found indeed a peculiar situation. January, February and March showed enormous sales. April was exceedingly flat, with barely one-third the volume of any of the three preceding months. But beginning in May and up to the first of July, where the figures ended, the reported sales bounded upward again, even exceeding the early period.

"What worries me," Mr. Cunningham said, "is this flat April business sandwiched in between two enormously active periods. I wanted to see if you could think of any explanation."

I answered that I could think of none. He prefaced his next remark with an expression he often used.

"A banker has no right to play with any concern in fair weather unless he is willing to keep on playing in bad weather," he said. "I'm going to send this report back to the Coleman Manufacturing Company and get them to explain about this April business. Until we get that I guess we'd better hold up on taking their account."

It turned out that we did not have to wait even that long. It was the tenth of July when I had this session with Mr. Cunningham. On the twelfth the price of Coleman company stock suddenly broke, and from day to day thereafter went to lower levels, disappearing altogether when it was reported the concern was in trouble and due for a drastic reorganization.

Then the April mystery came to light. It seems the Coleman Manufacturing Company in the old days always sold its products exclusively to wholesale dealers, who in turn sold to the retailers. When the reorganized concern started marketing its radio specialty, it followed the same practice. Of the six months' period that so puzzled Mr. Cunningham, the first three months represented sales made to wholesalers. But through his high-pressure tactics Sternfeld had loaded up the wholesalers to such an extent that by the first of April they began to balk at further buying until they could work off a share of what they had on hand. Business went flat.

Faced with this situation and fearful that he was going to lose his commissions on increased business, Sternfeld made a quick change of policy. He abandoned the wholesale trade and turned his army of high-pressure salesmen loose on the retailers, selling to them at the same prices he had formerly charged the wholesale dealers. The crash came when this changed policy began to be known in the trade. The wholesalers, finding themselves left out of the picture, began selling the stuff at any price they could get, to wildcat dealers, and these latter slashed the prices to the public. The regular retailers had to sell at ruinous prices to meet this competition. Almost overnight the Coleman Manufacturing Company lost the goodwill it had taken 100 years to build.

Another of Mr. Cunningham's maxims was to the effect that every successful enterprise, no matter how big, must have some one man at the head who is bigger than the business, who can set aside existing rules when the occasion warrants. I recall one instance of this, seemingly unimportant at the time, but which later developed into a situation justifying the financier's statement that the president of the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company "knew how to get business and knew what to do with it after he got it."

One day a man whom I shall call Reynolds came to our bank with a peculiar story. He had been a rather successful business man who had, in his early forties, accumulated a fortune of around $200,000 and decided to retire, investing his money in gilt-edge securities. After a year or so he found retirement too unexciting and looked around for something to do. Some friend owned a patent that Reynolds believed promising and he made up his mind to risk a few thousand dollars in exploiting it. Not wanting to sell any of his securities, he went to a certain New York bank and arranged for a $20,000 loan, putting up his entire bundle of securities as collateral. The project was slow in developing and the time rolled around when Reynolds had checked out practically his entire $20,000. He received a letter from the bank informing him that, according to its rules, customers were expected to carry a cash balance amounting to one-quarter the amount of their loan. He went to the bank and explained that his was an exceptional case because he intended to drop the project if it cost more than the amount he had borrowed, and that the bank in any case was protected by a ten-to-one margin. The reply was that the bank's rules could not be modified.

When Reynolds came to our bank he was sent to my desk; after hearing his story I took him to the president and explained the situation.

"We don't make a practice of stealing customers from our competitors," was Mr. Cunningham's remark to Reynolds, "but under the circumstances, if you want to bring your account here, you can check your balance down to a five-dollar bill and no one will worry you."

The Reynolds Manufacturing Company is at present one of the Transcontinental's valued depositors and nothing much short of fire and pestilence would induce it to do business elsewhere.

Big-city banking differs from that in small communities in this way: In the small city a banker generally knows pretty much all about his customers and bases his judgments largely on personal grounds. In a metropolis the banker has to go largely on financial statements, and in many cases the enterprise is located hundreds of miles away. And it is quite possible that a statement, made in all sincerity, may show a business to be in good financial position when in reality it is on the road to bankruptcy.

In the fall of 1924 it happened that I was sent, as representative of the Transcontinental, to attend a bankers' convention in Atlanta, and while there received a telegram instructing me to go to a small Georgia town to interview the management of a cotton mill with which the bank was negotiating for an account. I will call the concern the Abington Manufacturing Company, though that is not the real name.

Abington was an old-fashioned Georgia community of perhaps 1500 people, the business district built around a square on one side of the railroad tracks, where were also the well-to-do homes. On the other side of the tracks was the factory town, where the plant was located, and the homes of the workers. I looked up the principal stockholder, a Mr. Hayward, who was of a family that had been established in the section for 200 years, and who, besides his interest in the cotton mill, was sort of a local baron, being owner of the largest general store, the weekly newspaper and a director of the village bank. It was easy to see that the cotton mill was Mr. Hayward's especial pride, for it gave employment to a considerable number of people, and he felt—quite genuinely, I believe—a responsibility toward the wage earners of the community. He drove me over to the factory in his car and he and the mill superintendent escorted me through the plant in preparation for my session later with the other directors.

I had never been inside of a cotton mill before and have not been inside of one since. It may seem odd that under such circumstances any report I could make to my bank would have the slightest value. But a man trained to use his powers of observation learns to apply certain general rules of business, and I had not long been in the Abington Manufacturing Company plant before I had my doubts about its being a desirable customer for the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company.

I know the report I made was highly deficient in technical verbiage; I described things in my own words and about as follows: The mill did two things. It made thread out of raw cotton and then wove the thread into unbleached cotton cloth. We first went into the part of the mill where the stock rooms were. I noticed that there was a comparatively small amount of finished cloth on hand. But the space reserved for storage of thread was piled to the ceilings.

This was evidence that there must be something out of balance, and the reason suggested itself when I was shown through the actual manufacturing departments. The thread-making machines were spinning along without a hitch. But the machines that wove the cloth were constantly brought to a stop to allow workpeople to tie broken threads. I asked an old fellow about it and he answered that the machines were getting old, and where this was the case there was always a tendency to break threads.

Without knowing a thing about the cotton-mill business, I saw trouble ahead for the Abington Manufacturing Company. The thread-making machines were new and efficient and the cloth-making machines were old and inefficient. Between the two was a dam of piled-up cotton thread that was bound to grow bigger as time went on.

At the directors' meeting that afternoon I said frankly that I could not recommend their account for my bank, and gave my reasons. There was considerable indignation, especially on the part of Mr. Hayward, who seemed to consider it a personal affront.

"Do you mean to tell us, sir," he demanded heatedly, "that a company with a balance sheet like ours and a record of paying one hundred cents on the dollar is not worthy of credit?"

I answered that I was not particularly interested in balance sheets, but I knew the Abington Manufacturing Company was in a highly competitive line of business where sales are made on a price basis, and the

(Continued on Page 55)

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(Continued from Page 50)

slightest inefficiency might easily wipe out profits. The conference ended there. I heard afterward that they were subsequently turned down by other banks on the reports of experts who made practically the same deduction as mine, which was based only on ordinary business sense.

I have found it pays always to be frank with a customer, whether or not you think you want to do business with him, for sometimes matters can be ironed out that otherwise would stand in the way of mutual profit. Anyhow, a banker insists on frankness from his customers, and it is only fair that he should be equally frank in return. A year before Mr. Cunningham retired from the presidency of the Transcontinental he asked me on one occasion to go to Chicago for an interview with the head of a corporation called the Western Metal Company that was considering a New York banking connection.

There I found a peculiar situation. The president, Mr. Allensworth, explained that the concern consisted of four divisions, all separate corporate institutions. The Western Metal Company did no manufacturing itself, being merely a holding corporation. Its three subsidiaries were the active units, with manufacturing plants in three different Middle West communities.

I asked Mr. Allensworth, in case he decided to open an account with us, which of the four concerns would sign the notes for any borrowings that might ensue. He answered that the Western Metal Company did the financing for the entire group.

"These three subsidiaries of yours," I said, "have to make heavy purchases of materials from time to time. Who buys these materials—the Western Metal Company or the factory that uses the materials?"

He answered that the factories bought their own materials, as a matter of course.

"I hope you'll pardon another question, Mr. Allensworth," I persisted. "The Western Metal Company doesn't actually own anything except the stock of these three subsidiaries, does it?"

He replied good-naturedly that the rather elaborate equipment of the offices where we were sitting constituted practically all the physical assets of the Western Metal Company.

"That being the case," I said, "I am not sure that the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company wants your account."

He bristled at this and said with some heat that there were plenty of other banks in New York that would welcome his business.

"I have no doubt of that, Mr. Allensworth," I said, "but may I ask you, would you care to loan money on a second mortgage?"

"I would not," he replied. "But what has that got to do with this?"

"Everything," I answered. "Your subsidiaries buy their own materials. If the bills aren't paid the people they buy from can get judgment and attach their buildings and machinery and everything else on the premises. But when the Western Metal Company borrows money from the Transcontinental or any other bank to finance these subsidiaries, what assets are behind the loan? None whatever except the stock of its three subsidiaries. And before the bank can collect one cent, every merchandise creditor must be paid in full. If that isn't doing business on a second-mortgage basis, I don't know what a second mortgage is."

Being a man of fairness and understanding, Mr. Allensworth said he had never thought of it that way before, and if the Transcontinental wished to take his account he would see to it that we were put on an equal basis with the merchandise creditors. That was all we wanted.

During the same month that I passed my fiftieth birthday I became president of the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company, and I may confess that both events seemed more like dreams than realities. I remember once, when I was working in the old Nelson Bank of Judsonville, hearing my Uncle Maury Allen mention some man I had never seen as being fifty years old, and to me it brought up a mental picture of a graybeard, bent and ailing, long past his prime. Yet now that I myself am fifty-two, I have at times the feeling that I am too immature, too lacking in experience, for the position into which fate has thrown me. Other men of my age and in similar positions have confided to me the same feeling.

I have been in the banking business thirty-five years, which is, after all, not long. Yet during that time the growth of American business has been great almost beyond understanding. When I began my trade there was no financial institution in the United States like the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company, with resources of almost $250,000,000. Now it is only one of many. Then we were a debtor nation, dependent on Europe for the money to develop our own resources. Now we finance the enterprises of five continents. In every line of business tremendous corporations with branches in every part of the country have taken the places of small, individually owned enterprises.

The only thing that has not enormously expanded is the human brain. Men are no wiser than they were, yet they are called on to handle matters that in the early 90's would have appeared fantastic because of size.

Lately there seems to be a tendency to put implicit trust in machinelike organization, to believe an enterprise can go on automatically if sufficiently well planned. But organization can never quite take the place of individual human contact. If big business ever disintegrates and America goes back to a system of small, individually owned enterprises, it will be because big business has become too machinelike, too forgetful of the human factor.

Some corporations overlooked one of the fundamentals of human nature—namely, the desire of people to be treated like human beings, not automatons. On the day when American business becomes so big that it forgets the human element and depends altogether on organization, on machine-made system, it is decadent and ripe for a change.

The reason lies deep in human consciousness. Life without friendly contacts is unbearable to most people. Each of us lives in a little circumscribed world of his own. We know how life is within our own small confines, but we do not know if it is the same to other human beings. All the literature that has ever been written makes its appeal to the desire of the individual to learn if life is the same to other people that it is to him. In our hearts all of us are lonesome—lonesome and a bit afraid—afraid of being alone in a universe that is beyond our understanding.

We want reassuring contacts with other human beings. If business, by becoming big, eliminates the friendly, the neighborly, then people will desert big business and go back to little business to spend their money.

I said, a while back, that at the beginning of America's economic expansion banking lagged behind commercial business in enterprise. I think it is not mere pride in my trade that makes me believe present-day banking is fully abreast with the procession. Banking has proved one thing—that size and mellowness can go together. The usefulness of mechanical inventions is not overlooked. I would say that nine-tenths of the inside work of the modern bank is done by machines, efficiently, economically. But machines are taboo where the bank comes into contact with the public. In every financial institution that I know of, no matter how important, any executive may be seen as readily as a village storekeeper. Affability and cordiality are placed first in the qualifications of executives and employes alike.

During my thirty-five years of banking it has been my good fortune to be associated with three remarkable men: My Uncle Maury Allen of the Nelson Bank in Judsonville, Guenther T. Outcault of Southton, and Hugh P. Cunningham, my predecessor in office at the Transcontinental Bank and Trust Company of New York. Each looked at life simply, tolerantly, and any one of them could, I believe, have exchanged his position for that of either of the others and filled it with dignity and success.

For myself, at fifty-two I still am young enough to feel the need of a hero, and I am in the rare position of having three.

(THE END)

ESCAPE, EXTRA NARROW

(Continued from Page 19)

"Him won't really miss her a-tall," she mourned. "Him won't even stop making those awful faces and give her just one sweet ——"

"Quit it," repeated John, squirming to free himself from her grip. "Quit it, I tell you!"

On the bottom landing they paused, for here they were to separate. While Penelope kissed John in farewell, Armstrong—although he knew the transfer was meant to be invisible—saw her slip a yellow bill into John's fumbling fist. Then, holding his two lapels, she faced him with an earnest, pleading expression.

"Now, John," she began coaxingly, "you will try to keep up in your work, won't you?"

"I'll try," he assented gloomily.

"And please, dear—please don't cut so many classes."

"All right."

"You can do it, John," she urged. "It won't be so dreadfully long now until you can come home for the whole summer and be with mother every ——"

"It'll be almost five months," John moaned.

"I know, dear," she persisted, "but you mustn't let yourself get so homesick. Remember, you're grown up now—you're almost a man. Look at all the other boys here. They're no older than you are, and you don't want them to think you're a baby, do you? Just tell yourself that you're going to buckle down to your work and not give mother another single thing to worry about."

John drew a deep breath; determination visibly flowed into him. "All right," he said resolutely. "I'll buckle down to business."

He trailed Penelope out to the stone step. Here, where they must finally part, his air of determination wavered. He presented the facial mourning of a young puppy who knows he is about to be left to shift for himself in a hostile neighborhood of large and healthy cats.

"Gosh, by tomorrow morning you'll be home," he faltered. "Wish—wish I was going with ——"

The choking of his voice made Armstrong want to leave rapidly, but Penelope turned on the gravel path, ran back to John and slipped her furred arms around him.

"Don't you mind, Nubbins, don't you mind," she murmured, lovingly patting a freckled cheek over and over again. But the last pat was finally given, and half an hour later Robert Armstrong, sitting across from her in his club dining room, marveled at the churlish poet who swore that women either should not eat at all or should do so in private.

For he found nothing too earthly about Penelope at lunch. Instead, he saw divinity and grace in all her movements, charm and friendliness in the delicately rounded face, in the big brown eyes with lashes notably long and lustrous. The rest of the universe faded and withdrew, leaving a tiny magic world inhabited only by a man and his fiancée—a world of thrilling love and smiles that changed gradually to a world of mutual melancholy.

"It's been a wonderful week-end, Bobby," said Penelope with a sigh. "I enjoyed every minute of it."

"Gosh, Penney, it's going to be lonely after you go!"

Nodding slowly, she looked at him more tenderly than ever. "I'll be feeling the same way out home," she said.

Reflective sorrow kept them silent while a taxicab took them to the house whose white-haired mistress had served as both landlady and official chaperon over the week-end. Here, like a convict watching his visitor prepare to leave the prison walls, Armstrong saw the taxi driver bring out a suitcase and a rounded hat box of shiny black leather. Once more they drove along snowy streets, sped across three miles of flat, snow-patched country and presently sat together in the dim waiting room at the little junction.

"You were a peach, Penney, to make the trip all the way out here."

"I wanted to come, Bobby."

"Well"—his sigh was half a groan—"I suppose we won't see each other till June."

"I guess not," she agreed sadly. "You're pretty sure you can't get home for another week-end?"

"I'm afraid father means it this time," said Armstrong. "You see, he knows I have to cut three classes every time I go home, and he found out I took a pretty bad pushing around in the midyear exams."

"At least, we can keep writing every day."

"There was a case of diphtheria on the campus last week," he said reflectively. "Lord, I wish I'd catch it and be sent home."

"Don't say that!" she whispered, horrified; and for a time the only sound was the solemn, measured ticking of the wall clock directly above their heads.

"They going to run the Friday-night dances all winter?"

"I think so, Bobby."

"They're great dances," he mourned. "They're not the same without you."

"Remember that one?" His voice became dreamy. "I mean the one when—you know."

He turned and saw, by shining brown eyes, that she, too, remembered that April night when they had first looked at each other across a waxed floor and had fallen in love forever.

"When I get home in June"—he wanted to sound light and humorous, but his laugh was shaky—"you and I are going driving every single morning, and we're going to the movies every afternoon, and we're going to a dance or something every single night in the week!"

"No, sir!"

"Why not?"

"I'm afraid you'd get tired of me."

"Oh, yes!" he scoffed. "I can just see my ——"

A growing rumble from outside brought them quickly to their feet. He snatched the two bags; she jerked open the door; they hurried out to the brick platform. Through the early gathering twilight the Western express came charging like a determined iron monster, one baleful orange eye gleaming in his forehead. Grudgingly the monster came to a halt, expressing his impatience in hisses of escaping steam.

Penelope and Armstrong ran beside a Pullman car; she hopped up to the steps and he followed. They were hurrying past

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the smoking compartment when the train jerked warningly.

"Drop them here, Bobby! It's starting!"

He dropped the bags, caught her hands. He looked hastily up and down the narrow, shadowy passageway. She sent a swift glance over her shoulder. Then, for a tingling moment, the lights out on the platform drifted slowly, evenly past.

"Good-by, darling!"

"Good-by—hurry, Bobby!"

He was on the platform now, keeping pace with the doorway in which she stood.

"Good-by—and don't forget to write soon"

"Good-by—I'll write the minute I get home."

The train, with a series of accelerated snorts, moved faster. Armstrong did too.

"Good-by—and don't you worry about John."

"Good-by, Bobby—good-by!"

The pipe rail at the end of the platform stopped him, and Penelope, wholly desolate, waved while the train drew slowly away. Abruptly she vanished; then he saw her leopard coat as she came darting back through the car. Her face—more beautiful than ever before—appeared at a window. She waved energetically, her countenance radiantly alight in one last flashing smile.

"

SEATED on the mourners' bench, Robert Armstrong glanced at the red door of the dean's office. Life, after Penelope's departure, had seemed filled with misery to the last degree; but Monday evening had brought a notice from the dean, and now Tuesday noon found him, with other subpœnaed students, uneasily awaiting his turn.

The red door swung inward, and out came a student who mopped his forehead with a handkerchief and bestowed a sickly smile upon those who waited. Armstrong jumped up and soon, standing before the dean's desk, listened to the charge he had expected to hear.

"Mr. Armstrong, did you cut the lecture in English 302 on Saturday morning?"

"Yes, sir"

"You were in here a week ago," said the dean, scrutinizing a white card. "Didn't I tell you then that one more cut would put you on probation?"

"Yes, sir."

The dean lifted his head and regarded Armstrong with grave expectancy. "Well," he said, "what's the excuse?"

"I had a girl here, dean, for the week-end."

"She made you cut the class?"

"She didn't know anything about it," said Armstrong. "But I believe if a fellow's going to have a guest here, dean, it's up to him to show her hospitality—not only for his own sake, but for the sake of the university."

"You're absolutely right," said the dean, nodding emphatically. "This class you cut comes at 9:30?"

"Yes, sir"

"The young lady didn't arrive here at 9:30 in the morning—or did she?"

"As a matter of fact, she got here on the 11:46, but I had to see about seats for the hockey game, and get ready ——"

He stopped because the dean was resolutely shaking his head. "You should have found time in some other way."

"I tried to, dean," Armstrong argued. "But it seems to me when a fellow has a girl here she ought to be given precedence over everything else. To be perfectly frank, dean, I don't see how a gentleman could do less."

"Well, to be equally frank," said the dean, "there are twenty-four hours in every day. You spend about three of them in class. Therefore—I'm being perfectly frank—you have just twenty-one hours for your other activities. Now, if you needed some time to prepare for the young lady—don't blame me for being frank, Armstrong; you started it—why shouldn't you find time in the twenty-one hours instead of in the three?"

"That's one way of looking at it," conceded Armstrong stiffly.

"Until further notice," announced the dean, "you are on cut probation. And to prevent any possible confusion, I want to ask if you understand just what that means?"

"I suppose it means no more unnecessary cutting this term."

"Exactly," affirmed the dean, writing on the white card. "This is probably the only way to keep you from flunking out in June."

"Yes, sir," Armstrong answered, his voice showing his resentment.

"You'll be glad of it when the term's over." He placed the white card on a thick stack. "Somebody else will be glad too"

"Yes, sir," said Armstrong, mystified but still sullenly resentful. The dean, turning, looked up through his shiny nose glasses; his official expression yielded to a confidential intimacy, the keen eyes beamed with something approaching roguishness.

"I was in chapel myself on Sunday," he said, "so allow me to state, Bobby, that she is"—he hesitated, then made one of his frequent ascents into campus English—"she is the berr-ies!"

At once Armstrong, forgetting his resentment, was quite overcome with embarrassment.

"Yes, sir!" he stammered, and hastily withdrew in the belief that the dean, as deans went, was not such a bad guy after all.

At his room he found Shorty Tait, the tallest man in the junior class, hunched in shirt sleeves over a drawing board.

"Well," began Armstrong cheerfully, "your little roomy's on cut pro." Tait turned a lean dark face.

"Yeah?" he inquired, his black eyebrows going up. "Tough luck, Bobby." Shaking his head sympathetically he crouched again over the life-size colored painting of a girl's face.

"Probably the best thing for me," said Armstrong philosophically. "As long as I can't make another trip home, there's really no reason why I should cut any more classes." He stood at Tait's shoulder, observing the painting that would presently adorn the cover of the campus humorous magazine. "You ought to make her hair long," he suggested lightly, "and give her brown eyes instead of blue ones. Take that sunk look off her face, too, and let her be happy."

Shorty Tait, his head slanted professionally, drew back and surveyed the painting.

"No," he said with a gloomy, reminiscent air, "that's the way this girl really looks. And how do you expect her to be happy when she's in love with me?"

"Let's eat," said Armstrong, and Tait, even while thrusting long arms into his coat sleeves, kept a frowning regard upon the girl whose blue eyes seemed to follow him in adoration and reproach.

While the roommates, after lunch, played billiards at their club, Armstrong several times looked uneasily at his watch.

"What's the matter?" asked Tait, concentrating intensely on a two-cushion shot. "You haven't got a class."

"I know, but John Barr's got lab," said Armstrong sourly, and presently he was climbing a series of wooden stairs that had depressed him many times before. As he drew near the second-floor landing he could hear John Barr's phonograph. At the opening of the door the freshman, who sat close to the phonograph in an attitude of reverie, jumped and turned around.

"Oh, is it time for lab?" he asked, sighing as he rose to shut off the music.

"Yep," said Armstrong, with a brisk good cheer he did not feel "Got your notes all written up?"

John produced several sheets from a cardboard envelope. Armstrong found that the notes, with which he had helped John the day before, had been neatly copied according to his orders; and a minute later the two emerged upon the campus.

"Now get today's experiment down cold, Johnny," Armstrong commanded. "I'll drop around soon and help you work out the equations."

"All right," said John, and obediently set out for the chemistry laboratory, visibly depressed at the prospect of three hours in the odorous footsteps of Priestley, Davy and Bunsen. Armstrong, with John temporarily off his mind, promptly fell to thinking again about Penelope.

He thought about little else while the weary hours dragged by. She had gone only two days ago, but he felt that ages had passed since then. The prospect of the weeks between now and mid-June weighed intolerably upon him; the future was an endless corridor of stale, lonely days to be spent in hateful studies with companions who bored or irritated him. He made no effort to resign himself; instead, his mind stubbornly searched for any possible pretext that might justify a trip home.

His teeth, he realized, would hardly serve as an excuse the second time. Only two months before, with them as his given reason, he had unexpectedly arrived at home; and the family dentist, after probing in vain for the seat of the alleged agony, had reported his teeth in need of nothing but cleaning. Likewise, his general health gave no sign of failing; he thought wistfully of a breakdown, a real nervous crash that would require months of convalescence beneath his native western skies. Except for a mild constant gnawing in his heart, however, he was in disgustingly fine health.

There was, he knew, another emergency which, even to deans and fathers, fully justified a student in dropping everything and hurrying home. He mentally examined the catalogue of his family connections and discovered several distant relatives whom he would have cheerfully spared for the cause; one aunt in particular seemed the logical candidate, and he wondered impersonally how many days the dean would grant a bereaved relative for mourning purposes.

But every subterfuge, under inspection, proved to be visionary. His mind, none the less, toiled on at the problem—toiled until late one afternoon when, surprised at not having thought of it before, he decided to tell his father the truth.

The truth, he assured himself, was simply this: Here was he, a grown man, wasting precious time at college. He was almost twenty-two and ought to be thinking about the future. He expected to amount to something in the world, he did. By now he had learned about all a fellow could learn in college. Therefore, the sensible thing for him to do was to get down to hard work and learn the foundry business.

"I'm thinking of leaving college," he informed Shorty Tait that night in their room.

"You are?" asked Tait, startled. "What for?"

"Well, I'm just marking time here."

"Marking time?"

"What I mean, Shorty, is this: I've got my education now and I'm old enough to really earn my own living. The stuff I'm learning here is certainly not going to help me in the foundry business, is it?"

"I don't know," said Tait.

"Well, I do," continued Armstrong earnestly, "and I've got ambitions to amount to something at the foundry game. I don't want a soft job handed to me just because my name is Robert Armstrong Junior. I want to learn the business from the ground up—and I ought to be working at it right now! Do you know how old Andrew Carnegie was when he started working?"

"No," Tait admitted.

"He was just a kid," replied Armstrong. "And look where he—I mean, look at what he amounted to! How did he do it? Because he was lucky enough to get to work early and learn the business from A to Z while other fellows his age were loafing in school and college. And take Charlie

(Continued on Page 59)

Built for the folks whom the wanderlust calls

The farther you go in a Wolverine, the better you'll know that it's built for the open road, for the leagues-long trips 'neath a southern sun, for the trail's last mile, and the far-flung road that leads away from care.

Strength it has in axles and gears and frame. Power aplenty for mile upon mile of mountain grade, speed for the days when the journey's end is across a state or two. Room for the luggage you'll take along, yet quick to turn and easy to steer. Fast in starting, sure and smooth in stopping—you'll appreciate this in city driving. And, of course, the Reo Wolverine is dependable, as Reos have always been.

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Not Too Fast • • Not Too Slow

PERFECT toast is produced *every* time with Hotpoint Toast-Over Toasters. They do not toast too fast—to scorch and burn, nor too slow—to dry out the bread. Hotpoint toasting excellence has been perfected after countless experiments. The spacing of the heating element, its temperature and the distance from the bread have been exactly determined.

Hotpoint Toasters caramelize the sugars in the outside layers of the honeycombed crumb, driving and sealing the delicious flavor *inside*. Then the toast is turned *automatically* by lowering the side rack—and the other side is sealed.

Hotpoint Toast-Over Toasters are beautiful and attractive, presenting handsome table appointments. Each has Hotpoint quality, the result of over twenty years of experience by the world's largest manufacturer of household electric heating appliances.

The Hotpoint Toast-Over model illustrated is called the "Toggle Toaster." For it has a convenient "toggle" switch built right in the base of the toaster to turn the toaster on and off without removing the plug.

Hotpoint Toast-Over Toasters are priced $6.00 to $8.00.

Hotpoint electric appliances are sold by electric companies and dealers everywhere. Insist on "Hotpoint" to make sure of highest quality and everlasting satisfaction.

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Make perfect coffee *every* time, automatically, by Hotpoint's special HOT-*Drip* method. Only Hotpoint has the patented CALROD electric heating element which is more efficient and practically indestructible, the SUPER-AUTOMATIC control switch and other inbuilt quality features. Price $9.50 to $36.50

Hotpoint SUPER-IRON

No other iron has the patented Hotpoint CALROD heating element, cast inside solid iron. It is more efficient and practically indestructible. The patented Thumb Rest (right or left hand) rests wrist, arm and shoulder. Try it and see. The exclusive hinged plug protects the cord where most cords wear out. The heel stand saves lifting. Only Hotpoint gives all these features, yet the price is only $6.00.

March is Electric Toaster Month. Hotpoint dealers and electric companies everywhere are featuring and displaying Hotpoint Toast-Over Toasters. See your nearest dealer *today*.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES AND ELECTRIC RANGES

(Continued from Page 56)

Schwab. Know how old he was when he went to work?"

"Pretty young too?" ventured Tait.

"Nothing but a boy," said Armstrong firmly. "And look at him today! I've heard father say that nobody in this country knows steel and men the way Charlie Schwab does. Why? Simply because he started in as a boy and had the chance to learn the business from the ground up."

He lit a cigarette hurriedly, as if he feared an interruption, inhaled deeply and used it like a smoking wand in his gestures as he earnestly continued:

"All this proves what I'm telling you, Shorty. The fellows who go to the top in any business—Carnegie and Schwab, for instance, in my particular game—are the ones who get an early start. They get the real dope by working in the different departments—that's how they learn all the branches of the business. Then, the first thing you know, promotion starts coming their way and they go right straight up the ladder. By the time they're my age," he added bitterly, "they're hiring and firing college men like me!"

"Once you start," suggested Tait, "maybe your education'll help you make up for lost time."

"But why should I lose that time in the first place?" demanded Armstrong. "No, Shorty, I might as well face the truth. The dope I'm getting here on Coleridge and the history of Italian painting and nineteenth-century French literature can never help me rise in the foundry business. How could it possibly help me?"

Tait, who was evidently impressed, hesitated doubtfully. "If that's so," he said, "maybe you ought to put in a couple of years at some technical school where ——"

With a gesture Armstrong swept the thought aside.

"The place to learn the foundry business," he announced flatly, "is in the foundry. And every day I spend here I'm falling behind the men of my own age who are working in the shops right this minute!"

The logic of his theory, while he expounded it to Tait, had become clearer in his own mind. He wondered why he had never thought of it before, for his contentions seemed to him thoroughly sensible, convincing and praiseworthy. With growing faith in his arguments—with actual concern over the effect of further delay upon his commercial future—he wrote his father a long, earnest letter.

While he waited for an answer the morning mail brought a package containing twelve handkerchiefs of fine white linen.

"Look at that," he said triumphantly. "Get that classy narrow hem, will you?"

"Plenty fancy," remarked Tait admiringly. "Who sent 'em?"

"Mrs. Barr, for keeping an eye on John."

"Counting the initials," said Tait, "I'll bet they set her back two dollars apiece."

Nodding abstractedly, Armstrong pulled a gray correspondence card from its envelope and read:

You are a lamb, Bobby, to help and encourage John the way you have been doing. Penelope told me how much you do for him, and she says it is really an imposition on your good nature. But you see, Bobby, there is really no one else I can ask, and I ——

He turned the card over and continued reading:

—— have been awfully worried about John. I just sent him some new bed linen by express (Penney said his sheets were positively gray!) and two new blankets. Will you help him unpack them and remind him to send his present linen and blankets out to be washed?

Believe me, Penney and I will never, never stop being grateful to you.

Mrs. Barr, Armstrong reflected, was all right. With a glow of affection he visioned the stout form, the smooth youthful face whose eyes were like Penelope's. There were mighty few fellows, he told himself, who were going to have such a peach of a mother-in-law.

"I want you to meet Mrs. Barr some day, Shorty," he said, gathering up the handkerchiefs. "She's one grand old girl."

"You ought to rate a big drag with her and Penelope," suggested Tait, "for the way you're riding herd on John."

"That's the only reason I'm doing it."

The following morning, during the five-minute interval between classes, he ran back to his room and found that the letter from his father had arrived.

At sight of the familiar envelope, with three brick chimneys sending up engraved smoke in the left-hand corner, a shiver of nervousness went through him; and while his legs, like horses on an oft-traveled route, bore him toward the next lecture, he completely lost himself in his father's message:

Dear Robert: I was quite surprised by your sudden impatience to set about earning your own living, and I am impressed by the number of reasons you have assembled in support of the stand you take.

You are quite right in saying that the place to learn the foundry business is in a foundry, and I fully agree that you are not learning this at college. But you must remember that I did not send you to college to learn the foundry business—that will come later. I sent you to college to learn how to live and how other men and nations have lived.

It is very true that both Mr. Schwab and the late Andrew Carnegie started to work when they were younger than you are now. But I believe you are inaccurate when you attribute every bit of their success to that circumstance alone. Don't you think that intelligence and industry had some influence on their careers? Furthermore, after they started working, both Mr. Schwab and Mr. Carnegie spent many hours studying things not directly connected with steel. I will be delighted if you know as much about the past, when you carry home your diploma a year from next June, as those two men learned on the side.

I agree with you that I am growing old. I do not, however, subscribe to your statement that I will soon be getting feeble and want to retire. On the contrary, I assure you that I can dodder along until you have had time to graduate and little by little take the foundry off my shoulders.

Now, Bob, I know at times you must find your studies hard and monotonous. It is only natural for you to want to be home, just as we long to have you with us. But your present job is to wipe out those low marks you got at midyears, and then when you come home in June we will all ——

A jabber of voices woke Armstrong to his surroundings. Ignoring several classmates who addressed him, he went through the doorway, walked slowly toward the speaker's platform and sank into his seat in the front row; and while the dean lectured upon French literature of the nineteenth century, Armstrong's mind once more toiled ceaselessly on.

But his thoughts had nothing to do with the French and nothing whatever to do with the nineteenth century.

III

THE escape he sought, the miraculous solution of all his troubles, came several days later. And it came from a source he had never considered. It came from the dean himself.

On a rainy night he sat up late, helping John Barr with an English theme. The theme was important and dangerously overdue. John had characteristically forgotten all about it, and the campus bell struck three as Armstrong, tired and irritated, returned to his room. That same bell was striking nine when he sat up in bed and realized, with dismay, that he had missed his 8:30 class.

Thinking vengefully of John Barr, he stood, in due course, before the dean's desk; there was no relaxation, this time, of the official expression.

"Then it was simply a case of oversleeping?"

"Yes, sir."

"You realize, of course, that that is no excuse?"

"Yes, sir."

"What time did you go to bed?"

"Three o'clock."

"What were you doing till that hour?"

"I was reading," said Armstrong, lying in the best tradition.

"Reading until three o'clock?"

"Yes, I was reading up the assignment in your course."

No muscle of the dean's face changed, and Armstrong realized that even this last anchor, thrown hopefully overboard, had failed to take hold. He listened stolidly while he was transferred from cut probation to final cut probation.

"If you take one more unnecessary cut," the dean concluded, "you will be dismissed from the university."

At first the words sent a thrill of fright through Armstrong, but later, away from the depressing presence of the dean, he realized that now, at last, he held the key to the door of his cell.

In the past he had often considered the plan of simply resigning from college and going home. He would have done this long ago, but for the knowledge that his father would have sent him right back again. Being dismissed, however, was quite another matter. His father could disapprove all he wanted to, could even storm and scold, but Armstrong knew that not even his father could force the university to take back a student who had been dismissed.

Therefore, he decided, he would cut both of his classes tomorrow morning. One of these was the dean's own lecture; this came at the convenient hour of 10:30, and cutting it would smack strongly of defiance. Two flagrant cuts on the day after being put on final cut probation would, he knew, promptly remove him from college and restore him to glorious, uninterrupted days with Penelope.

He felt, however, no gratitude toward John Barr. Instead, he was, for once, openly severe when he paid his usual call that night at the freshman's room. He made no effort at conversation as he looked over John's schedule and wrote several reminders on the pages of his desk calendar. He personally wound and set the alarm clock for the morning. Then, on the bureau, he noticed a post card. It was an invitation, four days old, from John's faculty adviser, asking him to call on the first convenient evening.

"Have you been out to see him yet?" Armstrong asked.

"I meant to go," said John, "but I forgot it every time."

"Better change your clothes and go see him now," commanded Armstrong. "You can forget more things than anybody else I ever knew." John obediently began to undress.

"Well," he complained, "here at college there's so darn many things to remember."

"No more than at school," said Armstrong crisply.

"A country day school is mighty different from being at college," John pointed out. "I used to have mother right there at home every night, and she'd remind me to do my home work and she'd never forget to call me in the morning."

"A fellow with any dope on himself," remarked Armstrong pointedly, "would be ashamed to keep his mother waiting on him all the time."

"Ashamed?" asked John, puzzled. "That's what a mother's for, isn't it? That's her business, you might say. Why, at home I never even had to think about my own laundry, or sending out my suits to be pressed, or remember that I had to do something at a certain time."

He sighed and began to remove pins from a clean shirt, but Armstrong, alert and observant, dispatched him to the showers to shave off the growth of fuzz which gave the freckled face a mildly unclean appearance. While speculating upon the peculiar uselessness of the departed, an entirely new thought distressed Robert Armstrong. He had many times deplored that he would, some day, have to acknowledge John Barr as his brother-in-law. Now he saw their future relationship from a more personal, more disturbing angle.

"Just think," he murmured slowly, "that drip's going to be the uncle of my children!"

When the uncle-to-be returned he seemed less charming than ever, for he had managed to cut himself with his safety razor twice on the left cheek and once on

When you sail on American ships to Europe

YOUR trip abroad on any American liner today is like a week's visit in a first class modern American hotel. These ships belong to you—they constitute *the American way* to Europe—the modern way.

The flagship, *S. S. Leviathan,* is the largest and best known ship in the world. The stewards are as polite as only perfect stewards can be, the cuisine is world-famous, your stateroom is a marvel. A little over five days, glorious days of sea and sun, from New York to Cherbourg and then to Southampton.

The *S. S. George Washington* is now a most attractive cabin ship—the largest in the fleet—with the same first class luxuries as before, but with rates very much reduced. Triple promenade decks, and nearly all outside staterooms. Sailing from New York to Plymouth, Cherbourg, and to Bremen.

Reservations on the sister ships, *S. S. President Roosevelt* and *S. S. President Harding,* as well as on the *S. S. Republic,* are always in demand among cabin class passengers. From New York to Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, Cherbourg, and Bremen. The beautifully re-conditioned *S. S. America* will be one of the very finest cabin ships in the world. First sailing is in March from New York to Plymouth, Cherbourg, and to Bremen.

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Millions *can't be* Wrong

Join This Multitude of Happy Shavers—But Don't Switch Till You Let This 10-Day Test at Our Expense Prove Our Case to You

GENTLEMEN:

Rarely is a new product received with such acclaim as has greeted Palmolive Shaving Cream.

Literally millions who have tried it have been won from lesser methods. Most of them accepted our invitation to shave ten days "on us" before they made a switch.

That test does the business. That settles all doubt. After ten days of perfect shaves very few ever return to old methods. Won't you, too, give us a chance to prove what we have done for you? Just mail the coupon for your free test.

The 130th Formula Won

Palmolive Shaving Cream is a triumph of one of the world's greatest soap laboratories. Sixty-five years' experience stand behind that name.

When we first set out we sought the advice of 1000 men on what they thought a shaving cream should be. They told us four things—we added the fifth. But not until formula after formula had failed to satisfy in one way or another.

After 129 formulas were tested and rejected came the shaving delight you'll know when you get *your* free tube.

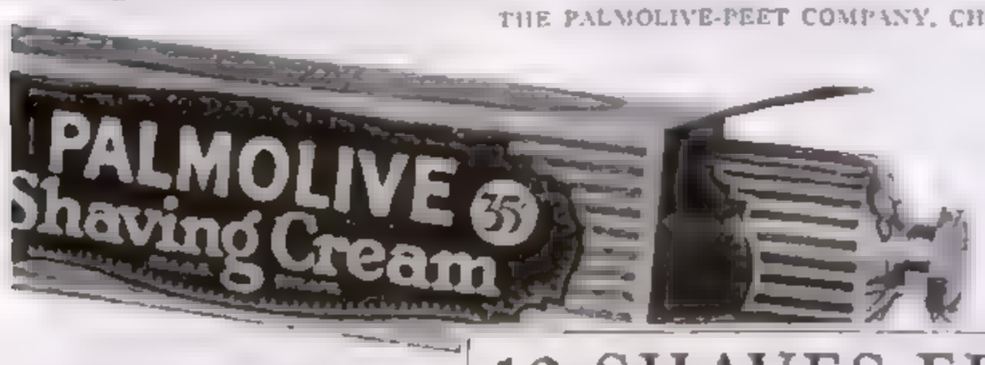
5 Remarkable Features

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Now Send the Coupon, Please

We take the risk—not you. We undertake to please you . . . to win you in ten shaves. Give us the opportunity to prove our case. The coupon is for your convenience . . . to prevent your forgetting. Won't you use it, please?

THE PALMOLIVE-PEET COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.



35c

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man. Please let us prove them to you. Clip the coupon now.

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10 SHAVES FREE

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1452, Palmolive, 3702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill.

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(Please print your name and address)

his left palm. The powder he now applied proved only partially effective as a coagulant. Armstrong, tempted toward sarcasm, remained silent while John finished dressing. But the freshman, when ready to leave, tried to apply more powder to his wounds and spilled it generously down the front of his overcoat.

"For crying out loud, let yourself alone!" said Armstrong sharply. "You're no bargain for looks, but you'll have to go the way you are." Once started on the subject he could not refrain from continuing while he impatiently whisked off the powder. "I don't see how you could cut yourself anyway," he was complaining presently, "using a safety razor."

"Well, I haven't been shaving very long," John objected weakly.

"You've been shaving just as long as the other freshmen."

"No, I haven't," insisted John, faintly defiant. Armstrong, crouched at the freshman's feet, stopped brushing to look up inquiringly. But even before the explanation came, he realized what it was going to be.

"At home," said John defensively, "mother always used to shave me."

IV

THE cool sunny morning was filled with the sound of a ringing bell; deep and mellow, its solemn, unhurried tolling spread persuasively to every part of the campus. But Robert Armstrong, wearing a bathrobe and slippers, lounged in his leather easy-chair and read the campus daily.

He found, however, that he could not altogether ignore the sound outside. For years, it seemed, the old bell had been molding his life, calling him to unnumbered classes, releasing him again to the brighter out-of-doors; and he discovered now that it pulled uncomfortably at something within him. It was one thing to sleep through a class and quite another to sit here, wide awake, and deliberately stay away. And it was much worse when you knew that this cut you were taking -even though you wanted to take it—would result in your dismissal from college.

At last the tolling stopped, and there was something reproachful, something sharply accusing about the quiet that lay over the campus. That was one of them, Armstrong reflected; that cut alone would do the work. But he wanted this hour to pass quickly so that he might next cut the dean's lecture and be done with it all.

"I'll give him good measure," he muttered cynically to the banners on his walls.

He rose after a time and got a towel, soap and his shaving case. With a feeling of complete leisure, he walked down to the basement and took an elaborate shower bath. While lathering his face at the mirror he saw that his forehead was set in a frown. He had definitely, gladly cut himself off from the past, but now that his Rubicon lay behind there came moments of regret.

The thought of his father persisted uncomfortably; his father's heart, he knew, was set upon a diploma, and this dismissal would come as a bitter disappointment to him. Would he himself, some day, be sorry for what he was doing now? Would Penney ever be sorry?

The window just above the hand basin was lowered from the top to allow the curling steam to escape; and through this opening Armstrong presently saw, out on the gravel path, the familiar gray-trousered legs of Shorty Tait. This surprised him, for Tait was in the 9:30 class which he himself had just cut, and not for ten minutes would the bell ring to end that class.

"Hey, Shorty!" he called. "How come you're back so soon?" Tait, visible to the knees, paused on the grating level with the lowered sash.

"The prof was sick," he explained cheerfully. "Didn't have any class."

He tramped on into their room, and Armstrong thought with cynicism of the vagaries of fate.

"If I hadn't wanted to cut that class," he observed sourly, "the prof would've showed up just as sure as hell."

He resumed his shaving, and soon the old bell began rolling out the news that the dean's own lecture was about to begin. Armstrong, glancing up, saw the usual forest of legs flicker past the grating, going to and from classes. Presently, from directly overhead, he heard Tait's footsteps leaving their room. Tait, who had a class at this hour in a different course, again stopped outside the window.

"Hey, Bob!"

"Yeah?"

"Here's a wire just came for you."

Tait vanished and a yellow envelope fluttered to the damp tile floor. Armstrong ripped it open. He looked at the message—and the shower room echoed faintly to a blasphemous murmur of dismay and pain.

He dropped the razor and ran for the door. In his room, he dragged on a pair of trousers; he thrust his bare damp feet into the nearest Oxfords, cursing in a choked, sobbing way when the shoes stubbornly stuck. Never before had he dreaded, as he dreaded now, the coming of that sudden hush that would succeed the last, fateful stroke of the bell.

With lather sticking to his face, with his shoe laces untied, with only an undershirt beneath his coat, he burst out of the entry and tore along the gravel path. Men turned to stare after him, but he sped unheedingly on. And while he ran he thought of the previous class—the class which, thanks to a professor's timely illness, had not resulted in a cut for Robert Armstrong. He shuddered, now, at the memory—as a traveler might shudder who, at sunrise, looks back and sees that during the night he walked, all unwitting, within inches of a fearful precipice.

The bell stopped just as he reached the recitation hall. Up the stairs he flew and into the classroom. A prompt titter greeted him, but he ignored his fellow students and hurried toward the platform on which the dean, about to begin, was polishing his eyeglasses. A smile passed between them—a smile of relief and triumph on Armstrong's part; a smile of welcome and congratulation from the dean. While the dean carefully replaced his glasses, Armstrong, breathing furiously, sank into his front-row seat. With infinite stealth he spread out the telegram on his lap for a more careful reading:

TOMORROW MOTHER STARTS EAST TO RENT A HOUSE NEAR YOUR CAMPUS STOP SHE AND I WILL MOVE INTO IT AT ONCE AND LIVE THERE DURING THE COLLEGE TERM SO SHE CAN BE NEAR JOHN STOP ARE YOU AS GLAD AS I AM STOP SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FOLLOWS PENELOPE

Craftily he slipped the telegram into his pocket. Then, one hand holding the coat closer around his bare neck, the other clutching a pencil, he turned up to the lecturing dean the eager, rapt countenance of one who thirsts intolerably after knowledge.

NOW SCIENCE TELLS US HOW MIDDLE AGE WITH ITS DISAGREEABLE SYMPTOMS CAN BE POSTPONED—FOR YEARS

Such Symptoms as these are warnings . .

Unpleasant Breath . . "Nerves" . . Depression . . Lack of Energy . . Bad Skin . . Poor Digestion . .

THE body has its sentries. And they signal its alarms. But all too often, warnings that should make us alert are passed by, unheeded.

Unpleasant breath, lack of appetite—"the blues"—these are all signals that the body's main line of resistance is being attacked. They are warnings that the large intestine has become unclean, unhealthy. They indicate that poisons originating in the colon are affecting the whole system

Since Metchnikoff startled the world twenty-three years ago with his announcement that colon poisons were the chief cause of old age and death, science has made immense progress in studying the intestines.

Science knows now that intestinal ill-health is caused not simply by constipation. It owes its source to the *nature of the bacteria in the intestine.*

Some of these bacteria are friendly. Some are harmful. In ill-health the problem is to lessen the power of these harmful bacteria, and to increase the resistance of the whole body.

You may feel entirely free from constipation, so far as regularity of elimination is concerned. Yet if you feel depressed and sluggish, you are probably suffering from intestinal poisoning

Even though elimination is regular, *it may be late.* Laboratory tests show that with many people the process of complete elimination takes from one to three days longer than it should. This gives the harmful bacteria an added chance to do their work.

Inevitably, as the harmful bacteria continue to make inroads on your vitality, your body's defenses are weakened. Youth vanishes. Old age is hastened

Cathartics may give temporary relief, but ultimately they increase the trouble The overdose of today becomes the normal dose of tomorrow Cathartics secure their effect by *nervous irritation* and draw water from the blood and tissues. Their continuous use ultimately weakens the intestinal muscles, aggravating constipation rather than correcting it

Science shows this new way to better health

SCIENCE today is finding ways to lessen the power of these harmful putrefactive bacteria. The simplest of these ways is the regular use of yeast. We can't all change our diet, but we *can* eat yeast—three cakes daily, one before each meal.

Why is yeast so beneficial? Yeast is a pure, corrective food, every bit as fresh as any vegetable straight from the garden. Yeast increases the flow of the digestive juices of the stomach, so rendering the digestion of other foods easier. In the large intestine, the fresh yeast combats putrefaction, lessens the number of harmful bacteria, and stimulates gently the contractions of the intestinal muscles which aid in the elimination of waste.

Thus yeast cleanses the intestines, promotes *complete* elimination, improves digestion, purifies the blood, clears the skin, tones up the whole system.

To keep your colon clean and healthy, you should eat yeast regularly. Every day eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast—one before each meal or between meals. You can eat it plain, breaking a cake in small pieces. Or dissolve it in water, cold or hot (not scalding), or eat it in any other way you prefer. The longer you eat yeast, the more you should benefit.

If you have been a constant user of cathartics, discontinue their use *gradually* as your system is strengthened by eating Fleischmann's Yeast.

Would you like the latest scientific information about yeast? We shall be glad to send you a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet, containing authoritative information on the subject. Address Health Research Dept. D-57, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

For sheer joy of living . . . seven simple rules

Food: Eat freely of green vegetables, salads, fruits, milk.

Water: Drink six glasses of water daily.

Air: Ventilate every room you occupy by day and by night.

Exercise: For fifteen minutes daily do "setting up" exercises, especially for the waist muscles.

Rest: Average eight hours in bed each night.

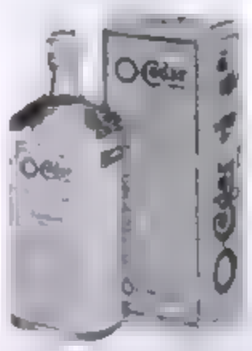
Cleanliness: Brush your teeth morning and evening. Bathe *at least* twice each week.

**Waste Elimination:* Secure a thorough intestinal elimination daily.

*Whether or not you are able to follow regularly all these rules, you can at least observe the seventh and most important. Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast *daily*, one before each meal or between meals. Yeast not only promotes complete elimination; it also helps to combat putrefactive poisons, to bring about a clean, healthy condition of the intestines, to increase the vigor and resistance of the whole body. Each month you eat Yeast you should notice added benefit

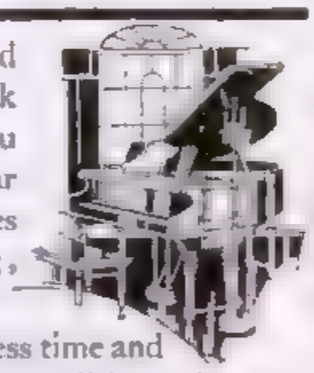
In the beginning most people bought a 30c bottle of O-Cedar Polish as sort of a trial.

They liked it so well the next time they bought they got the 60c size. 3 times the quantity for twice the money.

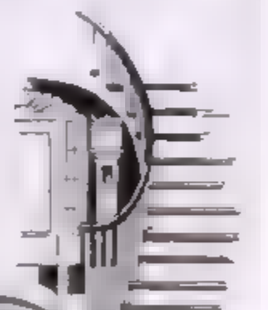


Today hundreds of thousands of these same people buy O-Cedar in quart, half-gallon and gallon sizes: effecting still greater economy.

If *you* would save time, work and money, you will use O-Cedar Polish. It requires less rubbing,



less time and less polish to give that desired result—brighter, cleaner and prettier furniture and woodwork.



30c to $3 sizes at your nearest dealer's.

O-Cedar Polish

THE HUMAN CHASE

(Continued from Page 32)

was searched the basket would give them away at once. We've two hundred and fifty men in the streets looking for that van and that basket, and every police telephone in London inquiring about it. It's a wonderful coup, but they'll still have to be amazingly clever and amazingly lucky to get away with it."

The telephone bell rang. Brett took off the receiver.

"Brett speaking."

"Sergeant Hannaford reporting from Victoria Station. A laundry basket left at the Suburban Cloakroom. Opened it according to instructions. Two suits of footmen's uniform, a dress coat, black waistcoat and pair of gray trousers were discovered inside."

"Good! Any sign of the van?"

"Not so far as we're concerned, sir," was the reply. "We have reason to believe, however, that the three men left it in Victoria Station."

"Any description?"

"Nothing reliable, sir. A porter brought in the laundry basket, but there's an impression in his mind that there were three men who slipped out of the car, although only one received the ticket for the basket. The one who received the ticket seems to have gone away alone. The two others, he believes, entered the station, but he couldn't identify them. Hold the line, please, sir."

There was a moment's silence. Then the sergeant spoke again.

"The van's been found, sir," he announced. "It's standing in Victoria Station yard, empty. The Pink Heather sign was covered up—a thin slat worked over it with a spring. The porter identifies it, however, as the one the laundry basket came in."

"Good work," Brett said encouragingly. "Now inquire as to the running of the boat train. See that the exchange holds the line."

There was a few moments' silence. Then the sergeant's voice again:

"Boat train a quarter of an hour late, sir."

"Be on the platform," Brett ordered.

He laid down the receiver. Absolom was perplexed.

"What's that about the boat train?" he inquired. "No one who arrives by it could have had a hand in this job."

"Quite so," Brett agreed thoughtfully, "and yet I can't get it out of my mind that something may happen in connection with the arrival of Mr. Gilmott and Señor Sacrosta from the Continent this afternoon."

With his coat collar turned up to his chin and his hat pushed over his eyes, Brett, from the shelter of a bookstall, some distance away from the main platform, watched the thoroughfare devoted to vehicles awaiting the arrival of the Continental train. There were a dozen or more cars and a few taxicabs with their flags down. The report as to their occupants had already been brought to him by Hannaford, who was lounging by the curb.

Suddenly a light flashed into his eyes and he drew a little farther back into the shelter of the bookstall. A car driven by a chauffeur in plain livery had pulled up by the side of the arrival platform. There were two kit bags and a trunk upon the top. Brett stepped cautiously out of the shelter of the bookstall, raised his hand and dropped it again. A moment later Hannaford was turning over the magazines by his side.

"Two passengers inside," he announced. "One middle-aged, well-dressed, heavy fur coat, good-looking, wearing a monocle, smoking a cigarette; the other, shorter, dark, horn-rimmed spectacles, looks like a foreigner. The first man is reading the evening paper, but the other is looking out of the back window all the time, watching for the train."

Even as they were talking, a taxicab, also with luggage on the roof, drove up the broad way and took its place behind the car. In response to a glance from Brett, Hannaford hurried off, only to return a few minutes later looking distinctly puzzled.

"Queer thing, sir," he reported; "there's a middle-aged gentleman and a small dark man in the taxicab too. They're all muffled up so that one can't see their faces. . . . Train's coming in, sir."

There was the usual stir upon the crowded platform. Porters were abandoning their listless attitudes and standing to attention. The little groups of people waiting to receive friends changed their positions restlessly. The long train, its engine sobbing, came stealing into the station. Brett, however, scarcely glanced in its direction, nor did he take any further notice of the car and the waiting taxicab. He strolled along to the automobile which had brought him from Scotland Yard and stepped in, followed by Hannaford.

"Milan Hotel," he directed.

A distinguished-looking new arrival, wrapped in a heavy fur coat, leaned over the desk of the reception office in the Milan Hotel.

"You have rooms for me, I believe," he said. "Mr. Paul Gilmott, and my secretary, Mr. Sacrosta. They were engaged by my London agents."

The clerk smiled courteously. "Quite right, sir. You have Suite Number 89 in the court, and your secretary Number 85. If you will step across with me, I will show you the rooms."

He lifted the flap and stepped outside. On their progress toward the swing doors, the gentleman who had announced himself as Mr. Paul Gilmott paused and surveyed the crowded lounge with the air of one seeking for a possible acquaintance. His eyes rested for a moment upon the distant corner where Brett was seated, but without apparently taking particular note of him.

Outside, in the courtyard, however, he leaned for a moment through the window of a taxicab which had just driven up. If a word was spoken, it was no more than a word. Afterward he followed the reception clerk and his secretary into the entrance to the court. Brett sprang to his feet and kicked viciously at the leg of a chair near which he was standing.

"Hannaford," he muttered, "I shall never make a detective as long as I live. When the critical time comes I always do the wrong thing. . . . Quick!"

They crossed the floor to the exit with almost flying footsteps. A taxicab was just turning out of the yard—the taxicab which had drawn up a few minutes before laden with luggage, as though its occupants had meant to descend. Brett threw himself into the police car which was waiting and gave a word or two of directions to the man upon the box.

"It's all right," he exclaimed with a little sigh of relief. "Nevertheless, I was a damned fool."

Half an hour later the Chief Inspector pushed open the saloon-bar door of a small public house on the outskirts of Bermondsey. Brett, who was awaiting him, passed a whisky-and-soda across the oilcloth-topped table.

"Well, I'm up to time, but it was pretty strenuous work," the former remarked.

"Have you got the men posted, sir?" Brett asked.

"Forty of them. Mind you, too, we haven't kept the Gonzales wharf and warehouse under observation all this time without finding out something. There were half a dozen trap holes there at least. They are every one blocked by this time, and the river police are out all the way to Gravesend. The Juanita's lying in dock, getting up steam. . . . What brought you on this scent? We want to give the men another five minutes."

"I'll tell you," Brett explained. "I'm perfectly certain Matthew's original idea was to arrive at the Milan as though he'd come by the boat train and take the rooms that had been engaged for him. What his next move would have been I can't say, but the getting in and out of the big hotels is always easy. With his usual thoroughness, he took the most meticulous precautions. Two cars arrived at the Milan, one with the real Matthew, and I think Vanderleyde, and the other with the imitation Matthew, who was to arrive first and make sure that the coast was clear. If the first two had reported nothing suspicious, they would have changed places at some convenient time, and the two were so much alike that no one would ever have noticed. Unfortunately, I made one of my usual blunders. I wasn't quite out of sight in the lounge, and the imitation Matthew must have seen me, although he never gave a sign. He just whispered a word through the window of the taxi and off it went. I followed as far as here. Then, when I knew where they were going, I crept into hiding and telephoned to you."

"This looks like the end of things," Absolom said gravely. "We are holding Gilmott and his secretary at the Milan, but there's no doubt as to the real man. He can't get away this time, Brett. We've got him cornered, but it means a bad job for some of us."

"We're going through with it," Brett declared stoutly. "He can't kill forty or fifty of us, sir. I'm ready to be one of the first, and I'm pretty certain there are plenty of our men who won't funk it. It's not your job, you know, sir. You've got to direct proceedings, but to make arrests doesn't come within your province."

The Chief Inspector smiled. "We'll see," he said. "Ready?"

"Quite."

They drove almost in silence to Riverside Street, and down that dingy thoroughfare to the end. On the left, the gates leading to the warehouses were open, and in the little crowd of loiterers both men recognized familiar faces. The gates opening onto the wharf, however, were locked. Brett shook them impatiently. One of the apparent loiterers from the yard hurried up, his hand upon the shoulder of a surly looking man.

"This is the watchman, sir," he announced. "I found him trying to clear off with the keys in his pocket."

"Open these gates," the Chief Inspector directed.

The man scowled at him. "Who might you be—giving me orders?" he demanded. "Them gates lead onto the Gonzales wharf, and I've had strict orders to lock them and keep them locked."

"I'm a detective inspector of Scotland Yard," was the curt reply. "Open those gates without a second's hesitation or you'll find yourself in trouble."

The man obeyed, but his expression was still truculent.

"There'll be trouble enough for all of yer before long," he muttered. "There they go, and I hope you'll like what yer find."

A patrol wagon containing half a dozen plain-clothes men had pulled up behind the police car. The Chief Inspector glanced them over.

"All got your automatics ready?" he asked.

There was a murmur of assent. They were six very grim and determined looking men.

"Come along then. We're going to board this steamer. It's Matthew we're after. We've got every loophole landward watched, but he got away from us once by the river."

"He won't do it this time, sir," Brett declared cheerfully, pointing to a long, curiously shaped boat some thirty or forty yards distant. "That's the Tower Bridge police barge, and they've got a forty-horse-power Diesel engine."

"This way then," the other directed.

They filed out onto the cobbled pavement of the wharf and made their way along toward the side of the steamer. For the time of year and the locality, it was a fairly clear evening. There were a few drifting clouds of mist, but the sky signs on the opposite side of the river were all plainly visible, as

(Continued on Page 65)

. . . "They didn't always get the jump on me that way. Guess I'd better have this motor overhauled."

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Pat. March 29, 1910; May 2, 1922

Compression Type, 30c

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—goes a long way to make friends

(Continued from Page 62)

well as the lights from passing boats. The tide was low and there was very little traffic, although every now and then there was the usual scream of tugs passing underneath the bridge.

The Chief Inspector, with Brett by his side, walked on until they reached about midships of the steamer. There was no gangplank down and the whole deck seemed to be in darkness. The portholes below, however, were all brilliantly illuminated.

"Juanita, ahoy!" the Chief Inspector hailed.

There was silence for a moment. Then a sailor slouched over from the bow of the vessel. He was an untidy-looking person and he spoke with a strong foreign accent.

"What do you want?" he demanded. "No one allowed on board."

"Throw over the gangplank," the Chief Inspector ordered sternly. "The police are coming on board."

The head and shoulders of another man suddenly appeared in the companionway. The little group gazed at him breathlessly. He was tall, with dark hair flecked with gray, a clean-shaven face, keen eyes, and with that strange, upward curve of the mouth which Brett recognized in a moment.

"Visitors!" he observed. "What might be your business?"

"You, Matthew," the Chief Inspector announced in a voice of authority. "Tell your men to throw across a gangplank. We're coming on board."

"All of you?"

"All of us here and as many more as are necessary. The game's up, Matthew, and let me warn you that you've done enough mischief in this world. It won't do you any good in the end to make our task more difficult."

Matthew made no direct response. He glanced at Brett.

"My little friend Brett is in at the death, I see," he remarked. "A persistent little devil, for all his blunders. . . . Who's coming after the crown jewels?"

"I am, for one," the Chief Inspector told him.

"You will find me," Matthew said courteously, "in the end cabin on the port side. I will receive my friend Mr. Brett. I warn you that no one else had better attempt to approach me. . . . Throw across a gangplank," he ordered, turning toward the sailor who was lingering in the background. "Au revoir, gentlemen."

He disappeared. In a moment or two a gangplank was lowered and they all trooped onto the deck. The Chief Inspector laid his hand upon Brett's arm.

"Look here, Brett," he said, "you and I know well enough that Matthew means to get you. You're under orders from your superior officer. Burton is going to make the arrest."

Brett's expression was a study in distress.

"But, Mr. Absolom," he begged, "think, sir! If Matthew really wants me, we know what he will do to anyone else. Burton's a married man too. Let me take my chance, sir. I've worked hard enough for it."

The Chief Inspector's grip was like a vise upon his shoulder. He made a sign to Burton and the man stepped forward. He had an automatic in his right hand.

"I'll get him all right, sir," he promised. "End cabin on the port side. . . . I'm to shoot if I must."

"Shoot to save your own life."

The man descended the six stairs which led to the long passage. The others crowded round the well-like opening, but the Chief Inspector waved them as far back as possible. The passage was lit by two overhead electric bulbs, and they could just see Burton stepping quietly but firmly along. When he was within about a dozen paces of the end cabin, the door of it opened, a stream of light flashed out and Matthew appeared.

"Hands up!" Burton shouted—but too late.

He never had a chance to pull the trigger of his own automatic. Matthew had shot upon sight. Burton went spinning round and then collapsed. There was a pent-up murmur of anger from the crouching men upon the stairs.

"Why send me the wrong man?" Matthew drawled. "I'm waiting here for Brett."

One of the men half raised his automatic, but the Chief Inspector brushed it to one side.

"We've got to take him alive if we can," he insisted. . . . "Henshaw!"

"Yes, sir."

"Get onto the wharf and see if it is possible for him to escape through his porthole."

The man obeyed orders, returning in a very few moments.

"Absolutely impossible, sir," he reported. "A boy couldn't squeeze through. Besides which, there are curved bars."

The Chief Inspector nodded. "Well, we've got him sooner or later then," he said. "Poor Burton, I wonder if it's any use ——"

"We'll fetch him, sir," Henshaw interrupted. "If he shoots, he shoots."

Two of them crept cautiously along the passage and dragged the prostrate figure to the foot of the steps. Absolom made a brief examination, after which he rose to his feet.

"No good," he pronounced. "He got it right through the heart, poor fellow! Matthew means to carry to the grave his boast that he never had to shoot twice."

"You'd better let me go now, sir," Brett begged.

The Chief Inspector shook his head. "Don't you see it would be simply murder?" he pointed out. "Matthew means having you before he's taken. He's always sworn it. You're brave enough, I know, Brett, but you're no match for him with a gun. He's got the advantage of cover too. You'd be a dead man before you could get your finger on the trigger."

"Let me try, sir," Henshaw intervened once more. "If I could get as far as Burton did, I might slip into the next cabin and hide for a few minutes. There'd be just a chance then of getting him unawares."

"Not a bad idea," the Chief Inspector acknowledged. "Try it, Henshaw."

The first part of the scheme succeeded well enough. Henshaw took off his boots on deck, and, moving swiftly and silently, reached the shelter of the next cabin to Matthew's and noiselessly disappeared. There was a brief pause. Once or twice the little group of men—stern and unnaturally pale, they seemed, in the flickering light—saw the door tremble. Henshaw was evidently on the alert inside, ready the moment Matthew gave any indication of his presence, to spring out.

"It's a great idea," the Chief Inspector whispered. "Henshaw is as strong as a lion, and quick too. He might get him if he comes out again to parley."

They waited in agonized silence through minutes which seemed like hours. One or two of the crew had appeared and had been standing curiously around, but at the Chief Inspector's orders they had retired below. The deck was deserted, except where the seven men were crouching by the companionway.

Suddenly there was the sound of a muffled revolver shot from the cabin into which Henshaw had disappeared. Henshaw himself staggered out a moment later, blood streaming down his face.

"He got me over the partition!" he gasped. "I'm in!"

He swayed helplessly and collapsed upon the floor. At that moment the door of the far cabin opened and Matthew stood there in the full light. The foremost of the police, who was a brother-in-law of Henshaw, raised his gun, but again the Chief Inspector struck it down.

"Why waste time and your perfectly good policemen like this?" Matthew asked, a little wearily. "You can starve me, perhaps, in a matter of four or five days, or you might get a quick shot in when I come out, it is true; otherwise, you haven't a chance. I am waiting for Brett."

Then Brett committed the first act of insubordination of his official life. He slipped down the stairs before anyone could prevent him and he walked along the carpeted way with his automatic in his right hand and a pair of handcuffs in his left.

"I'm coming, Matthew," he called out. "Get your wrists ready."

"Sensible little man," Matthew approved. "Be careful of that gun though. It might go off the way you're swinging it about. This way, please."

"Brett, come back!" the Chief Inspector shouted.

Brett, however, was suffering from a sudden fit of deafness. It was, perhaps, in his own mind, the moment of his life. He was scarcely conscious of the fact that his feet were touching the ground. He walked without fear or any apparent consciousness of danger, and he followed Matthew into the little cabin without hesitation.

"Put up your hands!" he ordered, as soon as he had crossed the threshold.

"All in good time," the other replied good-humoredly, "and for heaven's sake, put your gun away! Your business is to take me alive. You can't shoot me, because you know perfectly well that I could have shot you coming along the passage. Sit down opposite me there," he invited, with a sudden change of tone. "I have something to say to you before we finish."

"I'll stand," Brett replied firmly. "Get it over quickly."

"I suppose you're wondering," Matthew went on, "why I'm taking this so quietly. I'll tell you. I've never been defeated before, but I recognize defeat when it comes. Either I have been getting less clever lately or you more subtle. This time you have outmaneuvered me, although I thought that I had covered every contingency. . . . Excuse me."

His long arm shot out with incredible swiftness. He locked the door before Brett could stop him.

"A precautionary measure only," he explained. "I don't wish you to communicate with those others, you see, and I don't want one of them stealing down to break into our last few words together. Brett, do you know what that is?"

He pointed to a brown oak box, with the face of a clock, of the persistent ticking from which Brett had been conscious since his entrance into the room.

"It looks like a clock."

"It does, indeed," Matthew agreed. "It has every appearance of being a clock. Yet, Brett, let me assure you that it is nothing of the sort. It is a class of article which has gone out of fashion a good deal, although they were used very effectually for time explosions during the war. That is the very newest form of infernal machine. Can you see the time by it, Mr. Brett? The light is a little in my eyes."

"It appears to be ten minutes to six."

"So near the hour!" Matthew murmured. "I had no idea. That little piece of mechanism, Brett—you can see the wires running down there—has been my plaything for some time. Its presence on board this ship is why I always determined that if at any time I should find myself cornered it should be here that I would face defeat. It also seemed to me to be a pleasant idea," he went on, "to share my last moments with as many of my persecutors as possible. You see, I am not going to kill you, Mr. Brett, and you are not going to kill me, nor are you going to make any use of those very ugly handcuffs. I have been a criminal now for some twenty-two years," he concluded reflectively, "and during all that time no handcuff has ever touched my wrist, no policeman's pudgy fingers have ever rested upon my arm. . . . A good record, Brett. . . . Forgive me!"

With another movement of amazing swiftness—it seemed that he must have been watching his opportunity all the time—he half sprang across the table, seized his visitor's arm and wrenched the automatic from his hand. He laid it carefully upon the mantelpiece.

"Forgive me," he begged apologetically. "I know, of course, that you wouldn't shoot me when I myself am unarmed, but it might have occurred to you to wound me, unbolt the door and warn that nice Chief Inspector

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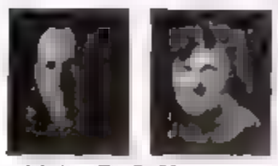
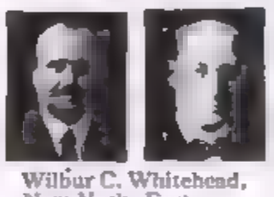


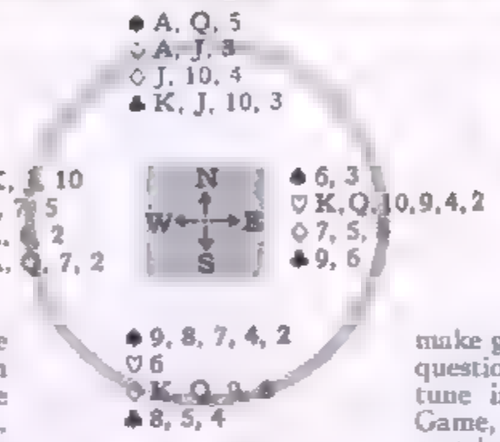
Major R. J. Herman, Boston, West

Mrs. Prescott Warren, Boston, dealer, South



Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, East

Milton C. Work, New York, North



ON the Radio Bridge hand above, South passes; West bids one No Trump; North doubles. See if you can complete the bidding like the experts. What is the final call? Who makes it? Can Declarer make game? Decide these questions your way. Then tune in with the Radio Game, and hear the experts' tactics on doubles, and on the playing of involved hands that require the use of a "card of exit".

Tuesday, March 6, 10 P. M., Eastern Time

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WCSH, WDAF, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WGY, WHAS, WHO, WJAR, WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSB, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMJ, WWJ.

Tuesday, March 6, 8:30 P. M., Pacific Time

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

See newspapers for broadcasting time of following:

KFAD	Electrical Equipment Co.	Phoenix	
KFUM	Corley Mt. Highway	Colorado Springs	
KFYR	Hoskins-Meyer	Bismarck	
KGBX	Foster-Hall Tire Co.	St. Joseph, Mo.	
KOA	General Electric Co.	Denver	
KOB	Coll. Agr. & Mech. Arts	State College, N. M.	
KPRC	Post Dispatch	Houston	
KSL	Radio Service Corp.	Salt Lake City	
KTHS	Arlington Hotel	Hot Springs Nat'l Pk.	
KVOO	Southwestern Sales Corp.	Tulsa, Okla.	
WCOA	City of Pensacola	Pensacola, Fla.	
WDAY	Radio Equipment Corp.	Fargo	
WDBO	Orlando Broadcasting Co.	Orlando, Fla.	
WFAA	Baker Hotel, News, Sears-Roebuck	Dallas	
WFBM	Indianapolis P. & L. Co.	Indianapolis	
WHEC	Hickson Electric Company	Rochester	
WIOD	Carl G. Fisher Co.	Miami, Fla.	
WJAX	Municipal Station	Jacksonville	
WJBO	Times-Picayune	New Orleans	
WKY	Radiophone Co.	Oklahoma City	
WNOX	Peoples Tel. & Tel. Co.	Knoxville	
WPG	Municipal Station	Atlantic City	
WRVA	Larus & Bro. Co.	Richmond, Va.	
WSAZ	McKellar Elec. Co.	Huntington, W. Va.	
WSUN	Municipal Station	St. Petersburg, Fla.	
WWNC	Chamber of Commerce	Asheville, N. C.	
CFAC	Herald	Calgary, Can.	
CFLC	Radio Ass'n	Prescott, Can.	
CFQC	Electric Shop	Saskatoon, Can.	
CHNS	Northern Elec. Co.	Halifax, Can.	
CJCA	Journal	Edmonton, Can.	
CJGC	Free Press	London, Can.	
CJRM	Jas. Richardson & Sons	Moose Jaw, Can.	
CKAC	La Presse	Montreal, Can.	
CKCD	Daily Province	Vancouver, Can.	
CKCI	Le Soleil	Quebec, Can.	
CKCO	Radio Ass'n.	Ottawa, Can.	
CKNC	Canadian Nat. Carbon Co.	Toronto, Can.	
CKY	Manitoba Tel. System	Winnipeg, Can.	

Auction Bridge Magazine, 30 Ferry St., New York
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BICYCLE *and* CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

of yours, whom I should hate to have out of the party. If I was a little rough, I am sorry. I had to be prepared against such a catastrophe."

"Look here," Brett broke in, "do you mind letting me speak for a moment? I deserve to be blown into pieces for letting you take my gun away like that, but there's no need to rub it in. . . . Listen!"

"I am all attention," Matthew assured him, "but you will watch the clock, won't you, Brett?—for we have barely five minutes left."

"Long enough. What I want to say is this: For the last few months it is I, and I only, who have been on your track. These others knew little about you, and cared less. It was I who swore that I was going to bring you to justice. I've given up all my other work for it, thought of nothing else, dreamed of nothing else. It was I who planned today's coup."

"You flatter me," Matthew murmured.

"Oh, chuck it!" Brett insisted angrily. "I am tired of your cheap cynicism. Listen to me! The end of this matter is between us two, and us two only. . . . Here I am! I'm not afraid!"

He selected a cigarette from a box on the table and lit it with steady fingers.

"You and I will sit opposite each other at this table," he continued, "and hear the clock strike six together. Only—just let me call out one word of warning to the others and have them clear off. . . . There's your crew too."

Matthew shook his head.

"My crew had orders to go off duty at ten minutes to six," he confided. "Didn't you hear them clambering down the gangplank just now? Let us sit opposite each other by all means, Mr. Brett, as we are doing now, but when we hear that clock strike—gracious, only a minute more!—I shall like to feel that our friends up there are getting the surprise of their lives. I could almost smile when I think of your pompous Chief Inspector, and as to his plain-clothes policemen—I hate the whole brood. You've never seen the effect of a high-powered bomb, I suppose. There won't be a stick left of the ship and they won't be able to identify a single one of us. The Buckingham Palace jewels—they are all in that drawer, by the bye—will probably descend in a charred shower somewhere about Ludgate Hill."

He sank into the opposite chair. He was nearest the door, and Brett realized with a pang that there was no earthly way of communicating with the men in the companionway. His eyes strayed to the clock. The long hand was creeping on to the black line of six. There was a little whir.

"Our time has come, Brett," Matthew announced, smiling across at him. "Can you hear anything?"

The first note of the hour struck, and from somewhere down below came a curious whirring sound. Brett, with his arms folded, sat looking steadily across the table. He could see Matthew's face—nothing else in the world—the mocking lips, the clear eyes, with their splendid and yet inhuman light. The clock struck—one, two, three, four, five, six—once more the whirring, and then silence. Matthew rose to his feet and his hands strayed toward the mantelpiece.

"My little friend," he said, "I congratulate you. You have saved your own life and the lives of a few of your associates. There is only one quality which appeals to me, and that is bravery. If you had flinched, you were a dead man. As it is—my best wishes."

Brett's movement was the swiftest he had ever made, but he was too late. Matthew, with the cigarette still between his lips, held the gun to his temple and pulled the trigger twice. He collapsed without a word or a groan on the table and from there to the floor. Brett stood looking at him for a moment. Then he crossed the room and unlocked the door.

When the little crowd of excited men rushed into the cabin they found him on his knees by the side of the dead man. There was no exultation in his face when the Chief Inspector grasped him by his hand.

"Matthew cheated me, after all, sir," he said tonelessly.

The Chief Inspector, welcoming Brett after his month's leave of absence, heard the news with dismay.

"But, my dear fellow," he protested, "I have some most interesting work waiting for you. You're a young man and very much in favor. To resign just at the beginning of your career seems absurd."

"There will never be another Matthew, sir," Brett replied, "and if there were, I am not at all sure that I should want to go after him. Besides, I've come to the conclusion that I should never make a first-class detective."

"You're a first-class fisherman," Lady Muriel murmured, "and you're much better on a horse than I ever dared to hope."

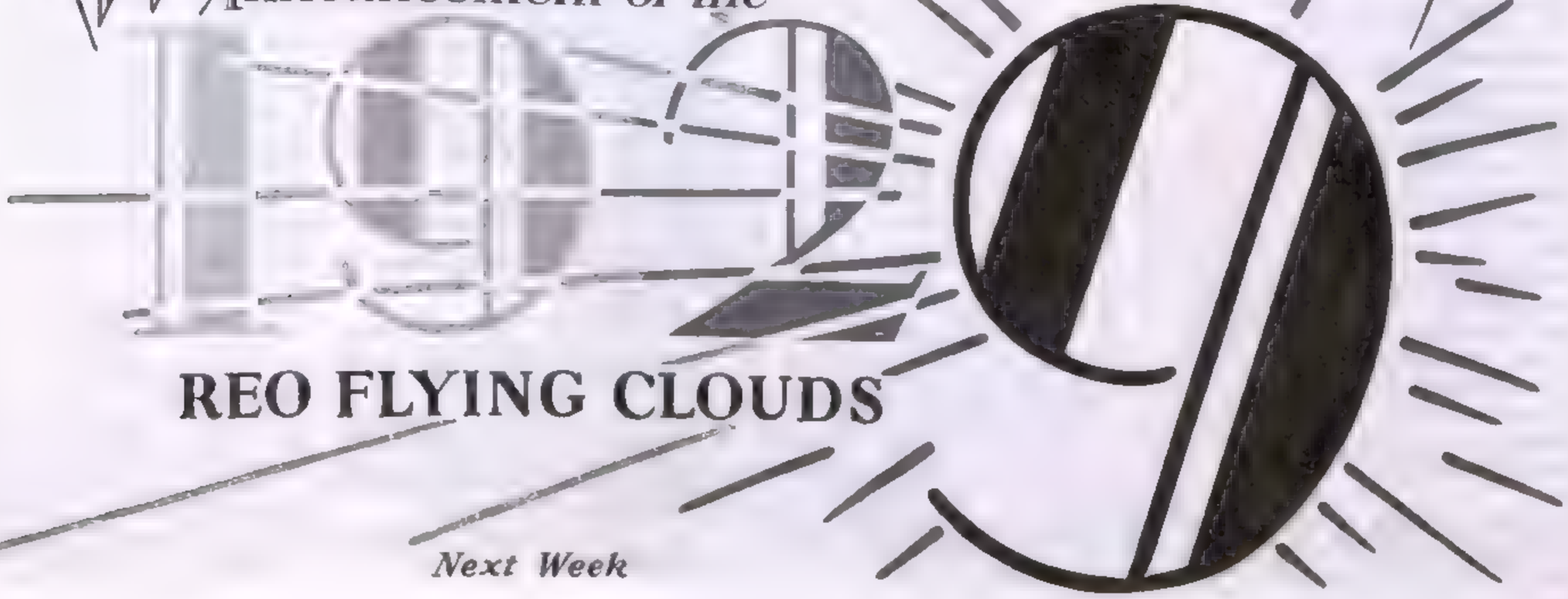
Absolom looked from one to the other. "Where are you going to live, Brett?" he asked suspiciously.

"In Ireland," was the half-dubious confession.

"Quite a good matchmaker, aren't you, Mr. Absolom?" Lady Muriel laughed.

The Boy Scout Does His Good Deed for the Day

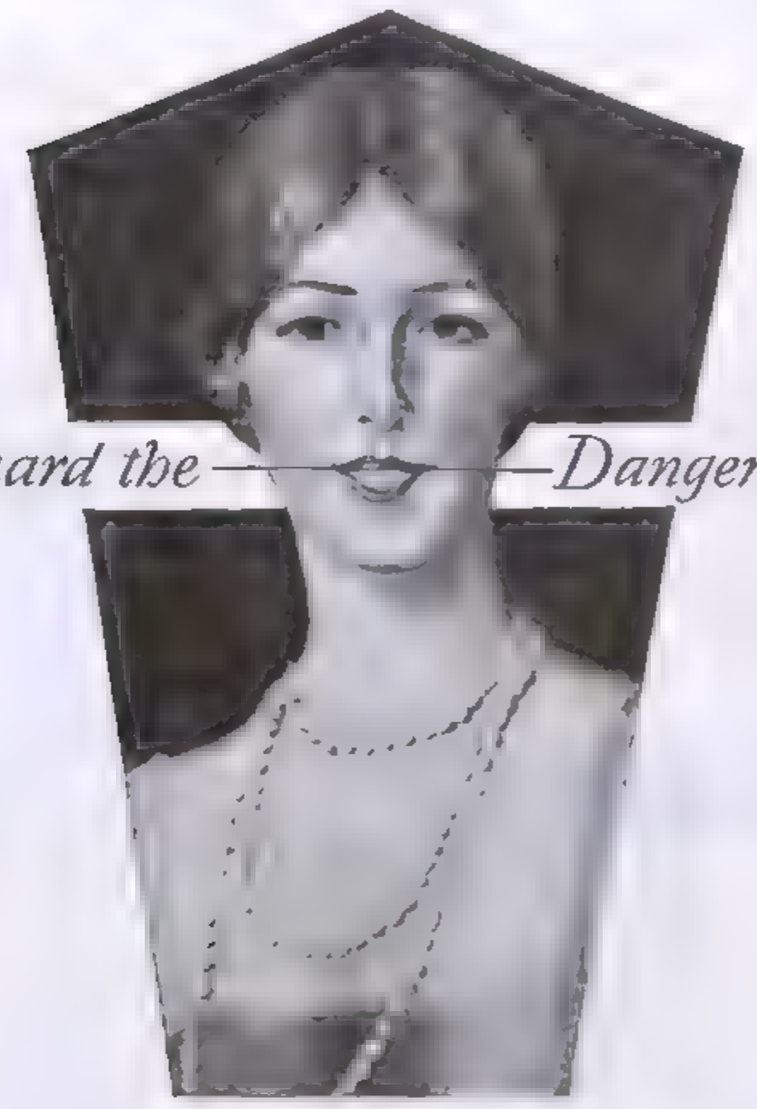
Watch for the Announcement of the



REO FLYING CLOUDS

Next Week

Youth and Health are priceless gifts



Guard the — — Danger Line

To the modern woman, youth and health are priceless gifts. On them depend the vitality, the energy, the "aliveness" that can lift her out of the dull routine of life and fill her days to overflowing with gracious, joyous activity.

Are you one of these women who knows that it is *health* which must be guarded if youth and beauty are to be preserved?

Take mouth hygiene, for instance. Doctors and dentists both tell us that premature old age, lack of vitality, tiredness and dangerous diseases also, are developing as the result of decayed teeth and infected gums. But what do we do to guard against this danger? Give our teeth a brushing or two daily, perhaps with some ineffective tooth-paste, and dismiss the matter.

Brushing is not enough! And here is the reason. Every time you eat, food particles lodge in the pits on your teeth and in the tiny V-shaped crevice around each tooth formed by the meeting of tooth and gum—The Danger Line. These particles ferment. Acids are formed. It is these acids which cause tooth decay and also irritate the gums, causing dangerous infections.

That is why countless men and women are turning to Squibb's Dental Cream because it is made with more than 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia—a safe, effective antacid. Particles of the Milk of Magnesia remain in the crevices along The Danger Line for a considerable period and neutralize dangerous acids as they form.

In addition, Squibb's Dental Cream is mild, non-abrasive, non-irritating. It soothes the delicate gum tissues and polishes the enamel, leaving it clean and lustrous. 40 cents a large tube.

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Squibb's Milk of Magnesia promotes proper alimentation

The strength and energy we use up every day must be renewed if we are to remain at our best. And this renewal depends on alimentation. Squibb's Milk of Magnesia promotes proper alimentation by virtue of its twofold action. Its antacid quality helps counteract improper digestion. Its mild laxative action helps to relieve the system from the burden of fermenting food. At druggists, only 25c and 50c.

SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

The "Priceless Ingredient" of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

MISS AMAGEE SELLS A PUP

(Continued from Page 13)

about lions again. He knew that Mrs. Pelter was very keen on getting a lion, for she had come some hundreds of miles out of her way to meet him on his favorite hunting ground in order to get one.

"I won't leave till I get a lion," said Mrs. Pelter in a tone that boded ill for the lions of Potter's Gap.

"It ought to be fairly easy," said Colonel Grosvenor. "You shall go out tomorrow morning. Better use my boys. They're experienced hunters—M'gomi especially."

"No, no," said Mrs. Pelter quickly. "Not for at least a couple of days. I'm black and blue all over from jolting along in that perfectly terrible car."

They left it at that, though one would have thought that, having been jolted all the way from Cape Town, she was by now used to it.

On the way home Miss Amagee said, "I guess that tiger was doped and muzzled and hamstrung in four places."

"Sure, kid," said Mr. Amagee.

Dr. Carling Wilson had not taken to Mrs. Pelter. She was a great friend of Grosvenor's, of course, and he liked Grosvenor. But there it was; he did not like her. He was glad she did not come with them when they went out after roan next morning. She gave them the impression that she was burning to snatch up her rifle and dash off over the veldt after lions, but she did not come. They found no roan. On their way back they came upon the Amagees' camp.

Miss Amagee was there alone, sitting under a shelter made of leafy branches by their boys, cleaning her rifle. One of those boys was skinning a kongoni. She greeted them amiably and went on with her cleaning.

"You seem to have had better sport than we have, Miss Amagee," said Doctor Wilson.

"I was shooting for dinner," said Miss Amagee.

Doctor Wilson somewhat mournfully deplored the reluctance of roan to come and be killed; Grosvenor watched Miss Amagee's hands at work—small hands but uncommonly capable—also he wondered, idly, why her eyes, which never seemed to rest on him, were somber. He did not like her chin; it was too determined, and it was against Nature that any woman should have such a firm mouth. No, she was not womanly. But how extraordinarily blue her eyes were against the eggshell brown of her small face! He gazed at her with cold, disapproving, but unconscious, deliberation, and then her eyes did rest on him. Her expression seemed to say that she had seen men like him before—many of them—and that she had had little use for them.

Rather hastily he said: "I can't understand how you get on with so few porters, Miss Amagee. Wilson has seven and I have six, and even so we had most of our outfit dumped by trek wagon from Nairobi."

He did not wish to say this; he said it under an impulsion to say something. It sounded like bragging.

"Pop and I like to travel light," said Miss Amagee, and the tone in which she said it made his speech sound yet more boastful

Perhaps it was this that made him say, "I ought to be getting back to camp to talk to M'gomi about those skins."

He walked off, disapproving keenly of Miss Amagee. Dr. Carling Wilson stayed where he was.

"What does he do?" said Miss Amagee, nodding toward his back when he was out of earshot, and there was a hostile note in her tone.

"Oh, he's rather the big noise, politically, at Cairo, and he's a keen sportsman and a fine shot," said Wilson, rather amused by the clash of temperaments and civilizations he had divined rather than perceived.

"I see," said Miss Amagee. "That's why he goes about the world disapprovin' of people."

She shifted to one side in her shelter and bade him come out of the sun; he sat down beside her, pleased. He was a traveled man, interested in his fellow creatures—above all in new types. This was a new type. They talked of the country.

Presently she said, "We came to Zanzibar to see a guy called Gupp—Ginger Gupp. Ever heard of him?"

"I don't think I have. What does he do?"

"Most things and most people—nothing good," said Miss Amagee. "He wasn't there though when we got to Zanzibar. We found he'd gone on to Khartum. It's more'n a year ago that a friend wrote to us from Zanzibar to say he was there, and the letter followed us from Bombay round by Teheran; so we only got it four months ago."

"It sounds rather a long way to go to see a man and then find he isn't there," said Doctor Wilson, amused by her casualness.

"Why, yes. But we were in Aden, selling oil shares for a friend; and when we found Ginger wasn't in Zanzibar, pop thought he'd like to push on and take a look at Lake Victoria Nyanza on the way."

"Aden doesn't sound a good market for oil shares!"

"Oh, sure. But we're selling them to all colors—Arabs and niggers and Hindus and officers from ships all over the world. Everyone's going in for oil nowadays," said Miss Amagee, and added naïvely: "They were quite good shares, you know. Pop and I hung on to some for ourselves."

"Of course," said Doctor Wilson. "You seem to travel a lot."

"Sure; pop and I get about a bit," said Miss Amagee.

She went on to say that they had done it ever since she could remember—ever since her mother died when she was a kid in Arkansas. Mr. Amagee could turn his hand to anything, and on that turn of his hand they lived. There was always money to be made in out-of-the-way places. Sometimes it might be a job for a friend; once or twice it had been gold, in India rubies; often it had been real estate. Mr. Amagee had some thousands of dollars put by in a bank in Montreal, but they never touched that. With what they picked up in one place they went on to another. She had traversed all the continents.

"Pop likes to get about a bit," she said. "Besides, he's looking for Ginger Gupp."

"But why on earth doesn't he write to him and fix a meeting place?" said Doctor Wilson.

"Well, it's like this: Pop wants to meet up with Ginger Gupp, but Ginger Gupp doesn't want to meet up with pop." She paused and added pensively: "I think pop aims to sink an ax in his head."

"Rather drastic," said Doctor Wilson.

"Pop is drastic—sometimes," Miss Amagee admitted.

That night at supper Doctor Wilson talked about the Amagees with interest. He talked, rather over Mrs. Pelter's head, about their Odyssey, and said that Mr. Amagee was the modern Ulysses who had by accident begotten a modern Nausicaa. "The young sapling, you know," he added, speaking to Grosvenor.

Grosvenor nodded, but Mrs. Pelter did not know, and she resented Miss Amagee being called modern; she liked to think herself the one modern woman in Africa.

"Pretty tall stories though—Teheran and Oruro—and especially that one about the gazelle," said Grosvenor.

"I think the stories are fairly all right and that they have been there," said Doctor Wilson.

"Ah, well, I'll believe in the shooting when I see it," said Colonel Grosvenor.

"And so will I," said Mrs. Pelter.

At supper at the Amagees' camp Mr. Amagee talked about going to Khartum in a flivver. After supper they walked to the other camp. Doctor Wilson welcomed them

(Continued on Page 70)

for Economical Transportation

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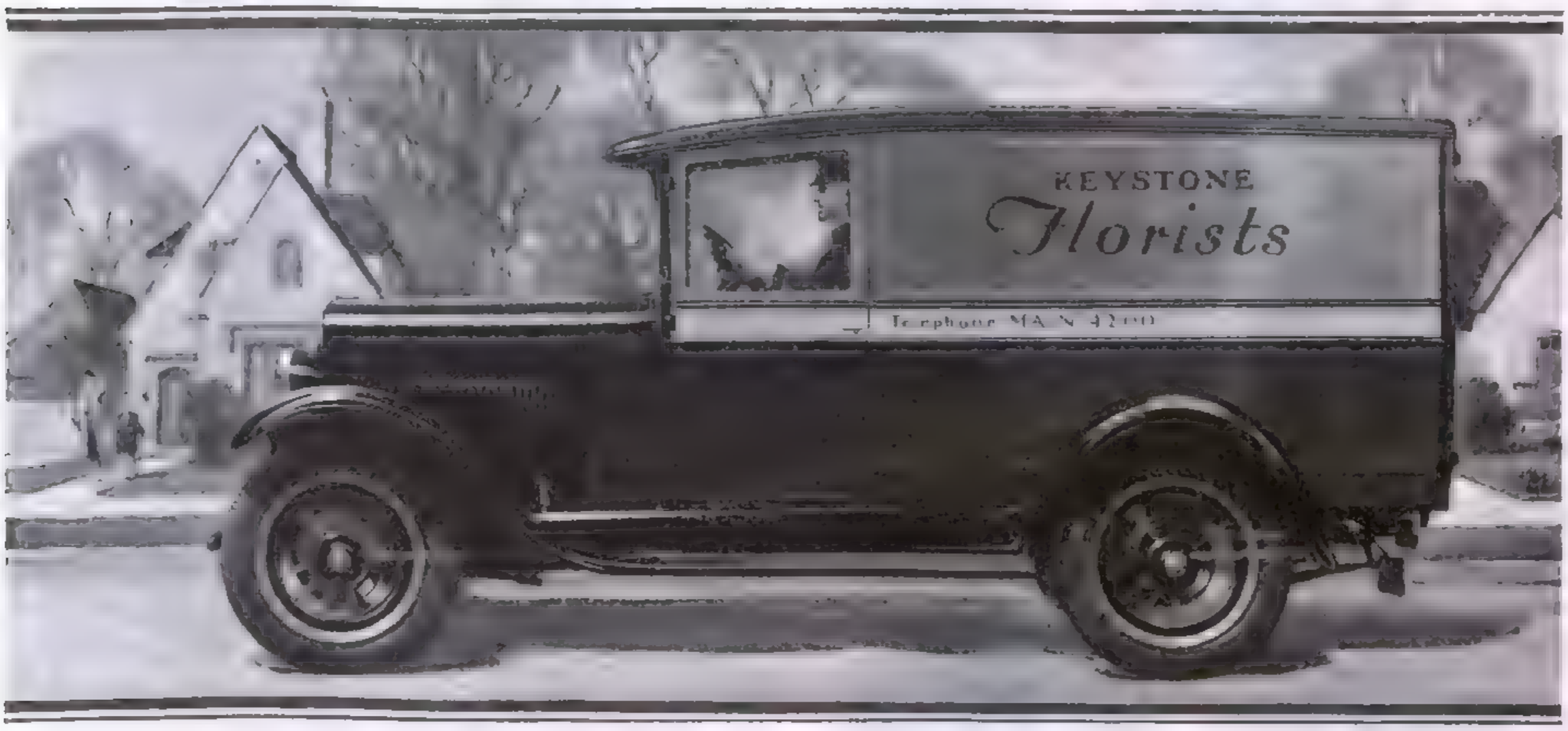

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Yet this bigger, better and more rugged truck is offered at an amazing new low price—one of the most spectacular examples of value-giving in the entire history of the commercial car industry!

Only a test-load demonstration can reveal the full performance capabilities of this remarkable new truck—its great power, its remarkable handling ease, and its instant response to throttle and brakes. From every standpoint, it is a revelation in a light delivery unit.

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New "invar-strut" constant clearance alloy pistons
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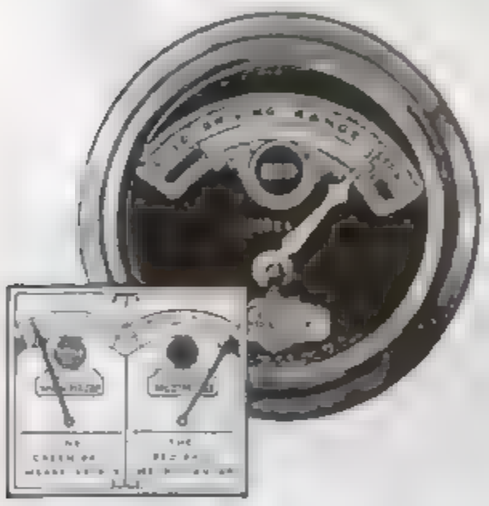

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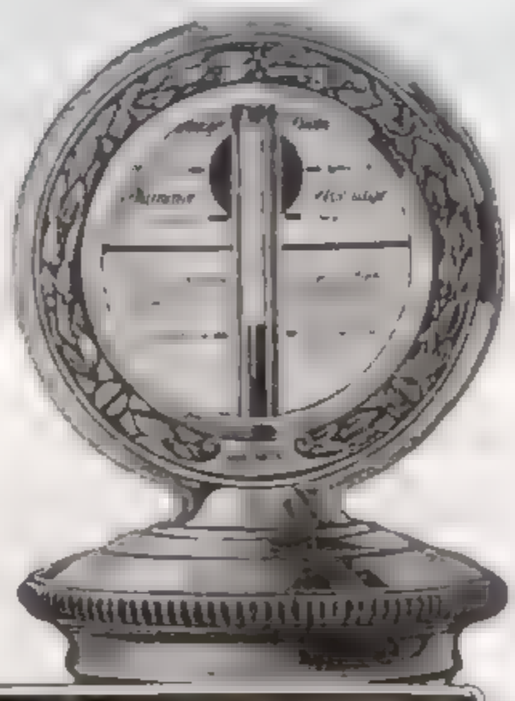

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(Continued from Page 68)

warmly, Mrs. Pelter and Colonel Grosvenor with less warmth. The gathering did not feel quite harmonious; there was a faint sense of strain in the air. Colonel Grosvenor looked at Miss Amagee with wholly unconscious disapproval; Mrs. Pelter, the woman of the world, patronized her with an almost effusive firmness. As a rule Miss Amagee was not easy to patronize; that night she was; she desired to travel to Khartum in a flivver.

Next morning Mrs. Pelter was in a gloomy mood. It was being borne in upon her that you cannot fool all the people all the time. Colonel Grosvenor and Doctor Wilson had again gone out after roan; she had leisure to reflect, and she wished that she had never come to Potter's Gap. Her stay there seemed unlikely to turn out the stay she had pictured. She had seen herself sitting by the camp fire and Stephen Grosvenor, the hunter, coming home from the chase to sit at her feet, but he did not sit at her feet. And how she did wish that she had not expressed that firm intention of getting a lion! It seemed that, at Potter's Gap, if you talked about your shooting, you were expected to shoot; but she had taken it for granted that that strong pen which is known as a boma and is used by hunters free from all recklessness would be erected for her to shoot a lion from in perfect safety. Colonel Grosvenor's suggestion that she should take his boys and go out and shoot one in the open seemed to her in the highest degree callous. She had no more use for a lion hunt of that kind than had Mr Howard Hunter. She was pluckier than most women, but the lion's habit of lowering his head to the ground to roar, and so contriving to fill earth and heaven at night with the dreadful sound, had daunted her. Nothing would induce her to go on any such hunt; at the same time nothing would induce her to forfeit the good opinion of Colonel Grosvenor. This was a dilemma.

That little American girl also was a nuisance. Mrs. Pelter had not missed the disapproving air with which Colonel Grosvenor had regarded her, but she had divined that, disapproving though it was, under it lay a considerable interest. She was aware that the fact that an interest starts with a little aversion does nothing to prevent it from becoming uncommonly keen. She decided to walk to the Amagees' camp and patronize the tiresome creature a little more. It would ease her annoyance, and the walk might clear her mind and help her find a way out of her dilemma.

She walked slowly through the long thick grass, and she had not gone fifty yards when there came the happy idea: A sprained ankle was the very thing. Walking through that grass one could not be expected to see holes. What could be more natural than to twist one's ankle in one? She would not, however, sprain it so far from the Amagees' camp. She walked on to within about seventy yards of it, then, pivoting round on one foot, she sank down on her hands and knees.

There she was; her ankle was sprained. For a moment she crouched there, viewing the world from a new angle. The grass was even longer than she had thought; it came right over her head. Snakes! She began to crawl forward to the Amagees' camp, shuddering; but she crawled forward. The tangle began to thin a little. There were bare patches of sand; on her right there were dense thorn bushes, on her left the high reeds of the stream. She must not forget which ankle she had sprained. Which was it—left or right? Then it occurred to her that Colonel Grosvenor was uncommonly astute, and it might be well to make that sprained ankle more convincing. It ought to be swollen a little. The butt of her rifle would do.

She sat up and set her teeth and raised the butt of her rifle, not very high, above her ankle. She did not strike it. Of a sudden she seemed to freeze into the position in which she sat; her fingers certainly froze on to the barrel of the rifle; her jaw dropped; she stiffened all over in a paralysis of fear. What was it?

There in the reeds, not fourteen feet from her, crouched a long yellowish-gray form with a huge dark head, watching her.

Mrs. Pelter tried to scream, but the scream stuck in her throat. The sunlight struck down through the reeds, striping the yellow body with bars of shadow. Now it moved, raised its heavy head a little, its lips twitching and lifting in a snarl; its whole body, from quivering nostrils to lashing tail, alive and uneasy with suspicion. Mrs. Pelter and the lion looked at each other. Then she got her throat clear, uttered a fearsome scream, dropped her rifle, and sprang and ran. The thorn bushes barred her path. She dodged frantically to and fro in an extremity of terror, trying to find a way through. The lion trotted out of the reeds and stood lashing his tail and snarling at her.

Mrs. Pelter screamed again and yet again. The sound seemed to annoy the lion, for he roared, and then, just as she found a gap, came loping toward her. She came through the gap to see the Amagees' camp sixty yards away, and on the edge of it Miss Amagee, rifle in hand. She had not supposed that Mrs. Pelter would scream like that for nothing.

Out of the gap in the thorn bushes came Mrs. Pelter, running like the wind; after her, directly behind her, came the lion.

"Swerve! Swerve, you fool!" shouted Miss Amagee.

Mrs. Pelter was far too frightened to hear, much less to understand. The lion was right on her. Miss Amagee chanced it. She could see the lion's hind quarters; she fired. If the bullet missed Mrs. Pelter by three-quarters of an inch, it was all it missed her by. The lion swerved—fortunately to the left, clear of Mrs. Pelter. Miss Amagee fired again. The lion leaped oddly and clumsily six feet into the air and came down and rolled over and over, snarling and clawing at the ground, and lay still. Mrs. Pelter ran on and dropped in a heap at the feet of Mr. Amagee.

They gave her brandy, neat, and it soon restored her, for she was of a considerable toughness. She told them that she had been walking along to pay them a visit and had seen the lion in the reeds, and he had gone for her.

"What!" said Miss Amagee in astonished accents. "Do you mean to say that you came out without your gun?"

"No. I had my rifle," said Mrs. Pelter.

"And you didn't use it?" said Miss Amagee, and there was a note of contempt in the astonishment.

"No. I dropped it. It was the surprise and the shock," said Mrs. Pelter. "I ran."

"M'm. If you'd walked, the lion would have walked—the other way," said Miss Amagee.

They walked down to the lion cautiously, the Amagees with their rifles trained on it, but the lion was dead. Mr. Amagee examined it.

"Scored his hind quarters pretty deep with the first shot and got him plumb in the center of the chest with the second," said Mr. Amagee in pleased accents.

Miss Amagee examined the lion. "I don't know as he would have walked off if you had stood still," she said to Mrs. Pelter. "He's old and thin and a bit mangy. Might be a man-eater. They take to men when they're not quick enough for animals."

There was a pause; then Mr. Amagee said thoughtfully, "I wonder what they do to people who shoot lions without a license?"

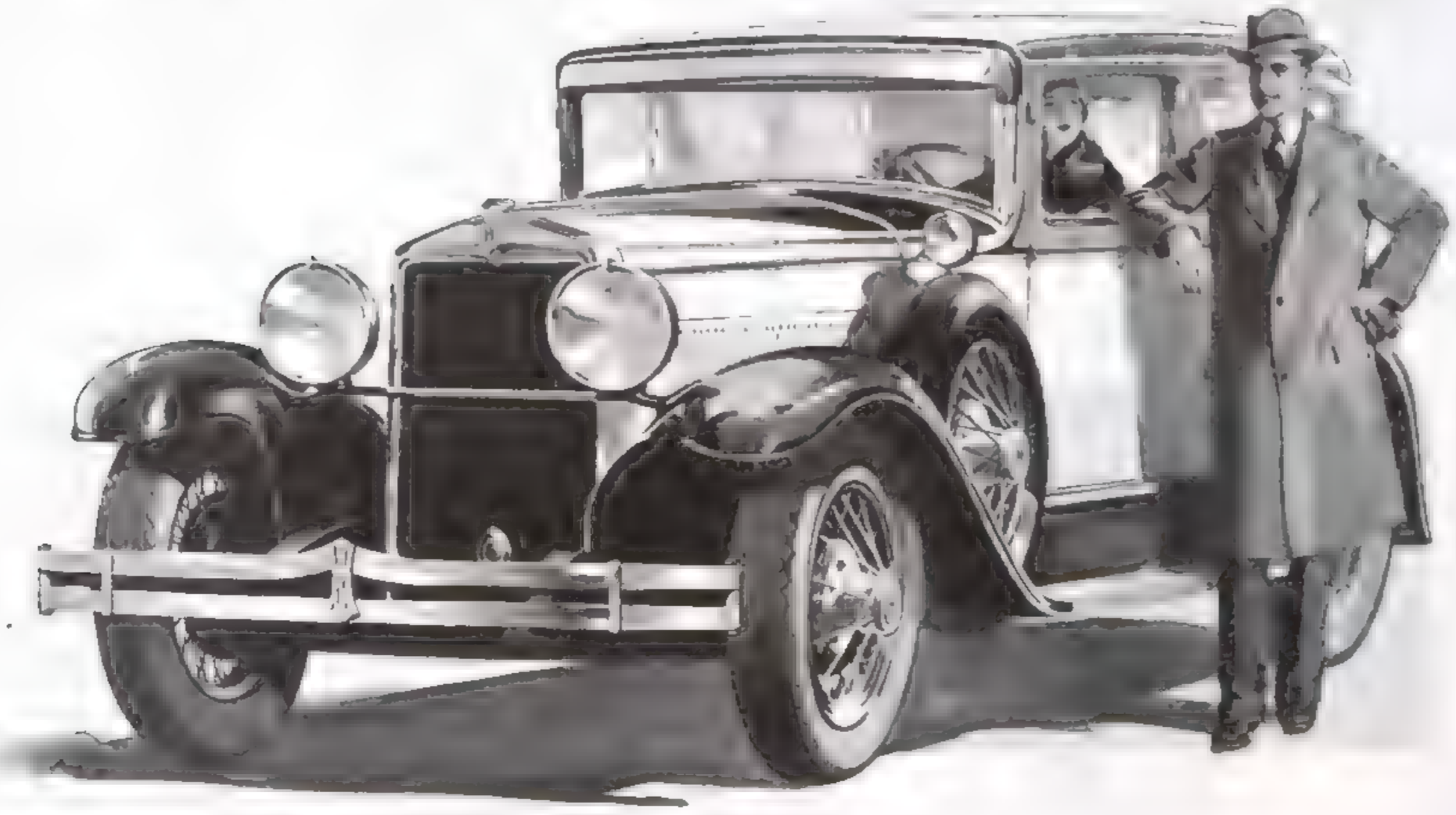
Miss Amagee shrugged her shoulders. "If it's a fine, I don't know how we're going to pay it," she said.

Mrs. Pelter was very nearly herself again. Another happy idea came to her.

"I believe the fine is very heavy," she said. "Of course you did it to save my life, but I don't think that that would weigh very much with the authorities. How would it be—how would it be"—she paused and they looked at her—"how would it be if I said I shot the lion?"

(Continued on Page 72)

He feared price raise on *new* Hupmobile *Six*



So this Minneapolis man bought at once to protect himself

What the new Hupmobile Six is doing in rolling up a tidal wave of buying is unique in all of America's motoring history.

Everywhere people see in it so much more than the price indicates that their sense of values has impelled them to buy earlier than they intended.

There are dozens of such cases in our dealers' records, and this one instance from Minneapolis is an example.

This purchaser bought as soon as he saw the car because, as he said, he couldn't see how such a beautiful car could be sold at the price.

He had not planned to buy a new car until a later time, but he feared that if he should wait, the price was bound to go higher.

Thousands of others, as well, have been literally swept off their feet by the dazzling beauty and the extraordinary value which came into being with the new Six of the Century and have said they could not resist buying.

Everyone always knows what to expect of Hupmobile in quality, in performance; and the transformation in the New Six started a wave of buying that has grown to flood proportions.

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The New Hupmobile—the Six of the Century—has developed more astonishing incidents than have been recorded since the automobile industry and this century began. The one here reported and others to follow are "taken from life." Names and full particulars on request.

24 Standard and Custom-equipped body styles, $1345 to $1625, f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

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The Six of the Century

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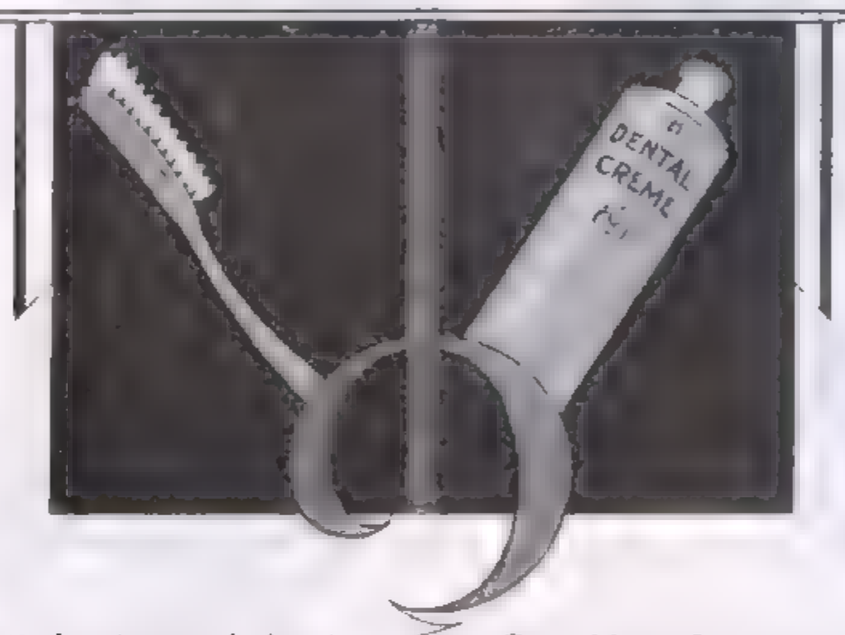

THOUGH dentists and dentifrices rally to the aid of modern teeth . . . though toothbrushes by the million work briskly every morning and every night . . . though Science, year by year, bestows upon us new weapons for the fight against dental ills . . . *still, something is missing from the picture!*

Where's the help that *Nature* planned? Where's the thing that kept primitive man's teeth in his head—strong and sound—until he died of old age? In other words, where's the kind of diet that benefits teeth?

Missing, alas, from most modern tables! Check up on your own three meals a day if you doubt it. Note that most of your foods are soft—creamy—highly refined. Then recognize your error—and reform!

Replace some of those soft foods with crisp foods that require chewing—that you will delight to chew! Give to teeth and gums the *natural* exercise and stimulation that Nature planned. It's the easiest method—the least expensive method—and the only completely efficacious one! Your dentist will tell you that.

There's one particular modern food that's famous for the benefit it brings to teeth. You've heard of Grape-Nuts. It appears on millions of American breakfast tables every morning—a food deliciously crisp—golden-brown—nut-like in flavor. It tempts you to chew *thoroughly*. And that's why dentists so enthusiastically recommend it.

They recommend it, too, because it's the kind of food that helps *build* and maintain sound tooth structure. A food rich in varied elements. Phosphorus for teeth and bones. Iron for the blood. Proteins for muscle and body-building. Dextrins, maltose and other carbohydrates for heat and energy. And the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite . . . Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts is an admirably balanced ration. And it is one of the easiest foods in the world to digest, because of the special baking process by which it is prepared.

Try it tomorrow! Your grocer sells it, of course—or you may wish to accept the following offer:

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(Continued from Page 70

They went on looking at her, with eyes more thoughtful.

Then Mr. Amagee said doubtfully, "That's vurry kind of you, lady."

"If it would work," said Miss Amagee doubtfully. "And you sure would get a lot of credit for shooting a man-eater."

Mrs. Pelter's eyes sparkled, and she said quickly, "Why shouldn't it work?"

"Our boys saw me shoot him," said Miss Amagee.

"I should have thought that you could get them to hold their tongues for very little," said Mrs. Pelter

"You can't get a nigger to hold his tongue," said Mr. Amagee with conviction.

There was a pause; they pondered.

"Of course if we could get them out of the district quite quick enough before they talked," said Miss Amagee.

"But what's to prevent you? You've no particular reason for staying here," said Mrs. Pelter.

"We've made a long trek, and we aimed to let the boys rest a while. Besides, traveling as slow as we do, they're always meeting up with other niggers and talking," said Miss Amagee. "And after all, the lion was a man-eater. I ought to get a reward, not a fine. And they take a lot more shooting than a young lion; they're so cunning. But I never did have any luck. I sure wish we could get out of the district quick."

There was another pause; again they pondered.

Then Miss Amagee said slowly and not hopefully, "Say, do you want both them flivvers?"

Mrs. Pelter hesitated. But to have shot not an ordinary lion but a man-eater!

"If we could bundle our boys into a flivver and get right away before they git a chance to talk," said Mr. Amagee.

"Why, that's an idea. I've been telling Mr. Hunter for a long time that we should get on quicker with only one car to get into trouble," said Mrs. Pelter quickly but untruthfully. "Why, yes; why shouldn't I lend you a car to get to Khartum in? You could leave it there for us if you'd finished with it. If not, it doesn't matter. In fact, it would be a blessing to get rid of it. I will let you have a car."

"It's vurry kind of you, lady," said Mr. Amagee.

They lost no time. The Amagees struck camp with uncommon quickness. They went to the camp of Colonel Grosvenor quickly; quickly and firmly the objections of the outraged Mr. Hunter to parting with a car were overruled by Mrs. Pelter; quickly the boys piled themselves and the luggage into the car.

Just before they had finished, Miss Amagee found herself apart with Mrs. Pelter, and Mrs. Pelter said:

"It's quite understood that if I get you out of trouble for shooting this lion, neither you nor Mr. Amagee will ever admit that I did not shoot it. Unpleasant people always misinterpret one's motives."

"Sure, it's understood," said Miss Amagee.

She looked Mrs. Pelter in the eyes as she spoke, and Mrs. Pelter knew that as far as the Amagees were concerned the secret was safe this side of the crack of doom.

Then through the bushes came Colonel Grosvenor and Doctor Wilson. Mrs. Pelter stepped forward and told them proudly, of her shooting of the man-eater. She said that her first shot was bad, for it was the first time she had fired at a lion, but her second shot was all right. Doctor Wilson looked surprised, but his congratulations were warm; Colonel Grosvenor's were not warm. He looked at Miss Amagee with an expression in which loathing seemed to be mingled with admiration.

Miss Amagee was sorry to part with Doctor Wilson, and she said so. He shook hands with them both; Colonel Grosvenor held aloof.

They stepped into the car.

"So long, Doc," said Miss Amagee.

"Good-by, Miss Amagee."

"Good-by, colonel," said Miss Amagee.

"Good-by" replied the colonel, and loathing and admiration appeared to struggle in his eyes.

"Good-by, Mrs. Pelter," said Miss Amagee. "You sure have been terribly kind to us."

In Colonel Grosvenor's eyes loathing won.

"Only too delighted," said Mrs. Pelter in the kindest accents.

The car jolted off; they watched it go. It jolted down the hillside. Mrs. Pelter sent Mr. Hunter and three boys to skin her man-eater, and went into her tent to write up her diary—for publication.

She wrote: "This morning I shot a lion, a fine black-maned man-eater who has been preying on the unfortunate natives of this district for years. Failed to get him with the first shot, but got him with the second. Warmly congratulated by my friends."

She hesitated over the last sentence—not because it was not true. Truth was not a thing that worried Mrs. Pelter's diary. But she felt a little piqued because Stephen Grosvenor had said so little. If it was a compliment that he should take it as a matter of course that she should shoot a lion, it was not one that really appealed to her.

As the two men went to their tent Doctor Wilson said, "Odd their going off so suddenly—in one of Hunter's cars too."

"Yes," said Colonel Grosvenor in a tone of indifference.

"I wonder whether the stories they told us were all true," said Doctor Wilson.

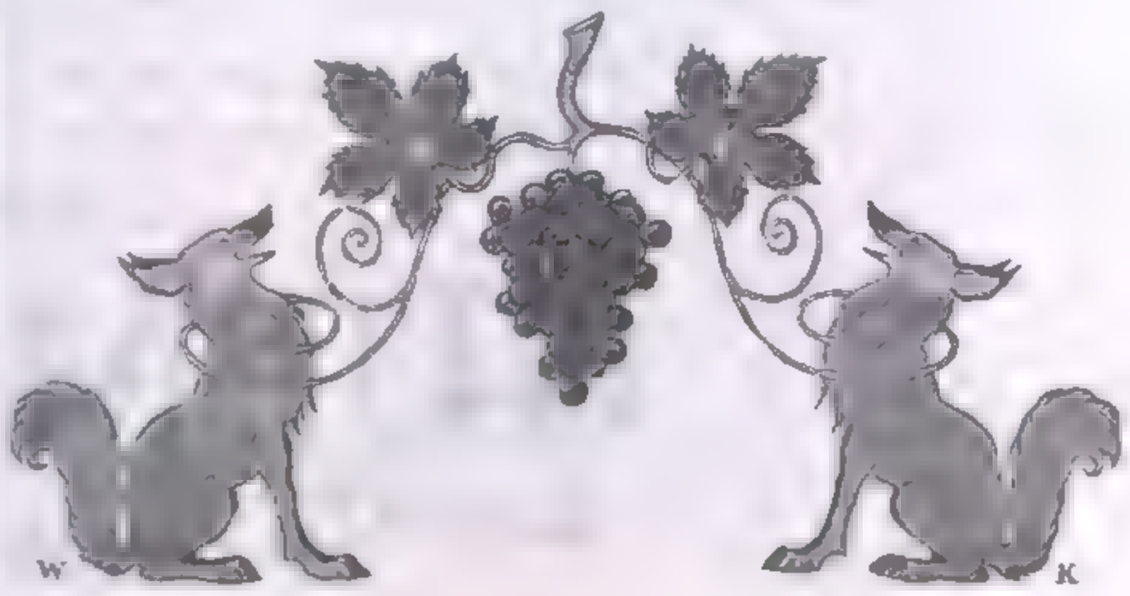
"There's no saying," said Colonel Grosvenor. "But the old man wasn't lying when he said that girl could shoot."

Sometime later, as Miss Amagee relieved her father at the wheel of the car, she said in a tone of satisfaction: "Not a bad deal, pop—a flivver for a mangy old lion."

"I guess we did get the best of the bargain," said Mr. Amagee.

"The dame doesn't think so. She wanted that lion mighty bad, and she got him," said Miss Amagee.

"But did she?" said Mr. Amagee. "All the while you were shooting that lion and making the deal, kid, that there stiff-faced Stephen was standing among them thorn trees on the rise, not a quarter of a mile away, watching with his glasses. She wanted a lion, but I guess you sold her a pup."



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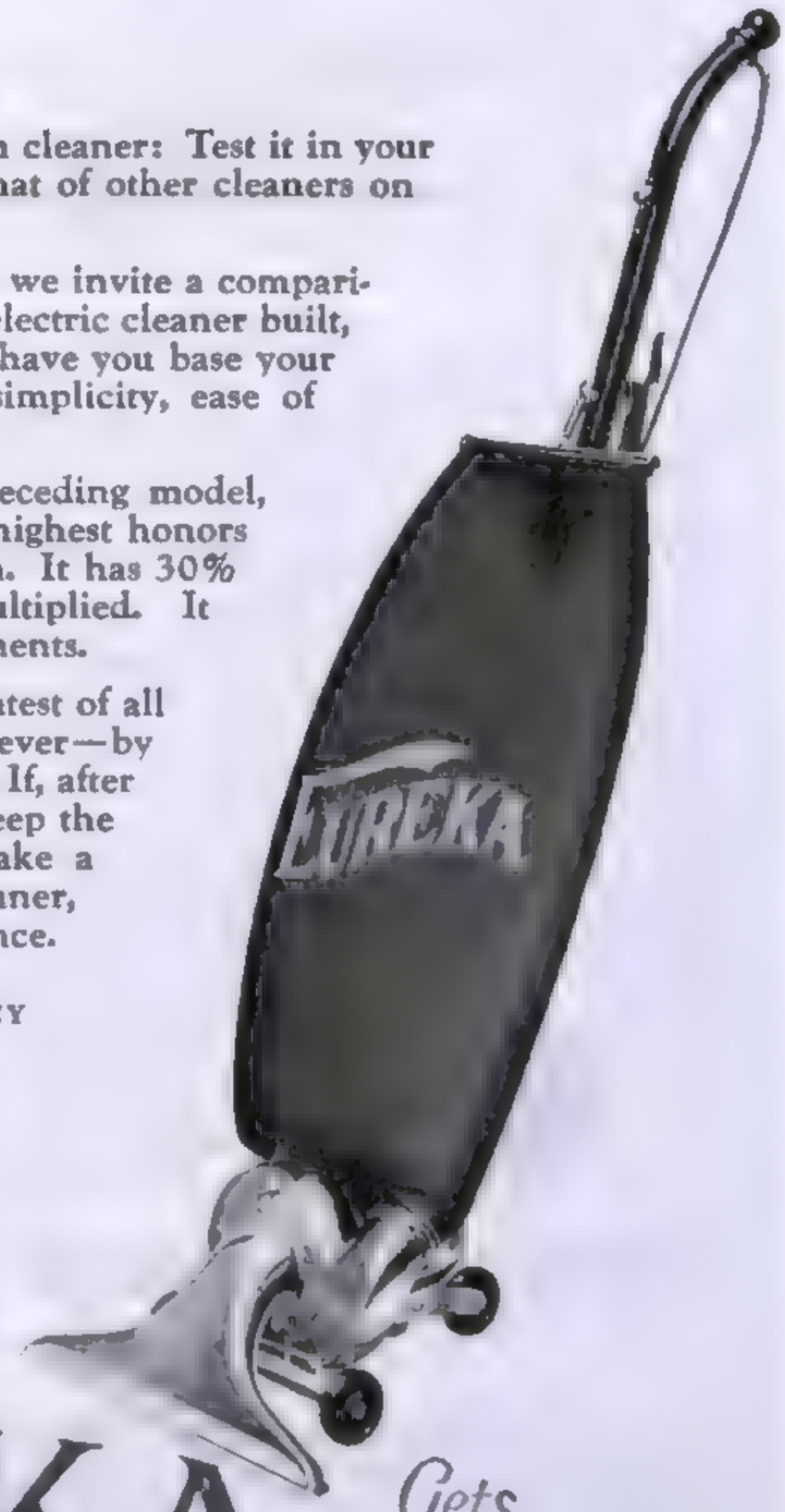

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MAGNETISM

(Continued from Page 7)

him more than a defense against it, and he tried to re-create the steps by which Margaret had arrived at this act of recklessness or despair.

She had served as script girl in various studios and for various directors for ten years; earning first twenty, now a hundred dollars a week. She was lovely-looking and she was intelligent; at any moment in those years she might have asked for a screen test, but some quality of initiative or ambition had been lacking. Not a few times had her opinion made or broken incipient careers. Still she waited at directors' elbows, increasingly aware that the years were slipping away.

That she had picked George as a victim amazed him most of all. Once, during the year before his marriage, there had been a momentary warmth; he had taken her to a Mayfair ball, and he remembered that he had kissed her going home that night in the car. The flirtation trailed along hesitatingly for a week. Before it could develop into anything serious he had gone East and met Kay.

Young Donavan had shown him a carbon of the letters he had signed. They were written on the typewriter that he kept in his bungalow at the studio, and they were carefully and convincingly worded. They purported to be love letters asserting that he was Margaret Donavan's lover, that he wanted to marry her, and that for that reason he was about to arrange a divorce. It was incredible. Someone must have seen him sign them that morning; someone must have heard her say: "Your initials are like Mr. Harris'."

George was tired. He was training for a screen football game to be played next week, with the Southern California varsity as extras, and he was used to regular hours. In the middle of a confused and despairing sequence of thought about Margaret Donavan and Kay, he suddenly yawned. Mechanically he went upstairs, undressed and got into bed.

Just before dawn Kay came to him in the garden. There was a river that flowed past it now, and boats faintly lit with green and yellow lights moved slowly, remotely by. A gentle starlight fell like rain upon the dark, sleeping face of the world, upon the black mysterious bosoms of the trees, the tranquil gleaming water and the farther shore.

The grass was damp, and Kay came to him on hurried feet; her thin slippers were drenched with dew. She stood upon his shoes, nestling close to him, and held up her face as one shows a book open at a page.

"Think how you love me," she whispered. "I don't ask you to love me always like this, but I ask you to remember."

"You'll always be like this to me."

"Oh, no; but promise me you'll remember." Her tears were falling. "I'll be different, but somewhere lost inside of me there'll always be the person I am tonight."

The scene dissolved slowly and George struggled into consciousness. He sat up in bed; it was morning. In the yard outside he heard the nurse instructing his son in the niceties of behavior for two-month-old babies. From the yard next door a small boy shouted mysteriously: "Who let that barrier through on me?"

Still in his pajamas, George went to the phone and called his lawyer. Then he rang for his man, and while he was being shaved a certain order evolved from the chaos of the night before: First, he must deal with Margaret Donavan, second, he must keep the matter from Kay, who in her present state might believe anything; and, third, he must fix things up with Kay. The last seemed the most important of all.

As he finished dressing he heard the phone ring downstairs and, with an instinct of danger, picked up the receiver.

"Hello. . . . Oh, yes." Looking up, he saw that both his doors were closed. "Good morning, Helen. . . . It's all right, Dolores. I'm taking it up here." He waited till he heard the receiver click downstairs. "How are you this morning, Helen?"

"George, I called up about last night. I can't tell you how sorry I am."

"Sorry? Why are you sorry?"

"For treating you like that. I don't know what was in me, George. I didn't sleep all night thinking how terrible I'd been."

A new disorder established itself in George's already littered mind.

"Don't be silly," he said. To his despair he heard his own voice run on: "For a minute I didn't understand, Helen. Then I thought it was better so."

"Oh, George," came her voice after a moment, very low.

Another silence. He began to put in a cuff button.

"I had to call up," she said after a moment. "I couldn't leave things like that."

The cuff button dropped to the floor; he stooped to pick it up, and then said "Helen!" urgently into the mouthpiece to cover the fact that he had momentarily been away.

"What, George?"

At this moment the hall door opened and Kay, radiating a faint distaste, came into the room. She hesitated.

"Are you busy?"

"It's all right." He stared into the mouthpiece for a moment. "Well, good-by," he muttered abruptly and hung up the receiver. He turned to Kay: "Good morning."

"I didn't mean to disturb you," she said distantly.

"You didn't disturb me." He hesitated. "That was Helen Avery."

"It doesn't concern me who it was. I came to ask you if we're going to the Coconut Grove tonight."

"Sit down, Kay?"

"I don't want to talk."

"Sit down a minute," he said impatiently. She sat down. "How long are you going to keep this up?" he demanded.

"I'm not keeping up anything. We're simply through, George, and you know it as well as I do."

"That's absurd," he said. "Why, a week ago ——"

"It doesn't matter. We've been getting nearer to this for months, and now it's over."

"You mean you don't love me?" He was not particularly alarmed. They had been through scenes like this before.

"I don't know. I suppose I'll always love you in a way." Suddenly she began to sob. "Oh, it's all so sad. He's cared for me so long."

George stared at her. Face to face with what was apparently a real emotion, he had no words of any kind. She was not angry, not threatening or pretending, not thinking about him at all, but concerned entirely with her emotions toward another man.

"What is it?" he cried. "Are you trying to tell me you're in love with this man?"

"I don't know," she said helplessly.

He took a step toward her, then went to the bed and lay down on it, staring in misery at the ceiling. After a while a maid knocked to say that Mr. Busch and Mr. Castle, George's lawyer, were below. The fact carried no meaning to him. Kay went into her room and he got up and followed her.

"Let's send word we're out," he said. "We can go away somewhere and talk this over."

"I don't want to go away."

She was already away, growing more mysterious and remote with every minute. The things on her dressing table were the property of a stranger.

He began to speak in a dry, hurried voice: "If you're still thinking about Helen Avery, it's nonsense. I've never given a damn for anybody but you."

(Continued on Page 76)

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(Continued from Page 74)

They went downstairs and into the living room. It was nearly noon—another bright emotionless California day. George saw that Arthur Busch's ugly face in the sunshine was wan and white; he took a step toward George and then stopped, as if he were waiting for something—a challenge, a reproach, a blow.

In a flash the scene that would presently take place ran itself off in George's mind. He saw himself moving through the scene, saw his part, an infinite choice of parts, but in every one of them Kay would be against him and with Arthur Busch. And suddenly he rejected them all.

"I hope you'll excuse me," he said quickly to Mr. Castle. "I called you up because a script girl named Margaret Donavan wants fifty thousand dollars for some letters she claims I wrote her. Of course the whole thing is ——" He broke off. It didn't matter. "I'll come to see you tomorrow." He walked up to Kay and Arthur, so that only they could hear.

"I don't know about you two—what you want to do. But leave me out of it; you haven't any right to inflict any of it on me, for after all it's not my fault. I'm not going to be mixed up in your emotions."

He turned and went out. His car was before the door and he said "Go to Santa Monica" because it was the first name that popped into his head. The car drove off into the everlasting hazeless sunlight.

He rode for three hours, past Santa Monica and then along toward Long Beach by another road. As if it were something he saw out of the corner of his eye and with but a fragment of his attention, he imagined Kay and Arthur Busch progressing through the afternoon. Kay would cry a great deal and the situation would seem harsh and unexpected to them at first, but the tender closing of the day would draw them together. They would turn inevitably toward each other and he would slip more and more into the position of the enemy outside.

Kay had wanted him to get down in the dirt and dust of a scene and scramble for her. Not he: he hated scenes. Once he stooped to compete with Arthur Busch in pulling at Kay's heart, he would never be the same to himself. He would always be a little like Arthur Busch; they would always have that in common, like a shameful secret. There was little of the theater about George; the millions before whose eyes the moods and changes of his face had flickered during ten years had not been deceived about that. From the moment when, as a boy of twenty, his handsome eyes had gazed off into imaginary distance of a Griffith Western, his audience had been really watching the progress of a straightforward, slow-thinking, romantic man through an accidentally glamorous life.

His fault was that he had felt safe too soon. He realized suddenly that the two Fairbankses, in sitting side by side at table, were not keeping up a pose. They were giving hostages to fate. This was perhaps the most bizarre community in the rich, wild, bored empire, and for a marriage to succeed here, you must expect nothing or you must be always together. For a moment his glance had wavered from Kay and he stumbled blindly into disaster.

As he was thinking this and wondering where he would go and what he should do, he passed an apartment house that jolted his memory. It was on the outskirts of town, a pink horror built to represent something, somewhere, so cheaply and sketchily that whatever it copied the architect must have long since forgotten. And suddenly George remembered that he had once called for Margaret Donavan here the night of a Mayfair dance.

"Stop at this apartment!" he called through the speaking tube.

He went in. The negro elevator boy stared open-mouthed at him as they rose in the cage. Margaret Donavan herself opened the door.

When she saw him she shrank away with a little cry. As he entered and closed the door she retreated before him into the front room. George followed.

It was twilight outside and the apartment was dusky and sad. The last light fell softly on the standardized furniture and the great gallery of signed photographs of moving-picture people that covered one wall. Her face was white, and as she stared at him she began nervously wringing her hands.

"What's this nonsense, Margaret?" George said, trying to keep any reproach out of his voice. "Do you need money that bad?"

She shook her head vaguely. Her eyes were still fixed on him with a sort of terror; George looked at the floor.

"I suppose this was your brother's idea. At least I can't believe you'd be so stupid." He looked up, trying to preserve the brusque masterly attitude of one talking to a naughty child, but at the sight of her face every emotion except pity left him. "I'm a little tired. Do you mind if I sit down?"

"No."

"I'm a little confused today," said George after a minute. "People seem to have it in for me today."

"Why, I thought"—her voice became ironic in midsentence—"I thought everybody loved you, George."

"They don't."

"Only me?"

"Yes," he said abstractedly.

"I wish it had been only me. But then, of course, you wouldn't have been you."

Suddenly he realized that she meant what she was saying.

"That's just nonsense."

"At least you're here," Margaret went on. "I suppose I ought to be glad of that. And I am. I most decidedly am. I've often thought of you sitting in that chair, just at this time when it was almost dark. I used to make up little one-act plays about what would happen then. Would you like to hear one of them? I'll have to begin by coming over and sitting on the floor at your feet."

Annoyed and yet spellbound, George kept trying desperately to seize upon a word or mood that would turn the subject.

"I've seen you sitting there so often that you don't look a bit more real than your ghost. Except that your hat has squashed your beautiful hair down on one side and you've got dark circles or dirt under your eyes. You look white, too, George. Probably you were on a party last night."

"I was. And I found your brother waiting for me when I got home."

"He's a good waiter, George. He's just out of St. Quentin prison, where he's been waiting the last six years."

"Then it was his idea?"

"We cooked it up together. I was going to China on my share."

"Why was I the victim?"

"That seemed to make it realer. Once I thought you were going to fall in love with me five years ago."

The bravado suddenly melted out of her voice and it was still light enough to see that her mouth was quivering.

"I've loved you for years," she said—"since the first day you came West and walked into the old Realart Studio. You were so brave about people, George. Whoever it was, you walked right up to them and tore something aside as if it was in your way and began to know them. I tried to make love to you, just like the rest, but it was difficult. You drew people right up close to you and held them there, not able to move either way."

"This is all entirely imaginary," said George, frowning uncomfortably, "and I can't control ——"

"No, I know. You can't control charm It's simply got to be used. You've got to keep your hand in if you have it, and go through life attaching people to you that you don't want. I don't blame you. If you only hadn't kissed me the night of the Mayfair dance. I suppose it was the champagne."

George felt as if a band which had been playing for a long time in the distance had

(Continued on Page 78)

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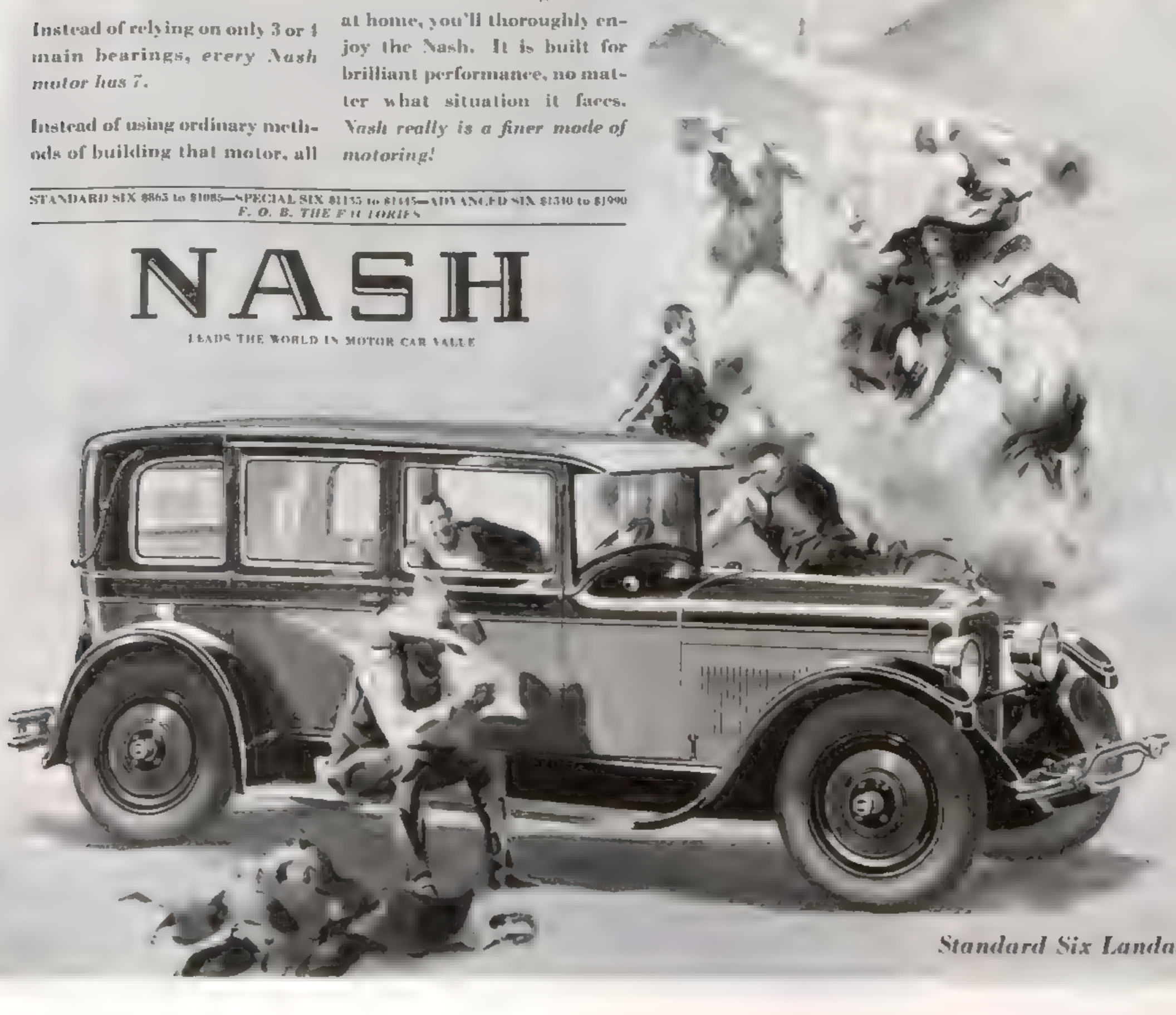

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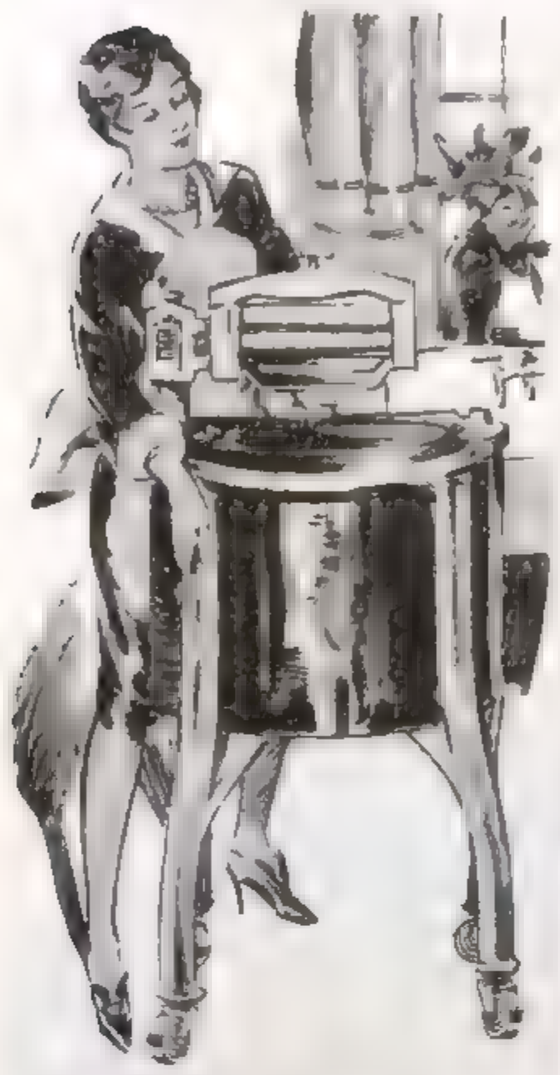

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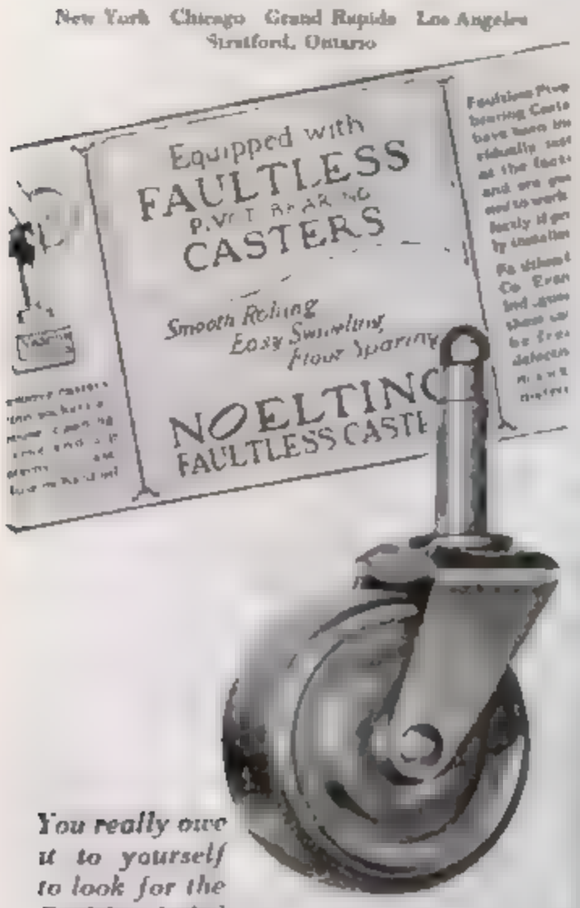

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(Continued from Page 76)

suddenly moved up and taken a station beneath his window. He had always been conscious that things like this were going on around him. Now that he thought of it, he had always been conscious that Margaret loved him, but the faint music of these emotions in his ear had seemed to bear no relation to actual life. They were phantoms that he had conjured up out of nothing; he had never imagined their actual incarnations. At his wish they should die inconsequently away.

"You can't imagine what it's been like," Margaret continued after a minute. "Things you've just said and forgotten, I've put myself asleep night after night remembering—trying to squeeze something more out of them. After that night you took me to the Mayfair other men didn't exist for me any more. And there were others, you know—lots of them. But I'd see you walking along somewhere about the lot, looking at the ground and smiling a little, as if something very amusing had just happened to you, the way you do. And I'd pass you and you'd look up and really smile: 'Hello, darling!' 'Hello, darling' and my heart would turn over. That would happen four times a day."

George stood up and she, too, jumped up quickly.

"Oh, I've bored you," she cried softly. "I might have known I'd bore you. You want to go home. Let's see—is there anything else? Oh, yes; you might as well have those letters."

Taking them out of a desk, she took them to a window and identified them by a rift of lamplight.

"They're really beautiful letters. They'd do you credit. I suppose it was pretty stupid, as you say, but it ought to teach you a lesson about—about signing things, or something." She tore the letters small and threw them in the wastebasket: "Now go on," she said.

"Why must I go now?"

For the third time in twenty-four hours sad and uncontrollable tears confronted him.

"Please go!" she cried angrily—"or stay if you like. I'm yours for the asking. You know it. You can have any woman you want in the world by just raising your hand. Would I amuse you?"

"Margaret ——"

"Oh, go on then." She sat down and turned her face away. "After all, you'll begin to look silly in a minute. You wouldn't like that, would you? So get out."

George stood there helpless, trying to put himself in her place and say something that wouldn't be priggish, but nothing came.

He tried to force down his personal distress, his discomfort, his vague feeling of scorn, ignorant of the fact that she was watching him and understanding it all and loving the struggle in his face. Suddenly his own nerves gave way under the strain of the past twenty-four hours and he felt his eyes grow dim and his throat tighten. He shook his head helplessly. Then he turned away—still not knowing that she was watching him and loving him until she thought her heart would burst with it—and went out to the door.

IV

THE car stopped before his house, dark save for small lights in the nursery and the lower hall. He heard the telephone ringing, but when he answered it, inside, there was no one on the line. For a few minutes he wandered about in the darkness, moving from chair to chair and going to the window to stare out into the apposite emptiness of the night.

It was strange to be alone, to feel alone. In his overwrought condition the fact was not unpleasant. As the trouble of last night had made Helen Avery infinitely remote, so his talk with Margaret had acted as a katharsis to his own personal misery. It would swing back upon him presently, he knew, but for a moment his mind was too tired to remember, to imagine or to care.

Half an hour passed. He saw Dolores issue from the kitchen, take the paper from the front steps and carry it back to the kitchen for a preliminary inspection. With a vague idea of packing his grip, he went upstairs. He opened the door of Kay's room and found her lying down.

For a moment he didn't speak, but moved around the bathroom between. Then he went into her room and switched on the lights.

"What's the matter?" he asked casually. "Aren't you feeling well?"

"I've been trying to get some sleep," she said. "George, do you think that girl's gone crazy?"

"What girl?"

"Margaret Donavan. I've never heard of anything so terrible in my life."

For a moment he thought that there had been some new development.

"Fifty thousand dollars!" she cried indignantly. "Why, I wouldn't give it to her even if it was true. She ought to be sent to jail!"

"Oh, it's not so terrible as that," he said "She has a brother who's a pretty bad egg and it was his idea."

"She's capable of anything," Kay said solemnly. "And you're just a fool if you don't see it. I've never liked her. She has dirty hair."

"Well, what of it?" he demanded impatiently, and added: "Where's Arthur Busch?"

"He went home right after lunch. Or rather I sent him home."

"You decided you were not in love with him?"

She looked up almost in surprise. "In love with him? Oh, you mean this morning. I was just mad at you; you ought to have known that. I was a little sorry for him last night, but I guess it was the highballs."

"Well, what did you mean when you ——" He broke off. Wherever he turned he found a muddle, and he resolutely determined not to think.

"My heavens!" exclaimed Kay. "Fifty thousand dollars!"

"Oh, drop it. She tore up the letters—she wrote them herself—and everything's all right."

"George."

"Yes."

"Of course Douglas will fire her right away."

"Of course he won't. He won't know anything about it."

"You mean to say you're not going to let her go? After this?"

He jumped up. "Do you suppose she thought that?" he cried.

"Thought what?"

"That I'd have them let her go?"

"You certainly ought to."

He looked hastily through the phone book for her name.

"Oxford ——" he called.

After an unusually long time the switchboard operator answered: "Bourbon Apartments."

"Miss Margaret Donavan, please."

"Why ——" The operator's voice broke off. "If you'll just wait a minute, please." He held the line; the minute passed, then another. Then the operator's voice: "I couldn't talk to you then. Miss Donavan has had an accident. She's shot herself. When you called they were taking her through the lobby to St. Catherine's Hospital."

"Is she—is it serious?" George demanded frantically.

"They thought so at first, but now they think she'll be all right. They're going to probe for the bullet."

"Thank you."

He got up and turned to Kay.

"She's tried to kill herself," he said in a strained voice. "I'll have to go around to the hospital. I was pretty clumsy this afternoon and I think I'm partly responsible for this."

"George," said Kay suddenly.

"What?"

"Don't you think it's sort of unwise to get mixed up in this? People might say ——"

"I don't give a damn what they say," he answered roughly.

He went to his room and automatically began to prepare for going out. Catching sight of his face in the mirror, he closed his eyes with a sudden exclamation of distaste, and abandoned the intention of brushing his hair.

"George," Kay called from the next room, "I love you."

"I love you too."

"Jules Rennard called up. Something about barracuda fishing. Don't you think it would be fun to get up a party? Men and girls both."

"Somehow the idea doesn't appeal to me. The whole idea of barracuda fishing ——"

The phone rang below and he started. Dolores was answering it.

It was a lady who had already called twice today.

"Is Mr. Hannaford in?"

"No," said Dolores promptly. She stuck out her tongue and hung up the phone just as George Hannaford came downstairs. She helped him into his coat, standing as close as she could to him, opened the door and followed a little way out on the porch.

"Meester Hannaford," she said suddenly, "that Miss Avery she call up five-six times today. I tell her you out and say nothing to missus."

"What?" He stared at her, wondering how much she knew about his affairs.

"She call up just now and I say you out."

"All right," he said absently.

"Meester Hannaford."

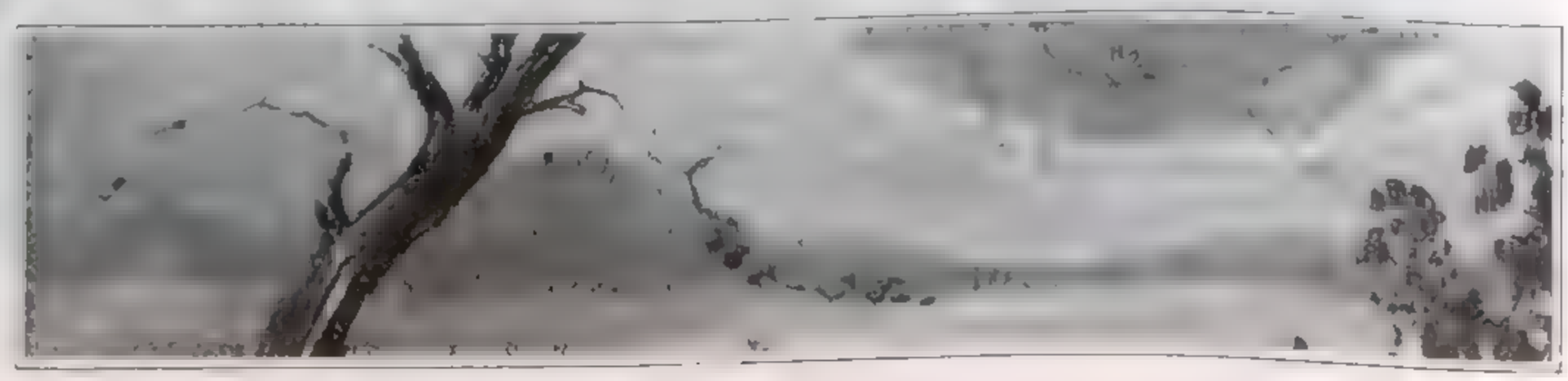
"Yes, Dolores."

"I deedn't hurt myself thees morning when I fell off the porch."

"That's fine. Good night, Dolores."

"Good night, Meester Hannaford."

George smiled at her, faintly, fleetingly, tearing a veil from between them, unconsciously promising her a possible admission to the thousand delights and wonders that only he knew and could command. Then he went to his waiting car and Dolores, sitting down on the stoop, rubbed her hands together in a gesture that might have expressed either ecstasy or strangulation, and watched the rising of the thin, pale California moon



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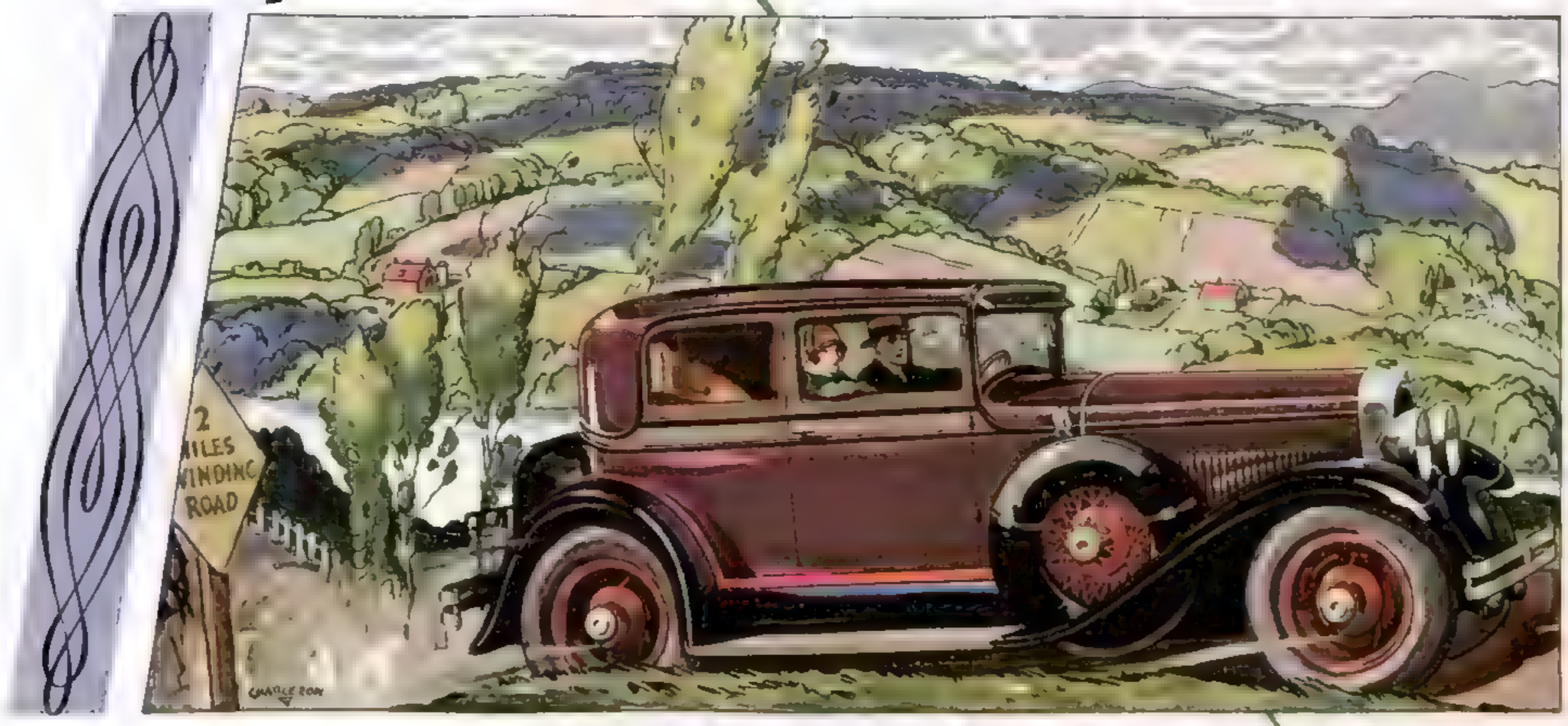

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68
MARMON
78

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Brakes—Latest development in four-wheel mechanical type.

THE WHEELBARROW

(Continued from Page 26)

She laughed then and said, "Yonne gave herself away. Was she laughing or crying?"

"Worse," Amory said; "wondering—worrying—and about her brother. Besides, I'd sailed a thousand miles to see her."

"Well," Sabine said reflectively, "it's too bad that your own mouth has been sealed with kisses, as otherwise between us we might clear up this mess. If I could have your dope added to what I've got, I could make a close guess at just what's happened. Is your promise to Jenny so inviolate?"

"You saw how I kept mine to you."

"Yes; chivalry has its drawbacks. Maine girls know what their lips are for. Jenny has had advantages and has learned what they're worth. But I don't quite see why she's binding you to secrecy about Paul when she must know of your *entente cordiale* with Yonne." Sabine broke off and gripped his forearm. "Surely you didn't tell her that Sol Whittemore had been gunning for you?"

"I sure did, and for the very best of reasons."

"What, for mercy sake?"

"So that she'd take measures to have it stopped—make him observe the closed season for hunting visiting yachtsmen."

"What could she do with a man like that?"

"A whole lot. Tell him, for instance, that she was not the young female party he might have seen me mopping up the brook with, then wringing her out on the top of the bank."

"Gosh!" Sabine's yellow eyes glared at him through the deepening gloom. They were skirting the shore closely, guided by its black rampart of woods. "I never thought of that. You have more sense than I gave you credit for."

"You flatter me. It wasn't so hard when I learned that you'd borrowed her canoe and a rough camp rig for your forest running and reconnoitering."

"The wonder is," Sabine said, "that Sol didn't let daylight through you then and there."

"Even old Leatherstocking could scarcely have managed that without letting daylight through us both," Amory said. "It may have struck him also that my tactics were less offensive than defensive. The intelligent observer would have said that I was a strayed, bewildered stranger trying to protect myself from the attack of a wild woman and he would have been right."

"Well, there's something in that," Sabine admitted. "But the final victory was enough to have got you shot."

"Perhaps he failed to see the nature of that. More likely, though, he didn't want his presumable stepdaughter to be a witness to the murder. There's a fatal patience about such men."

Sabine shook her head. "It's hard to believe of Sol. He's not that sort. He's grim and taciturn and a law unto himself perhaps, but foursquare. I can't imagine him ambushing anybody."

Amory said impatiently: "I don't see why you three girls—or at least you and Yonne—should get such a wrong slant on that old pterodactyl. If ever a human gave the impression of a flying reptile, then Sol's that perfect type."

Sabine shook her head. "You've got him all wrong. But then you're not so well acquainted with the bleak early pioneer type."

"I am though. I spent three college vacations in the Great North Woods. I mixed in with lumberjacks and trappers. I knew all sorts. But never in that time did I run up against a man who made you feel like reaching for your gun with one hand and your money belt with the other, as does this same cormorant you people seem to insist is the foursquare old-timer with the bark on."

The black wall that had served as a guide for the boat's course along the shore suddenly melted into the gloom. Amory had just glanced at it in an effort to gauge its distance, and now, as he looked again, it had dissolved to leave a dark and empty void.

"The land's dropped away," he said. "This must be the little bay where you left your canoe."

"Yes. Shift west a point and we'll pick up the shore opposite. Listen!"

Through the staccato firing of the outboard engine another sound was audible. Close aboard on the side of the little bight, they heard the slower but heavier exhaust of a powerful four-cycle engine. Amory recognized it instantly, having heard it the morning of that day under circumstances to impress its robust beat upon his mind. The motor was of that sort that sounds as if it were about to stop, so that the next bark comes as a surprise. But this, he knew, had not prevented the long black half-decked dory from making a deceptive speed. Amory had noticed this when, after paying Sol's exorbitant price for the lobsters, his blackmailer had started the engine and pounded off toward the little fishing port.

The ominous sound now gave him a most unpleasant shock. To determine more exactly its distance and the direction taken by the boat, he switched off the current and let the dinghy drift.

"Why that?" Sabine asked sharply.

"There's your grand Old Man of the Sea. And unless I've still got him wrong, as you seem to think, he's heard this sampan and recognized it, and is acting on the impulse to head me off and finish what he started this morning."

"Bunk! I tell you Sol's no bloody pirate. If he did watch us this morning in the woods—which is possible enough—and take me for Jenny, the worst he'd do would be to warn you to lay off."

Suddenly the slow, hesitating beat of the lobster boat ceased. Its last report had sounded very close to Amory—not more than two hundred yards inshore of them, if that.

"He's trying to locate us," Amory whispered to Sabine. "He thinks I've left you girls and am on my way back."

The sinister silence persisted. It seemed to oppress Sabine, for she whispered, "That's not Sol. It's somebody else. We've butted into something. Start the engine and go back."

Instead of complying, Amory laid his finger on his lips. The dinghy was merely a cedar lapstreak open boat of the usual yacht type, with oars and rowlocks, and fitted with an outboard motor. Amory drew out the oars from under the thwarts, shipped the oarlocks and started to row as silently as possible. But one of the oarlocks gave a whine.

Instantly there came a detonation from the black solid gloom on the starboard side, a splintering noise between Sabine and Amory as a bullet tore through the little craft. It was low—near the water line—and it missed Amory's feet by a few inches, to splinter a frame and tear a jagged hole in the bilge on the opposite side of the boat. Amory felt the icy gush across his ankles. He reached down, located the hole, and pulling off his yachting cap, stuffed it into it, to some extent plugging the leak.

The heavy engine of the other boat started suddenly again. Sabine and Amory could hear the ripple of its passage through the water and caught the faintest opacity of its big bulk as it glided close astern of them. They crouched lower, and as their background more closely approached the dinghy's shade, which was neither light nor dark, and, unlike the lobster boat, which was black, made no splotch to be distinguished, they were not discovered.

As the long craft was swallowed in the murk, questing slowly in search of them, Amory took advantage of its engine noise to pull vigorously in toward the shore. Then, as the engine stopped suddenly again, Amory stopped rowing. They floated silently, tense and listening.

A plank rattled under the tread of the man in the lobster boat, possibly from his mounting onto the half deck in an effort to penetrate the murk. Amory picked up a stretcher from the boat's bottom under him—the oak crosspiece to brace the rower's feet. He had determined the direction of the lobster boat from the faint noise of the loose bottom plank, and he guessed its distance to be not more than fifty or possibly a hundred yards.

As silently as he could manage, he threw the stretcher back in the direction of the lobster pound—or at least what he guessed to be that direction—the one from which he had rowed when turning the dinghy to head the other way.

There was a splash, when almost instantly there came two heavy reports. Then the engine started again and the boat moved presumably in the direction of the splash. Amory availed himself of the noise to take a few more vigorous strokes in what he hoped to be the direction of the shore, but at any rate was one to widen the distance between them. The water was rising in the bottom of the dinghy, as he could tell by the chill on his ankles. He slipped off his serge coat and packed a sleeve into the jagged hole until it jammed tight. In doing this he was able to determine that the large-caliber bullet had struck squarely on one of the oak frames, or ribs, smashing out under the water to make not only a hole but a jagged tear.

Again the heavy engine stopped. But by this time the distance between the two boats was considerably increased. As he dared not row for fear of the betraying creak of the oarlock, Amory softly shipped one oar, and rising to his feet, began to paddle with the other. He could hear now the faint washing of water along the shore some distance ahead, and this, he hoped, would blend with any slight gurgle made by his oar.

He believed that they had made good their close escape, when suddenly the engine of the other boat started again. Evidently Sol's crafty mind had guessed at the ruse, for now the rippling sound under his boat's bow was bearing down directly on them. Nearer it came, threatening not only discovery but actually to run them down. They crouched lower and waited. By this time what was left of the daylight had been quenched utterly in darkness and in fog.

As the hoarse coughing grew closer and closer, Amory regretted having thrown the stretcher. The other boat seemed bound to crash into them, and when this happened there might be a desperate chance for scrambling aboard her, for she was moving slowly, and grappling with Sol before he could fire. It was plain enough that Sol must believe himself in a desperate position, convinced that Amory's testimony would be enough to convict him of murder.

Then, almost upon them, as it sounded, the approaching boat seemed to swerve. She slipped past them in the murk, so closely that the reek of her exhaust was strong.

Fortunately she was gliding very slowly, with the engine turning only enough to keep it from stopping, so that her passage did not cause swell enough to rock the dinghy and betray her close position by the swash of water in her bottom.

Amory held his breath during this transit of destruction, and so did Sabine. The lobster boat appeared to be describing a circle round them in its sinister questing, and as its arc increased, Amory picked up his oars, and regardless of the sound of rowing, pulled with every ounce in him. There was no danger of being heard while the motor of the other boat was turning at all. Aside from the exhaust, the clink and clatter of the engine parts would drown minor sounds.

But he must be alert to suspend his efforts the instant Sol's engine stopped.

It did not stop. Sol, evidently deciding that his best chance of stumbling on his quarry lay more in weaving about than in stopping to listen, kept his boat in motion. Then presently, as Amory pulled away, he heard the wash of water close under the bow. He stopped rowing. The dinghy, now water-logged, nearly half filled, surged sluggishly ahead, then grounded on a rock.

Amory sounded with an oar, and finding about two feet of water, stepped over the side. As he did so he heard the lobster boat rippling toward them.

Sabine did not wait for Amory to haul the boat into shoaler water. She splashed out beside him, and as she did so, or perhaps as she got ready to do so, the engine of their pursuer stopped again. The splash had betrayed their location to Sol's acute ears.

He must in fact have been listening for it, weapon in hand, finger on the trigger, for, as they scrambled through the shallow water, two more shots rang out and the bullets smacked against the rocks close beside them. Sol evidently was an adept in the art of shooting by sound.

But the tide was going by this time and his long heavy boat was close in, carried by her considerable momentum. She grounded a few yards astern of them, and as they stumbled and scrambled over the rockweed, then pawed their way to the low ledge at the top of which the woods began, they heard a splash, followed by a floundering and what sounded like a curse. It was not hard to guess that Sol had located them again and was making a desperate effort to follow on so closely that the inevitable noise of their stumbling through the woods must betray them.

But here Amory's better equipment saved them. The torch which he had taken on leaving the Griselda was where it belonged—in his pocket. Now, as they scrambled up the ledge and plunged into the cover of the sheltering trees and undergrowth, he flashed it ahead so that their line of retreat was brightly shown. With this aid they were able to gain a considerable lead before their pursuer had clambered up from the shore. Sol, unprovided with any such means of avoiding obstacles, was able no doubt to distinguish the flitting will-o'-the-wisp ahead. But it was too far away to be a target or to help his own progress, and the distance between them was rapidly increasing.

Amory and Sabine scurried on through the underbrush for another furlong, then paused to listen and to get breath.

"All clear," Amory panted. "Without a light, he's got no chance."

"No," Sabine agreed, "but for a little while it was close. Out there on the water it looked as if we had about as good a show as a frog in a pickerel pond."

"What about good old honest Sol Whittemore now?" Amory asked.

"You win," Sabine admitted. "What price feminine intuition about the solid worth of a rugged frontier type? Jenny has been holding out on us about her strong, silent, grim-visaged stepfather with his heart of golden oak."

"Jenny was onto his inner spiritual nature," Amory said. "That's why she blubbed when I told her that I'd found him out. Can you imagine such a bloodthirsty old pike?"

They listened for a moment; then, although they could hear no sound of pursuit, pushed on rapidly, to come out presently on the trail that led down to Tide Mill Cove.

"Where do we go from here?" Amory asked. "To the Deforests'?"

"No. He will count on our making for there," Sabine said. "We've got to think this out a little. Let's shove on into the woods and talk it over. Don't flash your

(Continued on Page 85)

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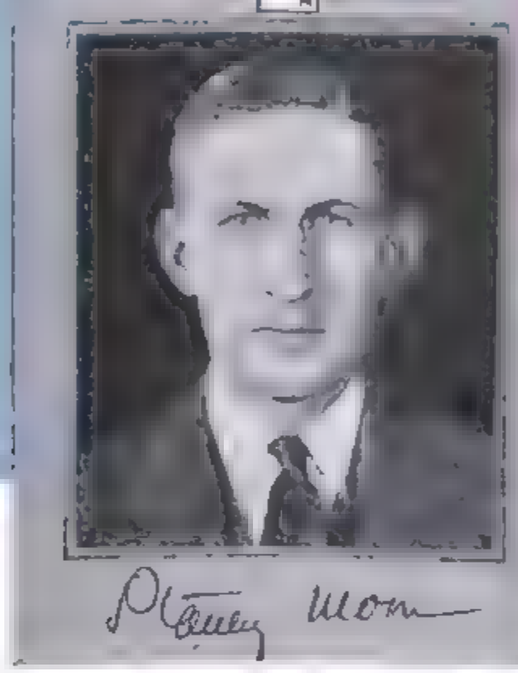

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(Continued from Page 80)

light. Other night birds may not be so far away."

The same idea had occurred to Amory. They crossed the trail, groped their way into the woods beyond for about two hundred yards, then stopped, sinking down on the thick carpet of pine needles to rest.

Amory said thoughtfully, "Yonne seemed in a hurry to get rid of us when she heard that whistle."

"Yes," Sabine agreed. "She knew darn well it wasn't her father and the two older boys."

"It looks," Amory said, "as if she had good reason to suppose that her brother Paul was mixed up in a mighty ugly business."

There came a rustle from Sabine, close beside him. Amory could not see her, but he sensed that she had dropped her face in her hands.

Then her voice, strained and muffled, said "I wonder if they've killed Howard."

Amory did not answer. In view of what Sabine had told him about her stepbrother, the idea suggested itself that Howard Phelps, engaged on a little independent venture of his own and regarded by his mistaken mind as in the nature of a sporting one, might very likely have clashed with a crew professionally engaged in the same unlawful traffic and have been snuffed out, either because he had witnessed the slaying of a Coast Guard officer or for some other reason.

Presently Amory said, "Sol must be pretty desperate to have banged away at us out there with his old cannon from a noisy tub of a lobster boat that any local person within half a mile could identify by the sound of the exhaust."

"That's true," Sabine agreed. "I don't know any other boat in these waters that makes that same unmuffled hang-fire banging as she goes along."

"They must have heard both his boat and his gun at the lobster pound," Amory said. "That Coast Guard boat must still be there. Wonder they didn't come to investigate."

"Perhaps they did," Sabine said, "but not in time."

"Well, what about our next move?" Amory asked. "We can't sit here in the woods all night. If we make for the lobster pound or for the Deforests', we risk getting bushwhacked by Sol; and besides, we don't want to incriminate Yonne's erring brother, if we can help it."

"We might slip back and patch up your boat enough to row across the bay," Sabine suggested.

"There again Sol's Indian stealth is apt to be one think ahead of us," Amory objected. "Brutes like that have a sort of vulpine cunning, or clairvoyance, or something. We know now that he'd stop at nothing to do us in."

"What if we hike across the neck for Cliffport?" Sabine suggested

"We can't grope through this scrub without the torch," Amory again objected, "and to use it would be to ask for our halos, if he's prowling somewhere round, which is more than likely. All he'd have to do would be to head us off."

"A plain case of 'Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed,'" Sabine observed.

"There are several drawbacks to this jam we're in," Amory said, "and one of them is that I haven't more than a gold-handled penknife on the end of my watch chain with which to bite back. Another is that if we skulk here in the woods until daylight, that would not help. Be a worse bet than this Stygian black, perhaps."

"Yes," Sabine said, "that's another guess that Sol may match. For all we know, he may be matching it right now, and not so very far away."

As if to verify this surmise, there came, at the conclusion of her whispered words, the sharp crack of a dry breaking pine branch. In the absolute silence that brooded over the blackness of the woods, this betraying noise sounded ominously close—in the direction of the trail. It seemed, in fact, so near to where they crouched that Amory feared that their low half-muttered whispered conversation must have reached the ears of the murderous prowler who had been tracking them blindly, but with that combination of ferocious animal cunning and prevoyance he had just mentioned.

The crisp hair at the nape of Amory's neck stirred with the reflex to be found in all living creatures, including birds and fish and reptiles and many insects—even certain plants possess it. If Sol were, indeed, as close as that warning sound appeared to indicate, then certainly he must have located their position. Also, as the growth at this spot appeared to be more open and freer of underbrush, composed chiefly of white pines, Amory felt that the use of his torch, even for a dash to thicker cover, might be fatal.

On the other hand, they could not take three steps in the pitchy dark without risk of colliding with a tree trunk or danger of stabbing out an eye on one of the spiky broken lower branches of the small pines and firs. Even a clear starlit night without a moon would have made progress through that dense growth slow and hazardous, but now the sea fog infiltrated it. Scientists may tell us that there is no such thing as absolute darkness—that even in a tomb of the Ptolemys within a pyramid there is still some radioactivity in the very stones, and that such nocturnal roamers as bats and the fish of caves bear out this theory. But so far as availed the human eye, there was here no guiding light at all.

They listened with a breathless intensity that made the pounding of their hearts an uproar. There were such sounds as might be expected—tiny rustlings and whisperings, the soft slow pit-pat of the dripping fog as, condensed on the branches overhead, its drops plashed softly to those beneath, or swished in the finest of perceptible hissing into the needled plumes.

More remotely came sounds of the wash along the distant shore that were modulated to a breath pulsation. Undertoning this continuous sigh, which was scarcely a murmur, there sounded at intervals the low hoarse moan of an automatic foghorn on an outlying island.

But the supersaturated air quenched all vibrations that at most times must have been audible—the horns of motor cars or barking dogs or other evidences of human habitation and activities. So far as concerned any of these, Amory and Sabine might have been on a desert island, and with a murderous human enemy cunningly sniffing for them that he might snuff them out.

The oppression of this malignant presence bore down on them with a sort of numbing weight. The very burden of it made the effort at action a prostration before it could be started. It weighed down initiative at escape like a clogging nightmare where the members of motion seem to drag bemired. Amory fought against a paralysis like that of a cowering hare hopelessly awaiting the feral pounce

With a sudden rallying of will power, Amory broke his way through this. He groped out for Sabine, clutched her arm, then whispered:

"Bolt for it when I flash my light! Dive into the woods! If he gets me, grab up the torch and keep on going!"

XI

BOTH were on their feet, tense and ready to follow the guiding light Amory pressed the button of his torch. As the dazzling ray searched out the narrow arcades ahead, Sabine selected the most open and sped into it like a woman of the tribe whence she had her name, hiding from Romulus' raiders in a grove that flanked the slopes of the Central Apennines. Amory followed, covering her retreat as best he could, flicking the light in consecutive intermissions to baffle the direction of Sol's aim and to send wild his bullet. The glare revealed the woods very open here. They had groped their way from the trail without illumination.

But no shot was fired, nor could Amory hear any sound of pursuit. Sol might have run out of ammunition, be slipping after them silently to finish with his bare hands what he had hitherto attempted with a weapon. Amory flashed his light behind him. There was nothing to be seen but the mist-enveloped tree trunks and their low, dense branches, on which the beam of light glared wetly, with the effect of fresh-painted stage scenery.

Nevertheless they sped on. Every yard gained was of precious value in leaving a wake in this thick sea of young forest that would be more impenetrable to a pursuer as the blackness deepened in the space between. Amory possessed a strong natural gift of orientation and his experience in the woods had developed this, so that he hoped to keep a fairly straight course through this maze of trees. The pines gave way to beeches and maples, and the undergrowth grew thicker. Aided by the glare ahead, they plunged through it, came presently to another patch of conifers, beyond which the ground seemed to drop away. Even in the baffling glare Amory recognized the scene of his final struggle that morning with Sabine.

"Hold on," he said. "Here's a known point from which to take departure."

Sabine halted and glanced round. "That's so—where we got acquainted this morning."

"In the style of 10,000 B.C.," Amory observed—"except that you were the one to press the event. I was the bashful savage."

"I wish now you had managed to escape. It would have saved this hare-and-hound stuff."

"If the man with the wheelbarrow was Howard Phelps," Amory said, "I think he is safe enough."

"Why?"

"Because I'd have heard a shot. The woods were still. Sol was back in his boat when I got down to the shore."

Sabine said slowly, "I heard a shot about five minutes before I came on you."

"Oh, did you? Well, I watched Howard wheel his load into the woods not five minutes before I found the watch in the brook. Somebody might have fired at him just before that, and then again——"

"What?" Sabine asked

"——he might have fired at somebody," Amory said, then added slowly: "And got him too."

He had snapped off the light when they stopped, and both of them had dropped down to rest on the fragrant carpet that had that morning served as a wrestling mat.

Sabine was silent for a moment, then said slowly:

"At last you've got round to what has been worrying me sick."

"Yes," Amory said, "and to the actual reason why you were so determined to delay me and get possession of the wrist watch at any cost, when you took me for a C. G. officer. I thought you were trying to save Paul Deforest from getting nabbed with a load of rum. But now it looks as if you were trying to save your stepbrother from getting nabbed with a load of something else."

'Amory, what do you mean?'" Amory knew that she had got his meaning perfectly and that her dread came from his worded statement of the foreboding by which she had been possessed.

"What," he asked, "do you really think was in that wheelbarrow?"

XII

SABINE did not answer immediately. The black and dripping silence hung on them even heavier than at their last pause.

Amory no longer felt much fear of Sol's stealthy attack Their last flight had carried them about half a mile—most of which distance had been through second growth, with underbrush so dense that even a trained woodsman, without a light, could not possibly have followed any definite course, even if he had known their destination. Sol was pretty sure to give up the chase for that night, Amory thought.

Sabine said presently, in a low voice that was also strained, filled with dread:

"You're right. I couldn't see why Howard should be wheeling a load of booze into the woods."

"Did you see him?" Amory asked.

"No. I had agreed to meet him in the cove back there at nine o'clock this morning."

"With the canoe?"

"Yes."

"Then you were a party to it? You knew what he was up to?"

"Yes. Just a lark. Sort of a reaction from the dullness of that cold-storage colony over there. Howard and a chum went after it in Howard's speed launch—only a couple of cases. They wanted it to liven up the clambake. I drove my car around to Jenny's and borrowed a suit of her camp clothes and her canoe—told her I was fed up with the Chimney Corner and wanted to poke round by myself. I'd done that before. As I was shoving off I saw Howard's speed boat leave the cove and scoot across the bay. Howard's chum was alone in it. They were ahead of time. Then, when I'd gone about a quarter of a mile, that C. G. boat ran in to the lobster pound and two officers landed. I hurried on to warn Howard, but when I landed he wasn't there. I went into the woods to look for him, and I'd gone only a couple of hundred yards when I heard the shot."

"Was that all?" Amory asked.

"Yes—just that single shot. It wasn't very loud, and not far ahead of me. I pushed on quietly and saw you standing on the stone in the middle of the brook examining the wrist watch."

"Then you didn't know about the man with the wheelbarrow?" Amory asked.

"Not until you told me about having seen him."

"But that was after our scrimmage. Why should you have suspected that Howard might have something besides booze in the wheelbarrow?"

"Because I'd heard that shot and two men had landed from the C. G. boat I took you for the officer. I thought to myself: 'What if they separated to scout through the woods and the man came on Howard and tried to grab him, and Howard had lost his head?'"

"Is that likely?" Amory asked.

"You can't always tell. He drinks too much, and then almost anything might happen. I guess I lost my head too. But I felt that I must get that watch at any price"

"Well," said Amory, "you certainly made a perfectly sincere effort. Let's hope it isn't as bad as you think."

"It looks more and more that way," Sabine moaned "A C. G. officer is absent and unaccounted for, and so is Howard. Why should he have been wheeling a load into the woods? You said he looked furtive as if followed."

"Where could he have got the wheelbarrow?" Amory asked

"On the side of the road. One of Sol's hands had been cutting torch stakes to repair the top of the pound, and wheeling them back"

Amory reflected for a moment He remembered that after leaving Sabine he had gone straight back across the wooded promontory to the other shore, where he had been surprised by Sol in the lobster boat But Sol, while setting him aboard the yacht, had mentioned the fact that a Coast Guard officer was missing How, Amory asked himself, could Sol have got this report so soon? Even if the other C G officer had heard the shot and suspected foul play, then returned to the lobster pound and telephoned an alarm, Sol could scarcely have heard it and got down the shore to where Amory had encountered him.

It looked very black—as if a body had been wheeled over to the shore and Sol had been signaled to take it in charge and to dispose of it, properly ballasted, out in the deep water. Sol might have been offshore

(Continued on Page 88)

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LYS-KNIGHT *Standard Six*

(Continued from Page 85)

a little distance, and the man with the wheelbarrow, on making his signal understood, must have gone back into the woods. Then Amory's appearance just after Sol had taken the body aboard his boat and was about to put off had of course roused Sol's suspicion. Amory's scratched and tattered condition told plainly of a hard tussle. Sol would have suspected naturally that Amory was aware of much if not all of what had happened—even that the body of a murdered man might be under the tarpaulin of the lobster boat.

This would account for what had subsequently happened, and for Sol's determination to make away with Amory. The only wonder was that Sol had not done so immediately on taking him aboard the boat, risking a possible witness. Briefly, Amory now returned to his first theory about the whole case, but with Howard Phelps in the place of Paul Deforest.

It was better, he decided instantly, to say nothing of all this to Sabine at the moment. In fact, the chances were that she had thought it all out for herself. While in error as to her identity, taking her for Jenny when she came alongside the yacht in her canoe off the Reading Room, Amory had described his experience with her presumable stepfather, Sol Whittemore. Sabine therefore needed only to piece out the knowledge already in her possession.

To determine a little better her state of heart, Amory now asked bluntly, "Are you in love with Howard Phelps, Sabine?"

"Wha-at?" Amory could not see her face in the dark, but the startled tone expressed an astonishment that was unmistakable.

"Well, why not? What's to prevent? There's no blood relationship between you."

"What of it?" Sabine demanded. "He's my stepbrother. We have been like a real brother and sister since we were kids. Of course I love Howard, but not that way."

"Well, then, how about his end of it?" Amory persisted. "Is he in love with you?"

Sabine gave a short laugh. "Of course not. Such a thing could never enter his head. Besides, he likes Yonne."

"Oh, so that's it. And what about Paul Deforest?"

"Paul," said Sabine, "is mad about Jenny. He has been that way for a long time."

"And she?"

"Jenny's fond of Paul, but her middle name is Ambition. Last summer her maiden fancy focused on Howard. He didn't complain." Sabine's voice was dry.

"Keeps the little flame alive?"

"Well, Howard admires her a lot, and if it weren't for Yonne, I'd say that Jenny might be a good bet for my stepsister-in-law. Perhaps she is anyhow. Yonne will never marry Howard. She's lofty in the forehead, and Howard's thatch starts growing about an inch above his thick eyebrows. Dressed in skins he'd look like something out of a black hole in the rocks. Sometimes he acts that way too."

"That description doesn't check precisely with the glimpse of him I got this morning," Amory said.

"Oh, he's not so very husky—lean and tough and wiry."

"Black hair, you say?"

"No—only his eyebrows. His hair is the darkest shade of chestnut. Good-looking old thing, if you like troglodytes. Oh, dear Amory, you think he's in bad and deep, don't you now?"

"It doesn't look so good," Amory admitted.

Sabine suddenly began to sob, not silently and meltingly like Jenny, but with the husky chokings of a small boy who habitually disdains the manifestation of grief, but is overcome on bending over the body of a beloved canine companion crushed beneath a car. She appeared to be, as far as Amory could determine in the dark, sitting bolt upright, arms down at her sides—as he could hear her fingers crunching the pine sward—the sorrow-stricken sounds coming from her deep bosom. Despite these spasmodic laborings, she was still able to talk coherently enough, and did so between her sobs:

"If it's what we think, it will kill his father. Silly old dear—one slight stroke last winter—guzzling bootleg off his coffin—tickled as a bad boy to beat Mr. Volstead and Mrs. Wilmerding—waiting now to find something special in his locker—never forgive himself for not reading the act to Howard instead of winking at it and him. Old frauds, he and Colonel O'Sullivan. . . . Oh, dear! Oh, dear!"

"Come now," Amory comforted. "Maybe we're all off—just as I was about you and Jenny."

"No, that was natural. You're keen, Amory." The deep-toned sobs welled up at punctuated intervals. "You got onto Sol. Who'd ever have believed it of—that strong silent old bluff even if all his neighbors hate him—like they do the pine-rust blight."

"Why?"

"Oh, he's no such benefactor—as you might think—to hear Jenny—local mortgage shark and plate passer—sanctimonious old skate—always growling about rum running—that all bootleggers ought to be staked out on the mudflats at low tide—the Indian way—and all their patrons drowned in hooch—and now pulling off one murder—and doing his darndest to scrag us. Blast his old bones anyhow!" and the sobs won in their courageous struggle with speech, and Sabine pitched across Amory's knees, weeping bitterly and none too silently.

Amory patted her between the shoulders, found this ineffectual, and then, yielding to that impulse that was in danger of becoming a habit, stooped down and whispered in her ear, his lips brushing it:

"Nobody knows but us—and we can keep our mouths shut, or lie like gentlemen and golfers—perjure ourselves to the Plimsoll mark, if need be."

Sabine's sobs checked abruptly. "Would you do that, Amory? Perjure yourself under oath?"

"Worse than that. If I can manage to get the drop on this accursed Sol there won't be the need of any perjury. But I've got to get a gun first. Sol needs killing on two counts that we can prove: First mine, then yours. With Sol where he belongs—which is straight down—there'll be no danger at all to anybody."

"You're a real he one, Amory," Sabine murmured. Then, as if strengthened and refreshed by this assurance, she raised herself, pushed back her hair and crowded close to Amory.

"To think how wrong I had you this morning. If I'd only known. But where does Yonne look in? Why should she be so worried about Paul?"

"She seems to think he's in the business too."

"Trying to raise a stake to marry Jenny, perhaps," Sabine suggested. "I've been thinking, Amory, that maybe we'd better take a chance and go there."

"To the Deforests'?"

"Yes. It's not far to the mill. We've only got to follow the stream. Then we can get into the house without being seen, if he's watching it."

"How?"

"By the old flume. It runs directly under it, and there's a trapdoor and a ladder where the wheel used to be—in the dining room. The water's low and we can slip along the other side of the mill pond and creep behind the dam into the flume, then go through the trap into the house. There's a gun case with pistols and things. You ought to be in shape to defend yourself."

Amory was decidedly of this opinion. Like many young men of his keen sportsmanly type, he was a fine shot with any sort of weapon, and he was getting very tired of playing hare to Sol's hound, pleasant in spots as such a rôle might be.

He rose to his feet, helping Sabine up after him. "Come on then," he whispered. "Let's go."

With the aid of the torch they went down the steep bank to the brook and started to follow its course. The weather had been dry, so that the stream was low, with standing pools and gravelly bars. Compared with the woods, the going was easy enough and they were not obliged to wade more than knee-deep. In what seemed a very short space of time they came to the head of the mill pond. Across its still black surface, the old mill bulked up, a dark ponderous mass, more deeply opaque than its envelopment of fog. Not a light showed from any part of it, nor was there a sound except the fluid murmur of the water.

Amory had snapped off his torch before they came out of the narrow ravine, with its thick investment of trees and bushes, just above the mill pond. Now, as silently as deerstalkers, they groped their way along the edge of the pond from which Sol had approached the flume that afternoon. Then, with the ancient dam serving as a guide, they crept along at its foot on some rotted planking in water knee-deep and came to the black rectangular mouth of the flume.

Sabine shrank back. "Horrid-looking hole," she whispered. "What if he's lurking in there? Flash in your light!"

"Better not," Amory answered. "He may be watching the house and catch the glare. You wait here while I sound out this hole."

Sabine did not protest, but Amory, pushing past her, felt a shudder run through the girl's shoulder as he brushed it with his own. It could not be from cold, wet and splashed as they both were, for the night was warm and muggy and he was himself hot and perspiring. Then, as he stepped over the slide that held the level of the pond about two feet higher than the flume, Sabine gripped his arm.

"Don't, Amory. Keep out of the ghastly place," she whispered close to his ear. He could hear her teeth chattering as if she had been swimming too long in the cold waters of that coast.

"Why not?"

"I don't know—something dreadful. I feel it all through me. I'm not a coward. It's as if something horrible is going to happen. Let's get out of here."

Amory hesitated. He had no faith in hunches and believed this sudden terror on Sabine's part to be the result of nerve strain from the ordeal through which she had just passed so gamely; and perhaps because, when mistaking her for Jenny, he had told her of Sol's slinking through the flume to ambush and kill him from its farther end. It was not unnatural that now, under these grisly conditions, the black mouth of it should appall her.

"There's no danger," Amory whispered. "He would never think of our trying to get into the mill this way. The chances are he's gone back to his boat."

"All the same, you mustn't." Sabine's grip tightened, but Amory could feel its trembling. "Oh, do come away before I shriek."

"Don't, for heaven's sake. Slip back along the dam and wait. I'll be only a few seconds." He took her wrist and disengaged her clasp of his arm. Sabine leaned back against the wall at the edge of the opening.

"You're not going to faint?" Amory murmured.

"No. Hurry up. I'm all right. Nerve walked out on me for a moment—something about this ghastly hole. Had a near collapse. I'm ashamed."

"No need. It's all been bad—rough stuff for a girl You'll feel better once we're inside and I've connected with the gun case. Where is it?"

"At the foot of the stairs. Don't be longer than you have to. It's coming again."

"Pull yourself together Here goes." He stepped over the little waterfall pouring over the slide, then turned and asked "Any way to tell when I'm under the trapdoor?"

"Paw your way along the right side of the flume until you come to a sort of ladder—some cleats nailed to uprights. The trap's right over them."

"Right-o. You slip back to the end of the dam. I shan't be long." Amory stepped over the lowest slide of the flume's gate, the others having been removed. As he did so his hand fell on the big iron crank with which these slides were lifted. He remembered what Yonne had said about the old dam being considered too rickety to hold a full head of water with safety.

XIII

THERE was about a foot of water flowing over slimy planks that gave a footing more treacherous than melting ice on a pond, because they were uneven, slanting a little in diverse directions—to one side or the other—then sloping in the long axis of the flume. The side, also, under his groping hand, gave no firm hold. It was smooth and clammy, with sundry gaps and crevices. Amory pawed his way along cautiously to keep from falling.

As Sabine had told him that the trap opened into the dining room and Amory remembered this to be at the farther end of the long and ancient building, he calculated that there were about twenty yards to go before reaching the ladder. Scuffling cautiously, with the water swirling round his ankles, it was impossible to pace this distance, so Amory tried to span it off roughly with his arms against the side of the flume. On an ordinary night there would have been at least a faint glimmer from the outlet, but with thick fog choking the place and the background of rockweed on the rough masonry opposite the opening, there was no guide of any sort.

There was a heavy odor of marine growth and rotting wood, not offensive but smothering because of a humidity that was supersaturating. Amory longed to flash his light, but caution forbade. It was possible that Sol might be watching from some point of vantage close by, or doing a stealthy sentry-go of the entrances to the converted mill, so that the briefest flicker from either opening of the flume must betray Amory's tactics.

Before he had got what he guessed to be halfway to his objective, the Stygian blackness and the sense of suffocation began to bear heavily on Amory's nerves. The job was worse than he could possibly have anticipated, because of the enforced slowness of his progress. Dread of Sol became engulfed in a growing horror of the place itself. He felt as if entombed alive, confined for eternity to an endless tunnel in which he was doomed to spend that infinite period in groping vainly for an outlet back to the world of life and motion, even if such were shrouded in perpetual gloom.

The result of this growing horror was that he began to accelerate his efforts, to slip and slide and scuffle along with imprudent haste. To avoid missing the ladder when he reached it, he kept his right hand moving antenna-like over the rotten planking. How, he asked himself angrily, could people live over such a dismal drain? It did not occur to him that all mansions were reared over worse sewers, for through this one the tide flowed four times daily, in and out, the clear brine refreshed from the unpolluted sea beyond.

In a haste that was growing frantic, Amory's foot suddenly stumbled against some soft, yielding body. It tripped him. He lost balance, clutched ineffectually at the wall, then fell sprawling on his side. He landed on something that yielded, cushioned his fall. Under his impact it gave out a curious, sinister sound that was like a bleat.

Some deep instinct told Amory the nature of the substance encountered, over which he lay for a moment fairly suffocated with horror. Reaching out one hand to thrust himself up and away, his palm and fingers pressed down on what was unmistakably a human face. It was a cold dead face over which the water rippled.

Curiously enough, there was no great surprise mingled with the frightfulness of his

(Continued on Page 93)

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CHAMPION'S
Outstanding Improvements

Advanced method of heat treating exclusive sillimanite insulator to withstand the terrifically increased temperatures of today's high-compression engine.

A remarkable new sillimanite glaze on the insulator which makes certain a full capacity spark, keeping the spark plug free from carbon and oily deposits.

New compression-tight patented gasket seal for two-piece construction that holds absolutely gas-tight under the much higher compression of the modern engine.

Improved special-analysis electrodes assure permanently fixed spark-gap which is far more efficient under all operating conditions.

In other words, the faster pick-up, the sustained speed, the cleaner performance in every way, which motorists today enjoy, is greatly dependent on improved Champion Spark Plugs.

For Champion has given to engineers not only everything it has learned from countless laboratory tests, but also vital experience secured from gruelling tests while setting world's records on the speedway, in the air, and on the water, and from its own precision manufacturing processes.

Outstanding Superiorities of Champions

Sillimanite was first produced synthetically in Champion laboratories. Then Champion scientists searched the world until they discovered the only known commercial supply of this exceedingly rare mineral. Today sillimanite is acknowledged as far superior in insulating properties to any manufactured material and Champion owns the basic patents covering the industrial use of sillimanite.

Champion scientists have developed the wonderful natural qualities of sillimanite into a ceramic structure which resists to the utmost the tremendous stress of modern engines. They have protected this structure with a remarkable new sillimanite glaze which keeps the spark plug free of carbon and oily deposits.

This certainty of complete insulation insures proper sparking efficiency at all engine speeds—with sweet-running, superb climbing ability, lightning pick-up and easy idling.

blazed the way to performance

Better engine operation and full power development are further assured by Champion two-piece construction, with its new patented gasket seal that holds absolutely gas-tight under the much higher compression of today's engines.

Through further scientific research, Champion developed the formula for improved special-analysis electrodes which resist pitting and burning, and provide a *fixed spark-gap*, giving positive and efficient ignition at all speeds.

Finally, every Champion Spark Plug is subjected to a series of the most complete and rigid inspections—insuring uniform quality and satisfaction to every Champion user.

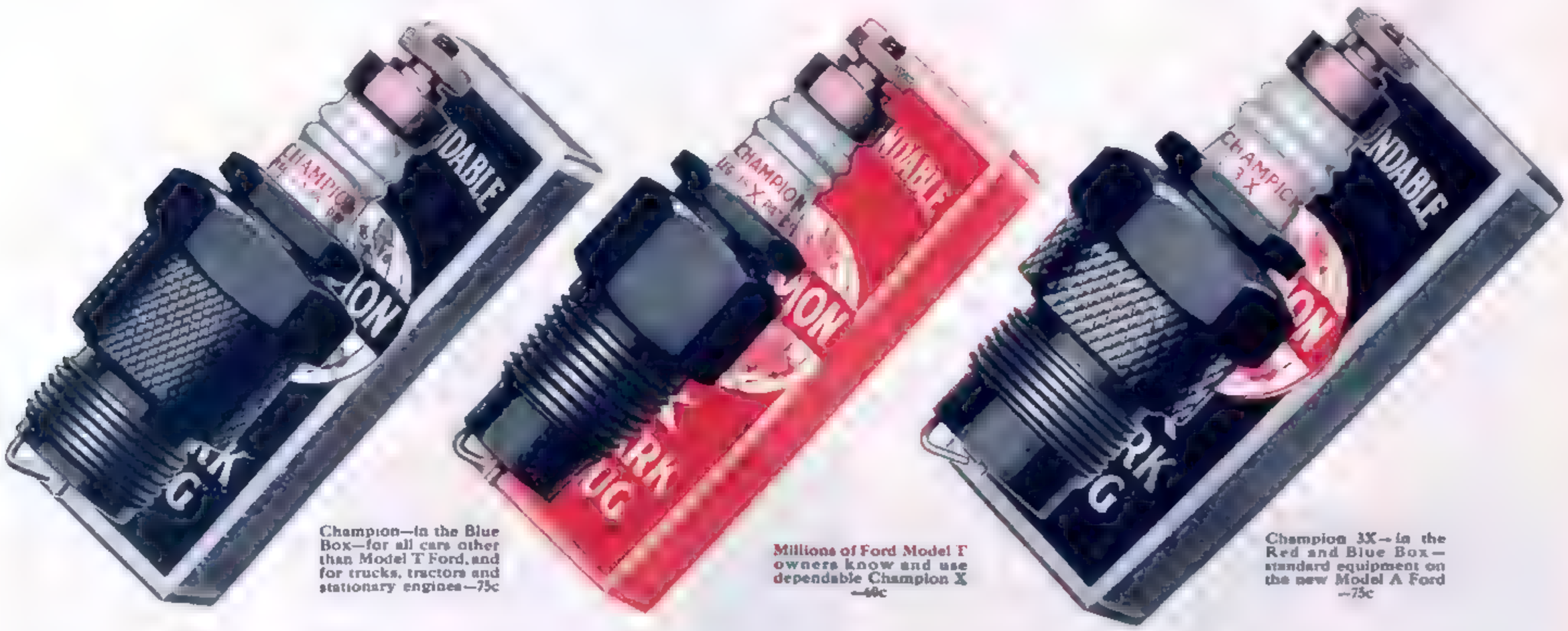
Install New Spark Plugs Every 10,000 Miles

All of these remarkable developments in spark plug design and manufacture make the Champions of today by far the most highly perfected product in Champion history.

Champion says, in all sincerity, that Champion superiorities are so pronounced as to warrant immediate equipment with the new Champions, no matter what spark plug you may be using now.

Champion further says that although Champions give better service for a longer period than any other spark plug, even Champions should be changed if they have been in service for 10,000 miles. By installing new Champions you restore the power and speed, quick acceleration and hill-climbing ability of your car, and the new spark plugs are not an expense because they save their cost in oil and gas.

Champion is outselling 2 to 1 throughout the world because it is the better spark plug



Champion—in the Blue Box—for all cars other than Model T Ford, and for trucks, tractors and stationary engines—75c

Millions of Ford Model T owners know and use dependable Champion X —60c

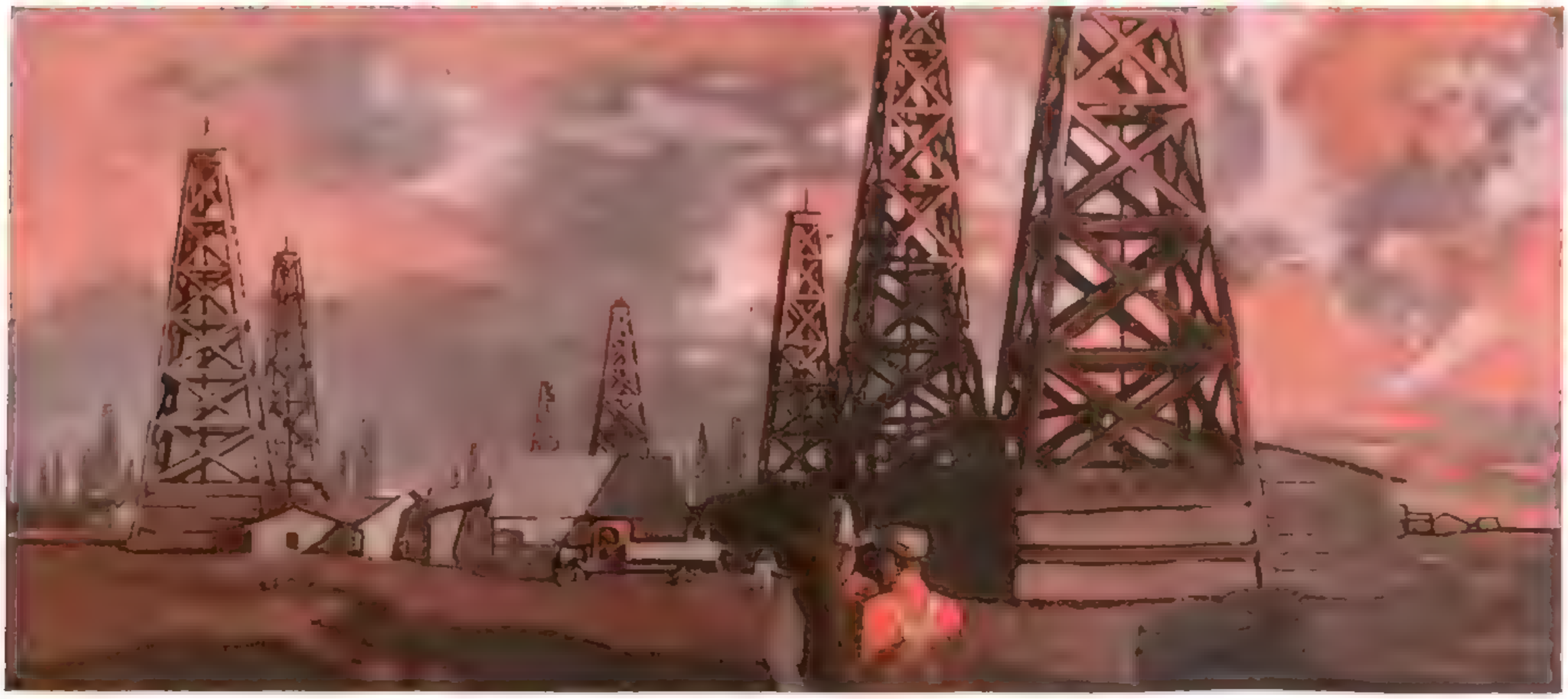
Champion 3X—in the Red and Blue Box—standard equipment on the new Model A Ford —75c

CHAMPION

Spark Plugs

TOLEDO, OHIO.

OUT OF THE WEST COMES MARLAND



MARLAND SUPER MOTOR OILS

PRODUCED AND REFINED IN THE GREATEST OIL PRODUCING AREA IN THE WORLD

IT is not generally known outside the Oil Industry itself that the Mid-Continent Oil Fields are the largest producers of paraffin base crude oil in the world.

It is generally known, however, that paraffin base crude oil produces the highest quality, most all-round satisfactory motor oil for both the internal combustion engine and industrial machinery.

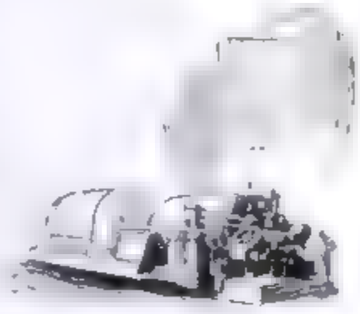
The Marland Refinery is located in the very heart of the best paraffin base crude production in the world. It is only from select paraffin base crude that *Marland Super Motor Oils* are refined under patents that are exclusive to Marland for all of North America.

The discoverers of this patented refining process---a practical British oil man and a noted British scientist---labored for more than 20 years to perfect it. The British Government seized their patent papers pending the end of the Great War, fearful of enemy countries learning of it.

There is a grade of *Marland Super Motor Oil* for every type of motor---a grade that has been especially refined and recommended by our lubrication engineers after a thorough analysis and study of each type of motor, actual motor tests under severe conditions and a close study of all available engineering data.

Thousands of motorists are daily discovering that through the use of *Marland Super Motor Oils* they are finding what is in effect perfect lubrication ---lubrication that is adding years to motor life, reducing repair bills and creating a greater re-sale or trade-in value for their car.

Jobbers and Dealers are requested to write our General Office for complete data and sales plans. For motorists we have descriptive literature telling the complete story of *Marland Super Motor Oil,* which we will gladly mail on request.



Marland Industrial Oils are being used in some of the largest industrial plants in the country at greatly increased efficiency and at lower operating cost. Our industrial engineers are prepared to make a thorough investigation and analysis of industrial machinery without expense or obligation

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Division Sales Offices: New York City Boston Chicago Kansas City Denver Memphis St. Paul-Minneapolis

Export Terminal: Texas City, Texas

(Continued from Page 88)

discovery. A corpse, the body of a murdered man, was precisely the object that seemed most appropriate to that grisly black sluice, and his floundering over it entirely in keeping. The whole situation was like a nightmare in which the mind anticipates the ultimate horror and is therefore to some extent prepared for it.

Nevertheless, it spoke well for Amory's strength of heart that he held his nerves in hand in their momentary effort to stampede. One reason for this lay in a mind that was swift to act, thoughtful under stress and immediately inquiring. His first clear perception was that he had literally fallen on the body of one of the men reported missing, possibly through foul play, and that this accusing corpse had been planted here in the flume under the Deforest house.

Struggling to his feet, Amory stretched out his hand, which fell on what was evidently the ladder to the trapdoor. He stood for a moment breathing deeply, hauling his faculties back under intelligent control. As often happens in the case of the courageous and full-powered thinker, high-strung though he may be, and usually is, Amory's vague dreads were immediately dissipated in this confrontation of a problem to be solved and a course of action to be taken.

The first thought grasped by his quickly rallied reasoning faculty was that here lay the answer to Sol's first murderous attempt on his life that afternoon, when Amory had so narrowly escaped the shot fired at him through the window. Sol, he now reflected, must have brought this corpse to the mill intending to plant it somewhere about the premises, then, finding the house deserted or knowing of the absence of its inmates, he had secreted it in the flume. Then, after creeping back out of the flume, Sol had discovered Amory in the living room.

Having failed to see Amory's arrival, Sol had leaped to the conclusion that Amory had been there all the time, and very possibly witnessed his disposition of the corpse, or at least been aware of Sol's presence there on some errand. Such a doubt would have been quite enough, even without any previous suspicion of how much Amory might know or suspect, to determine Sol's subsequent course of action.

Amory's next thought was the identity of the corpse. On this fact would depend the reason for Sol's having thus disposed of it. The chances were, Amory decided, that here was the murdered C. G. officer, and Sol's motive was to fix suspicion on Paul Deforest, who was, Amory now felt convinced, in that neighborhood and involved in the affair. Everything seemed to point to Paul's running contraband—possibly on a considerable scale—and it might easily be that this had been known to the Coast Guard and a net had been spread to catch him.

Just why Sol desired to ruin Paul was a question to be answered later. There was the possibility that this corpse might be that of Howard Phelps. To determine this, Amory overcame the repugnance at contact, and stooping, made a swift examination of the body by his tactile sense alone. He realized now, more than ever, the need of extreme caution. He could not risk the escape of a single flickering ray of light from his powerful torch, which was of the long three-battery focal sort.

The immediate result of his palpation puzzled him considerably. The body was that of a lean but powerful man with muscular shoulders and a hairy chest. Amory thought of Sabine's reference to Howard as a troglodyte of sorts, and the physical dimensions of this wretched victim of lawbreaking seemed to check. The body was not, Amory thought, that of a man weighing more than 160 pounds.

But the next rapid details of his examination persuaded Amory that here was not the corpse of Howard Phelps, nor of a C. G. officer, nor even of Paul Deforest. The top of the head felt sparsely covered—almost bald. Suspenders were attached to the breeches, which were long. The boots were not hunting ones but heavy hobnailed ones, like a lumberman's. The coat felt like a Mackinaw—the blanket stuff of a coarse sort—and there was a vest. Amory's exploring hand struck a watch chain attached to what seemed a heavy old-fashioned timepiece.

He held it to his ear and found it to be still running, though from the position of the body it must have been immersed. Amory unfastened it, drew the chain through the buttonhole of the vest and slipped both into his pocket.

He paused then to consider his next course of action. As far as he was able to determine by his swift but careful examination in the pitch dark, here was what appeared to be the corpse of a mature, clean-shaven man dressed in either outing or working clothes—certainly not a uniform, as the buttons were flat and there were no insignia, nor was the coat a tunic. This body had been brought where it now lay by Sol Whittemore. Of this fact Amory felt convinced. He was equally sure that Sol's object had been to incriminate Paul Deforest—to add the final damning evidence that might clinch nails of suspicion already driven into Paul, and which must in themselves be supported by a chain of circumstances impossible for Paul to disprove.

But what was equally and immediately evident was that Amory's and Sabine's testimony must clear Paul to a very considerable extent. They were themselves by no means out of the woods so far as their danger from Sol's efforts to suppress this testimony, and it looked now as if this house was the very focal point of danger. Sol was fairly certain to keep a close espionage of what might develop on the premises.

Amory decided that his immediate efforts should be directed to getting Sabine and himself out of that locality as soon as possible. Better to weather out the night in the dank woods than to hang round here. Also, since now he stood with his hand on the ladder to the trapdoor in the dining room, it would be a neglect of opportunity not to go up and arm himself. He remembered that the stairs had led up at the junction of the dining and living rooms, and Sabine had said that the gun case was at their foot.

Amory started up the ladder. The top of his head bumped against the trap. He reached up and thrust it open. It fell back softly against some sort of support. Carefully feeling his way, Amory groped to the stairs, fumbled about at the side of them and soon located the gun case. It was unlocked.

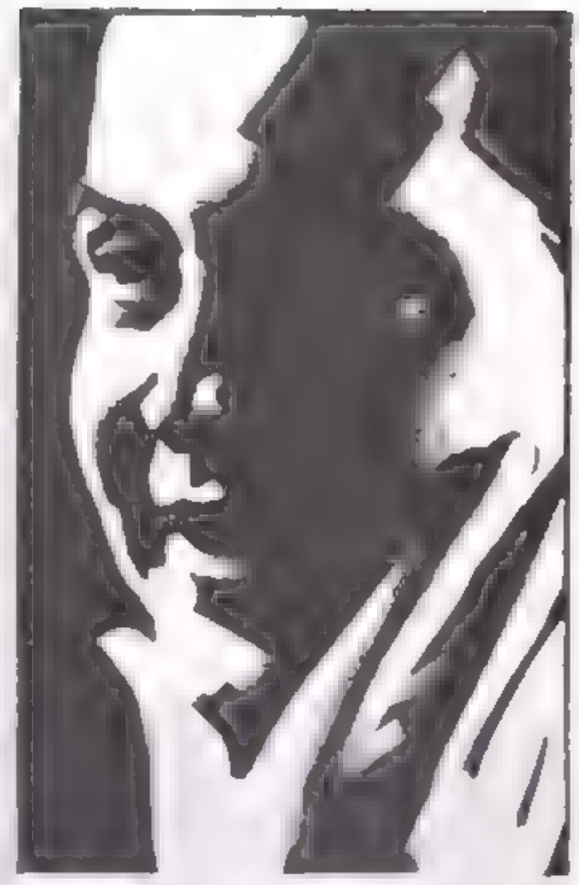
He felt two rifles and two fowling pieces set upright in a frame. Then, hanging from a hook, he found what seemed to be an old-fashioned army revolver in a holster. Breaking this, he found that it was loaded, with extra ammunition in the belt attached to it. Amory slipped it round his waist and fastened it. A wonderful sense of security came from this mere contact of the weapon.

Then, much as he disliked to do so, he felt that it would be wiser to slip out through the flume as he had come, rather than risk leaving the house by one of its doors. Sabine must by this time be in an agony of dread. Amory's slow progress through the flume, his examination of the corpse and subsequent movements had consumed much more time than she could possibly account for. She had expected him merely to explore the forbidding tunnel far enough to locate the ladder and trapdoor, then return for her.

Amory lowered himself through the trap again. He was reaching to close it after him when there came suddenly a blinding glare of light that focused on his face and completely dazzled him.

A curt, authoritative voice said crisply, "Up ye come, mister. Mind your hands, now, or I'll blow your head off."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



Lilac keeps your skin clear!

Unseen Nicks *can raise hob with your skin*

They won't ruin your skin, of course—those unseen nicks the razor always leaves. But they do give germs their chance to start embarrassing little trouble-spots—little infections that feel as big as a house!

Now they need *never* happen!

Try this simple way of protecting your face—cleanse it all over, after each shave, with Pinaud's Lilac.

Lilac is the purest and finest skin antiseptic known. It's tonic, too! Gives your skin the ruddy glow of a good, brisk walk.

And the same wonderful ingredients, newly processed, make Lilac blander than ever before—give it a new, soothing *after-effect*—an even more delicate fragrance.

Try Pinaud's Lilac today! At all drug and department stores. (Signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle.) Pinaud, Paris, New York.

PINAUD'S LILAC

[*Lilas de France*]

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

do not want to? In all fairness now, don't you get my point of view?"

The father moaned gently.

"For another thing, I have been led to believe since early childhood that spinach and carrots were intended by an omniscient Creator to be used as human food. I now know that I have been the victim of stupid convention and a still stupider belief that I must kotow to the customs of my ancestors.

"If I do not like carrots and spinach—and I do not—you infringe on my personal liberty when you require me to eat them. For the same reasons, if I desire to eat green apples, that also is my affair, though I do not like green apples. You must admit, papa, that I am fundamentally right, because there cannot possibly be a question of morality involved in so personal a matter as what a person does or does not wish to eat."

"I warn you, Willie. You are treading on dangerous ground."

Willie ignored the warning.

"This next point probably will surprise you, papa," he continued, "but when you know how I feel I am sure you will not object. I no longer can be a party to deceiving our friends and neighbors as to our financial condition, general family history and cultural level. I shun false pride and vanity and hypocrisy too much for that.

"When you buy furniture on time or the grocery bill gets out of control or Uncle Sam is thrown in the jug again, simply do not tell me about it. Even now it may be too late to change my policy, as I am so firmly imbued with the idea that one must revere a lot of false family traditions that I can no longer form an unbiased opinion on many matters."

The father dried his moist brow.

"One thing more for the present," went on Willie slowly. "I hardly know how to explain this and I may shock you, but I will be as considerate as I can. As you know, papa, everyone should be an enemy of intolerance, narrow-mindedness and bigotry. Partisan feeling of one kind or another should never be allowed to sway us in economic, social or moral questions. A desire for unfettered truth and unrestrained individualism should be our guide."

"I know now," stated the parent fearfully, "that you have done something unforgivable."

"Not at all," said Willie. "Simply this. I hope that in the future you will refrain from selecting my companions for me. These shallow, complacent specimens who live in our block are perfect nitwits and, barring a few evidences of material prosperity, nothing more than types of urban yokels. I have nothing in common with that type of person. I much prefer the companionship of Blackbird Mose, who lives across the railroad tracks, and of Bill the Bohunk, who lives by the gas works. They provide me with a genuine mental stimulus."

"Is that all, my son?"

"Well, yes, except for this. Personally I do not like to shoot craps, as it is purely a game of blind chance when played honestly, nor do I care for chewing tobacco, but do you actually believe you have the right to decide those matters for me? Papa, when you have figured that out you will have grasped the broad issue at stake."

—*David B. Park.*

Quality he's proud to stand back of!

That's why the Independent Grocer features these finer food products

There is no merchant who works harder or more faithfully for his community than the grocer who delights in giving personal attention to his customers.

His is the first store to open each day; and the last to close. For his hours are the hours you require, however long or many.

Because he deals with "steady customers" rather than with strangers or transients, he does not seek to lengthen his profits by economizing on his service. His one idea is to make marketing easier for the housewife, by giving her seasonable food suggestions, prompt home deliveries, and the finest quality always, at right prices.

That's why you'll find the Independent Grocer proudly sponsoring MONARCH QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS. That's why, if you ask him for a can of the best sweet corn or peaches, or for a bottle of the best catsup or chili sauce, or for a pound of the best coffee or tea, you'll get *Monarch* Quality as a matter of course. He knows that these superlative foods are worthy of his unqualified endorsement to the most fastidious trade.

Postscript . . . Monarch is the only nationally advertised line of food products sold exclusively through merchants who own their own grocery stores.

MONARCH QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS INCLUDE:

MONARCH CANNED VEGETABLES, every vegetable that grows...and the cream of the crop...*MONARCH CANNED FRUITS,* the "prime pick" of the world's finest orchards . . . *MONARCH COFFEE, TEA AND COCOA,* if you paid a dollar a pound you couldn't buy finer quality . . . *MONARCH PICKLES,* sweet gherkins, dills, sweet mixed pickles, chows and relishes . . . *MONARCH CATSUP AND CHILI SAUCE,* made from Monarch tomatoes grown from Monarch seed . . . *MONARCH TABLE DELICACIES,* sardines, tuna fish, shrimp, salmon, hors d'oeuvres, preserves, jams . . . *MONARCH SOUPS,* home cooked, from finest vegetables, dairy products, and condiments, by artist-chefs at the Monarch kitchens . . .

and the famous Monarch Teenie Weenie Specialties.

MONARCH

QUALITY FOOD PRODUCTS

THE HIGHEST QUALITY TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REID, MURDOCH & CO. (*Established* 1853)

CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BOSTON, PITTSBURGH, WILKES-BARRE, TAMPA, JACKSONVILLE, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, PHOENIX, KANSAS CITY, ST. LOUIS

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GETTING BACK TO GOLD

(Continued from Page 27)

from political pressure, and that a meeting should be held of the representatives of the central banks to evolve plans to bring about stabilization. Informal inquiries were made to discover if Benjamin Strong, the governor of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, would attend.

It is no secret that Governor Strong did not want to go. He disliked the position of a mere observer, but also he visualized fifteen borrowers and one lender sitting about a table. He referred the request to President Harding, who, to the surprise of nearly everyone, indicated that the Administration favored a representation, provided no action of the conference would be binding upon the United States.

There is some doubt as to what this conference really intended to do. Opinions differ as to whether it was a sincere effort to bring about monetary reform or whether the politicians intended to use their representatives as pawns and wind up by throwing the responsibility for the whole situation on the United States, and then have us right the wrong by lending huge quantities of our gold to remake all the currencies. It is said the diplomats felt certain of an emotional reaction in their favor in the United States. But the French Ministry also had the problem of making a show of getting money from Germany—or going out of office. And so just about the time the conference was all arranged for, the French reached an acute political condition and marched their troops into the Ruhr. That ended all plans for the conference and probably saved us a deal of trouble. For the help would have been only temporary and would only have postponed the crisis.

International Conversations

The French invasion of the Ruhr marked the end of the reconstruction of Europe on political lines. The net contribution of the politicians was a situation very much worse than on the day of the Armistice. The politicians quit currency reform and took up other sports. The task of rendering unto Cæsar went to the bankers—by default.

It is not at all difficult to plan a perfect money scheme. No end of them are extant and all guarantee perfect stability—whatever that may be. A price is a very complex thing. Into it enter hope, fear, the state of the arts, transportation, taxes and a great many other elements, some of which we think we know, and others at which we can only guess. To make matters worse, all these factors in various forms are present in gold as a medium of exchange, as well as in the thing exchanged, so that a price is not unlike a fencing bout. One of the troubles with price control is that no one ever has the management of more than one of the fencers.

When, however, the world is going about its business the price of gold varies so little and its swing is so slow that for practical purposes its value can be taken as fixed. The alarmists who are always discovering a shortage in something or other which is going to cramp our style in fifty or a thousand years have discovered that the supply of gold is not keeping pace with monetary requirements and that we are headed for something or other unless we do something or other about it. But both the virtues and the vices of the gold standard have been learned, while only the virtues of the new systems are advertised. It was to the gold standard that the bankers of the world turned for help.

Then it was that Benjamin Strong, informally representing the Federal Reserve Bank of New York and still more informally the whole Federal Reserve system, began to hold informal conversations with Montagu Collet Norman, the governor of the Bank of England, and informally representing that bank. These two men and the institutions behind them have given back to the world something that acts like money, and theirs is the charge of seeing that money continues so to act.

The two men are alike in that neither has the slightest faith in the power of impassioned oratory. Both are students, but both are practical men. Neither is an internationalist. One is intensely American and the other is intensely British. Mr. Strong is a big, solidly built man in the middle fifties. He was born up on the Hudson, went through the public schools and then started as a clerk in a banking house. Gradually he rose to the presidency of a large New York trust company, and when the Federal Reserve banks were organized in 1914 he was elected governor of the New York bank, which position he has since held. He has been intimately in the whole development of the system, and one of the most powerful forces in shaping it.

Montagu Norman might be cast in the movies as an artist, but never as a banker. He is not a slight man, but is so closely put together that he seems slight, and his very regular features and sparse beard combine to give him an ascetic, half-shy air. He is a classical scholar of parts, and also he has the reputation of being a good tennis player. These are his only interests outside the Bank of England. Everything he does is only an incident to his direction of the bank, of which he has been governor since 1920, which is a longer tenure of office than held by any previous governor, for the term is only two years. He is utterly unknown, excepting by name, to other than his intimates. He has merged himself in his office. He is, however, not in the least shy or unsocial, but a very human person who hates fuss and feathers and has a definite idea of his job. He comes from a family of bankers. His grandfather was governor of the bank, and when Norman graduated from Cambridge University he entered the London office of an American banking firm which had English partners. Later he spent several years in the New York office of the firm of which he eventually became a partner, withdrawing when he was elected governor.

There were several reasons why the United States and Great Britain should make the start together toward currency stabilization. The first was that London had been the financial center of the world, while New York could take its place only as it coöperated with London. It was a case of standing together or not standing at all.

Before the war the pound sterling was the medium of international exchange, because London was the principal market in which bills of exchange could always be bought and sold. The dollar was then a child in international trade. The normal parity of the pound is $4.8665—the amount of gold in a sovereign in terms of a gold dollar. In the panic of 1914 sterling rose to $7 and in 1920 it touched a low of $3.18.

When we entered the war the governments considered keeping sterling exchange at par so important that a banking arrangement was made to guarantee the exchange rate and some hundreds of millions of dollars were used keeping the guaranty. Otherwise there might have been trouble in buying rubber, Chilean nitrates, wool and many essential commodities from regions where only the sterling bill was known.

We had no machinery for making these purchases in dollars. Therefore we indirectly furnished the funds to peg the exchange rate. It was deemed economical to spend for stabilization in war, but it was out of the question to do so in peace. Nevertheless, the old parity was just as important for peace as for war, and an essential first step toward general reconstruction. Continental Europe, Africa and the Orient were all accustomed to trade through London and its stabilization was primary. No European country could maintain a gold standard without London, and it could not be a gold market without the coöperation of the United States. We had the gold.

A Square Meal for a Million

The second reason was that Great Britain was willing to stabilize at the old gold value of the pound. This was a factor of extreme importance as well as an undertaking of extraordinary courage. During a period of money inflation debtors get off easily, while creditors are hard hit. The creditor holding a definite debt in dollars, pounds, marks or francs—unless gold be nominated—can be paid in paper currency.

Some of the German companies thus paid off their funded debts in paper marks. There were times when a fair meal cost 4,000,000 paper marks, but also those 4,000,000 marks could be used to pay off a prewar debt of $1,000,000 that had been put up in hard cash. That, of course, is swindling, but currency inflation is swindling—just governmental dishonesty. On the other hand, a sudden deflation swindles the debtors who have borrowed during the period of inflation, and also it knocks prices and causes great social injustice and trade stagnation.

Therefore it was decided that sterling should be worked up slowly to a parity with the dollar before Great Britain would put the gold standard into effect. It was really an easier matter to put Germany on a quasi-gold standard under the Dawes Plan than to put England back, because the old German currency had lost its value and could be discarded, but England still had to reckon in pounds.

The third reason for Great Britain and the United States first coming together was that, although their financial systems are by no means alike, they have certain common characteristics which distinguish them. For some reason, probably because Anglo-Saxons have always been geographically protected from invasion, Britishers and Americans will deposit their money in banks. Other nationalities hide their money.

It used to be the fashion to preach to Americans that the thrift of Europe was something to emulate—how in every little town one could see small-denomination

(Continued on Page 98)

Panels finished in Duco are mounted on racks and exposed for years to the elements to find out in a practical way the durability of Duco under the action of sun, wind, and rain, hail and snow, the dirt from city streets, and the soot from nearby chimneys.

GENERAL

DUCO – *a product of* THE OPEN MIND

TO finish a high grade automobile body used to require thirty days. The whole process of production was held up in the paint shop, increasing the cost of cars to the purchaser; and the paint finish, when completed, was easily scratched and subject to rapid deterioration by the elements.

Experts in the Dupont Company had been working long to produce a quicker drying finish of more durable beauty and longer wear.

In the manufacture of toys a finish was being sprayed onto the product, but it dried too fast for use on the large body of an automobile. Research work by paint manufacturers had shown the impossibility of achieving any decided advance through the improvement or modification of paint.

In cooperation the Dupont and General Motors engineers, after thousands of trials and failures, finally produced Duco. Oakland, a General Motors car, was the first to adopt it.

Today Duco has become an asset not merely to General Motors, but to the better grades of cars throughout the industry. The advantage to car buyers—in manufacturing savings, which can be put back into the car in increased quality, and in the more attractive and durable finish of the cars—amounts to millions of dollars a year.

The story of Duco is a striking example of what scientists can achieve when they work together with large resources—and with an open mind.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

"A car for every purse and purpose"

CHEVROLET
PONTIAC
OLDSMOBILE
OAKLAND
BUICK
LASALLE
CADILLAC
All with Body by Fisher

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS
YELLOW CABS AND COACHES

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FRIGIDAIRE
Electric Refrigerators

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DELCO-LIGHT
Electric Plants

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Delco-Remy Electrical Equipment · Harrison Radiators · Delco-Remy Lovejoy Shock Absorbers · Jacox Steering Gears · AC Spark Plugs · AC Speedometers · AC Oil Filters · New Departure Ball Bearings · Jaxon Rims, Wheels and Tire Carriers · Brown-Lipe-Chapin Differentials · Hyatt Roller Bearings · Inland Steering Wheels · Klaxon Horns

• • •

General Motors passenger cars, Frigidaire electric refrigerators and Delco-Light electric plants may be purchased on the low-cost GMAC Time Payment Plan

TUNE IN—General Motors Family Radio Party. Every Monday evening, 9:30 Eastern Standard Time. WEAF and 39 other stations associated with N. B. C.

MOTORS

There's money in this for you!

EXPRESSMEN, garage men, plumbers, all who do real work yet meet customers face to face, are live prospects for Nogar Clothing. They mean money to the Nogar salesman. Especially since the great 1928 expansion in the Nogar line!

Make $75 to $150 a Week

With Nogar values to offer, national advertising to back you, and thousands of logical prospects to call on, there's no limit to what you can do if you're really ambitious. Kelder earned $121.50 in one week, Uhara $116, Crist $104.75, Hamrick $197. And these are not unusual records for Nogar salesmen. You can do as well or better.

Nogar Values Make Selling Easy

Nogar Clothing is made of specially processed material which resists wear, tear, fire and water, yet is porous and healthful to wear. Fit and wear absolutely guaranteed. All seams double stitched, shape built in, pockets same material as suit. Attractive styles, two-piece suits, men, boys, top-coats, uniforms, hunting suits, sport suits, pants, caps. *And the new feature, the Nogar jacket everybody's talking about!* Suits $11.45 up.

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You get *free* a handsome salesman's kit, samples, etc. You have behind you, boosting you, the powerful Nogar organization, furnishing you sales tips from past masters of direct selling, etc. You get new prospects quickly, turn them into customers, get repeat business under way promptly—profitably! *If you act promptly.*

Special Opportunity Now For Experienced Men

If you are an experienced man at selling men's clothing, if you know the direct selling business, we have an exceptionally fine offer open to you right now, with extra advantages, and extra bonuses as crew manager. Don't delay writing. Use the coupon at once. Give full details about yourself in a letter with it.—AUGUST NOGAR

NOGAR CLOTHING MFG. CO.
Factory and Home Office
34 Fourth Street Reading, Pa.

Nogar Clothing Mfg. Co. Dept. P 3.
Reading, Pa.

Send me by return mail full details of the Nogar line with samples, etc. – no charge or obligation to me.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

A letter with this coupon telling more about yourself will be much appreciated.

(Continued from Page 95)

bonds displayed almost as merchandise and as easily bought. Many of our small banks even aided these thrift campaigns, never for a moment sensing that if the European idea of thrift ever spread through America both the savings banks and the deposit banks would go out of business.

The habit of depositing money in banks gives to the bankers the command of sizable funds which they can lend out to promote business. If in a town of 5000 families each family had $100 tucked away at home, the banking power of that town would be exactly nothing, and a man could get a loan of $1000 only by a house-to-house canvass. But if the town opened a bank and each family deposited its $100, then the managers would be in possession of $500,000. Part of this they could keep on hand to pay the depositors who wanted their money back and the balance they could lend.

A capitalist uses his own money. A banker uses the money of others. The distinction does not seem important, but actually it is very important, and it is one of the reasons why British trade first took the leadership and why our trade in turn has assumed the leadership. A merchant working on borrowed money can undersell the merchant working on his own money, unless the latter is satisfied with a very small return.

The Real National Currency

Take the classical example: If a merchant has $250,000, he must, to gain a return of 10 per cent, make $25,000 a year. Another merchant who has only $50,000 in cash and borrows $200,000 by discounts has exactly the same capital for his business. If his money costs him 5 per cent, he will pay $10,000 a year for renting it. On the same volume of business as the other man, he will net $15,000 a year, which is 30 per cent on his investment of $50,000. That is a high return, and he can considerably cut his prices and still earn more than the 10 per cent of the man who uses only his own funds.

The habit of depositing money gives a fund which can be loaned to merchants, and London had funds seeking safe investment long before countries with a then probably greater wealth had, other than the accumulation of private capitalists. If a man shipped goods and wanted his money at once instead of waiting until his bill was paid, he could draw a draft on the consignee, have it accepted—that is to say, its payment guaranteed—by an acceptance house and then the bill became a prime investment which would be bought by a bill broker and usually resold by him to a bank.

The growth of this practice made the London bill market, which in turn made London the world's financial center. The bills and other short-term securities always had buyers and always had sellers. Therefore the great banks, instead of keeping large reserves of money to pay checks drawn on them, keep only enough money on hand for their day-to-day transactions. They deposit their reserve with the Bank of England. If they need money they reduce their bill holdings. If they have surplus funds they buy bills. If they are reducing their bills they take money out of the market, which would give the bill brokers trouble were it not for the Bank of England. It stands always ready to buy all the good bills offered, and the English bank rate does not mean at all the rate at which money may be borrowed at English banks, but the rate at which the Bank of England will discount bills for brokers. Taking over these bills puts money into circulation and eases the money market.

Before the war it was the habit of the European banks to keep accounts and send their surplus funds to London, because that market could always pay interest and they could always get their money back again when they wanted it. It was part of the duty of the Bank of England—which is a private bank, but of a semi-public character—to keep on hand an amount of gold as a reserve sufficient in the judgment of its board of directors to pay gold to anyone who asked for it.

London was able to do an immense amount of business with a comparatively small amount of gold. The bills coming from all over the world checked off against one another and the demand for gold was normally small. It is the knowledge that one can always get gold on demand rather than the actual amount of gold that counts. In the old days, if the gold demands were unusually heavy, the bank raised its discount rate to a point where it was more profitable to leave funds in London than to take them away. In 1920 the exportation of gold from Great Britain was prohibited by law and then London ceased to be a completely international market.

The problem which Governors Strong and Norman attacked was to accumulate enough gold and enough confidence in the London market so that when the embargo on gold export was lifted no one would want to take away gold. The task required delicacy, skill and a fair share of luck. Gold was flowing into the United States in very large quantities, partly because we were selling more goods than we bought, which made it necessary to settle the balances in gold, and partly because money all over the world took flight to the United States as the only safe haven.

Everyone has heard of "the flight of the franc," when the French people began to sell the francs which they distrusted for dollars which they trusted. But the same sort of thing happened everywhere the moment the radical programs got under way.

The Bank of England is also the bank of issue for Great Britain. The currency of England before the war consisted of gold and silver coins and Bank of England notes. A small part of the notes was a credit issue, being a privilege granted by law to the bank, but the great bulk of the notes represented gold coin deposited to the face value of the issue. The real currency of England, however, was, as with us, the bank check. Not more than between 5 and 10 per cent of our transactions are carried on with money. We use checks. The British attend to perhaps a quarter of their transactions with money. The problem was really more one of restoring confidence in the London market than of giving it gold. This confidence could be a result only of international coöperation.

Then began a series of conferences between the heads of the big European banks of issue. These were conferences in importance, but they took the form of friendly talks—mostly in hotel rooms. Not a word concerning them was ever published, although many correspondents speculated on what the financiers might be talking about—and mostly guessed wrong.

Trading on Faith

The men chiefly concerned at that time and later have been Doctor Schacht, president of the Reichsbank, who is entirely the German professor type and is, indeed, an economist by training; Governor Moreau, of the Bank of France, a thorough banker who has associated with him Rist, who is one of the most distinguished of the French economists; President Bachmann, of the Swiss National Bank, who is also a former professor of economics—and the financial position of Switzerland has been most important since the war, for it was the first refuge of private fortunes in flight from depreciating currencies and threatened capital levies; President Vissering, of the Netherlands Bank, who is a solid man in the Dutch banker mold, with a long colonial experience; and finally Governor Francq, of the Bank of Belgium. Talks were also had with representatives of the Italian banks and of the other countries of Europe.

Nothing could be done excepting to make plans for the ministries of finance to balance their budgets and for the central banks to stabilize exchange within limits and to accumulate gold until the affairs of Germany, Austria and Hungary were put into some shape.

International loans under the auspices of the League of Nations prevented complete anarchy from settling on Austria and Hungary, while in due season the biggest of all questions—German reparations—though not settled by the Dawes Plan, was at least by it taken out of politics and arrangements made for the French to leave the Ruhr, and for a whole new system of currency and credit for the German Republic set up with the aid of an international loan. Of this loan the investors of this country took more than half—$110,000,000.

The adoption of the Dawes Plan removed the largest obstacle to financial peace. Gold had ceased to be hand currency everywhere, and it was thought that if the governments kept within their budgets and the banks worked somewhat together it would be possible to get along with comparatively small gold reserves, to be used only in the settlement of international balances and thus its use conserved to the utmost.

There is small danger of money depreciating within a country if it can be kept at gold value in foreign trade. The principle is very simple. A will take a piece of paper from B at the value of a dollar without any regard to its actual worth, provided A knows that C will give him a dollar in gold for it. Working more or less in agreement, the European banks of issue, when they received bills of exchange payable in New York or London, paid out money of their own for them, and instead of having the proceeds of the bills remitted after collection, they left these proceeds in London or New York so that they might have deposits abroad to meet payments without the necessity of shipping gold.

Payment in Gold Bricks

This is economizing on gold by using a bank deposit in a foreign gold-standard country instead of gold in the vault at home. This is the gold-exchange standard instead of the gold standard, where the gold must be in the home bank and payable on demand. In actual practice and in fair weather the two systems accomplish the same end, and the balance abroad earns money while at the same time it insures the ultimate payment in gold. It all gets around to someone somewhere being able and willing to exchange gold for a piece of credit paper. The details and technical refinements are endless.

Working under the Dawes Plan, Germany's new currency went into effect in the fall of 1924, and late in the year the Reichsbank removed its restrictions on the export and import of gold and silver. It could do this because it was put in funds. First came the international loan mentioned, and then with a promise of currency stability came a flood of loans from this country. The war and the inflation had sucked Germany dry of working capital. Our loans fairly irrigated industry and also provided foreign balances to pay for Germany's excess of imports over exports, which otherwise would have had to be paid by the shipping of gold—gold which Germany did not have.

The Federal Reserve Bank in the New York market bought $500,000,000 of government securities, thus releasing an amount of funds which had previously been tied up in these securities and giving the New York market so much money that the banks were willing to lend at low rates. And there was no reason for gold leaving the higher London and Berlin markets for the lower New York market.

By January, 1925, the scene was set to put the pound sterling back on the gold basis. All this, as may be imagined, required the most careful coöperation among the heads of the big banks of issue. But no matter how carefully thought out were all the preparations, the world was hungry for gold, and the fear was there might be a scramble for London's gold the moment the embargo was lifted.

The old practice of the Bank of England was to pay sovereigns over the counter. If, on the resumption of specie payments, any

(Continued on Page 100)

...3 papers ...instead of 54 and $4200 is saved

A LARGE manufacturing concern selling a nationally advertised product was using 118 different forms, printed on 54 kinds of paper.

This can easily happen in a business that expands gradually over a long term of years. New departments are created from time to time. New record forms are added, and the paper comes from various sources. Often a department head knows the names of two or three papers. . . . "This must be printed on Blank's or So-and-so's ledger," he says. . . . And he insists on those particular brands, though they may be wholly unfitted for the purpose. . . . Naturally, where such conditions exist, the paper bill is a big one.

When the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau was called in to analyze this firm's papers, it found that all the forms fell into three groups—classified according to their uses.

One group included *permanent* records—business forms and data which must be preserved for more than 50 years, possibly with frequent handling. Another classification was that of *semi-permanent* records, kept in use or frequently referred to in the files for a period between 5 and 30 years. And the third group took in the *temporary* records, kept on file for only a year or two.

Instead of 54 different papers—*three* were found to be adequate for every requirement. Standardizing on these three grades permitted buying at ton prices instead of ream prices. It also permitted combinations of printing forms and longer press runs, so that the total saving for the year amounted to $4200.

It is such results as these, constantly duplicated in the work of the Paper Users' Standardization Bureau, that give a unique advantage to the firms which use its service. It is not always possible to recommend a direct cash saving, for occasionally a company is found to be using papers too cheap or too flimsy for the work they are called on to do. But in a series of more than 100 standardizations made for some of the largest firms in the country, there has been *no* case in which the client has not gained definitely in efficiency, or economy, or both.

★ *The paper you buy—*
have it analyzed and grouped in this way

The Paper Users' Standardization Bureau will be glad to help you put the right paper to work in the right place.

The complete service covers the standardization of paper for all your letterheads, forms, ledger sheets and card files, and also embraces an advisory service covering your paper requirements for advertising needs. It includes a thorough analysis of your individual paper problems and provides you with a comprehensive report which establishes quality standards, fixes price limitations and simplifies buying procedure.

Because of the scope of this service it can be rendered only to a limited number of corporations this year.
It is made without charge or obligation.
American Writing Paper Company, Inc., Holyoke, Mass.

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THE RIGHT PAPER FOR THE PURPOSE

Eagle-A Bond Papers

Coupon. Agawam. Persian. Contract. Airpost. Chevron. Acceptance. Norman. Telephone.

Eagle-A Ledger Papers

Brunswick Linen Ledger. Account Linen Ledger. Extension Ledger. Gloria Ledger.

Other Eagle-A Business Papers

include Covers, Books, Offsets, Bristols, Mimeograph and Manifold Papers.

LOOK FOR THE EAGLE-A MARK IN THE PAPER YOU USE

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The *Light-touch* shave for a good clean take off!

HERETOFORE a dream but today a reality—the Light-touch Shave is the new-way shave. *With a feather-light touch,* the improved Gem Blade takes off every whisker. Little more than the weight of the razor is enough—no pulling, no bearing down. Less pressure on your razor—more pleasure for your face.

Because the Gem steel is thick and tough—it has the body to stand up under the long grind of the most rigorous edging process ever given a blade!

Because the Gem is reinforced with a solid steel backbone—the stiffest beard can't daunt it. It meets the whiskers rigidly, and removes them unerringly!

Because the Gem is sharpened with a degree of scientific care unique in blade-making, the edge is microscopically keen. It gets *every* hair at the dermal line at the lightest touch!

Gem Blades sold everywhere.
Gem De Luxe Razors, $1 complete.

GEM SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

GEM *Double Life* BLADES

(Continued from Page 98)

great number of Britishers had decided that they again wanted to use gold as currency, the Bank of England might quickly have lost much of the metal that it had to save for international transactions. Money for hand use had to be convenient. The sovereign was a very convenient coin, corresponding roughly to our five-dollar bill. Therefore the bank very cannily put this, the traditional coin of England, out of business, but without any public ceremony. The Bank of England would pay in gold, but only in gold bars! And for pocket currency they are just as convenient as tusks of ivory! International payments are always in large amounts, and being solely on weight, gold bars are more convenient than coins. This was a little precaution against a gold rush which has not been publicly noted.

It was confidence, however, that was principally needed. In order to give this confidence, the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, acting as agent for all the reserve banks, opened on its books a credit of $200,000,000 in favor of the Bank of England for a period of two years. This was an engagement in effect to buy bills drawn on London up to this amount in order to avoid depleting the Bank of England's reserve by being compelled to ship gold to New York. Really it was an assurance fund. The expectations proved true and the agreement expired in 1927 without the credit ever having been used. At the same time a private banking firm opened a similar credit in favor of the British Government for $100,000,000, which also was never used.

In April, 1925, the British Government removed all its restrictions on the import and export of gold, and the bankers stood by somewhat nervously to see what would happen. Nothing at all happened.

The Basis of Stabilized Currency

Very quickly and according to schedule, the embargoes on gold were withdrawn by Holland, the Dutch East Indies, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. In some cases a whole new financial program and banking system have been put into effect, and several of these have been on lines planned by financial commissions of Americans headed by Prof. E. W. Kemmerer, of Princeton University—as for instance, in Poland, Colombia, Chile and Ecuador. Some of the stabilizations, as in Belgium and Poland, have required international loans or credits of some kind with the Federal Reserve Bank of New York acting for all twelve Reserve Banks.

It would appear on the surface that Europe by its own efforts has been working its own way back to financial stability. In point of fact, every one of these financial systems rests on the Federal Reserve system or on the Bank of England, and the Bank of England rests in turn on the Federal Reserve Bank. It is all a far-flung relation of close coöperation built around the principle that A will take paper from B at its face value if he knows that C will honor the paper with gold. The ultimate C is the Federal Reserve Bank.

That is one part of the story. None of these arrangements could exist or even be thought of were it not for the steady stream of loans which has been crossing the Atlantic since 1924, when the stabilization program began to be felt. Starting with 1924, we have been lending to the world, excluding loans to our own possessions, at the rate of about $1,250,000,000 a year. This continued through 1927—the figures for the first, second and third quarters being in excess of $1,000,000,000.

For the four years including 1927 to the date of writing, more than half the entire total of our foreign loans has gone to Europe.

Political and Private Creditors

But since 1924 a most important change has taken place in the character of these loans. Previously all our lending, excepting a negligible amount, had been to governments or governmental divisions. Starting in 1925, our bankers began to advance heavily to European industry, particularly to German industry.

We now have large sums invested in European industry. No one knows the exact figures. In addition to the direct loans to Europe, many of our loans to other parts of the world have released funds which found their way back to Europe. It is fairly certain that the bulk of all the foreign loans which European bankers have made since the war, as well as the German reparations payments, have come out of money which has been loaned by investors of the United States. The most competent statistical surveys have not uncovered any source for these payments other than American funds.

Doctor Schacht, in a recent warning to Germans that they were overborrowing, said, "We are creating an advantage for a political creditor today at the cost of a private creditor in the future."

How do we come to have so much money? If we are in actual control of world finance why and how are we exercising that control?

We have come by our money in a variety of ways, but one of the largest reasons is that we have for some years now had an ample supply of cheap credit which has been in general wisely used. We have, but in a larger measure, that same ability to finance on borrowed money which gave England its initial commercial supremacy. And one reason why we have this credit available as well as guarded will be found in the Federal Reserve system. This system has given us a banking organization unlike any other in the world and rather unlike what the planners of the system thought it was going to be.

The system got under way in 1914 with the world at war, and before it found itself it became the agency for financing our own participation, and it was not until the war and the postwar boom were over that the system had a chance to find itself. Now it has found itself, but its operations, although fairly simple, are a mystery to many people, and especially a mystery is it how these banks happen to be so potent in international finance.

Among the Sea Islands, Charleston, S. C.

SEA POWER AND THE MERCHANT MARINE

(Continued from Page 11)

general welfare and at the same time provide the vessels and experienced seamen so essential to any country in time of war."

American ships did not always play this minor rôle in the transportation of the cargoes of their own and other countries. In the period between 1795 and 1810 our merchant marine carried 90 per cent of the world's commerce. Until the Civil War practically all American foreign trade was carried in American ships. As a result of that war, however, conditions were so changed that the trade carried by ships under the American flag declined steadily, until by 1914 it had almost disappeared. Then three great maritime nations went to war and their merchant ships were commandeered for war purposes. The effect on the United States of the withdrawal of these ships was immediate. The prices of commodities dropped; our ports were soon congested with freight awaiting export; and our workmen, manufacturers, farmers the entire community—lost millions upon millions of dollars.

Then, in 1917, the United States entered the war. As the greatest possible defensive war measure, we built a merchant marine that cost the taxpayers $3,000,000,000. I emphasize the fact that this was for national defense. The end of the war—or soon thereafter—found us with a large merchant marine. A great number of the ships, however, were not suitable for commercial competition. This was due to wooden instead of steel construction; to use of coal instead of oil as a fuel; to slowness and to other factors. However, the Government, through the instrumentality of the Shipping Board and the Emergency Fleet Corporation, made an effort to carry American trade in American bottoms. What was the result? The deficit in 1922 was $32,000,000. It is now, I believe, running at about $16,000,000 annually. The percentage of trade carried in American bottoms is slowly but surely decreasing. Thus, in 1919 it was 60 per cent; in 1923, 50 per cent; in 1925, 40 per cent; and now, as Secretary Wilbur has said, it is about 32 per cent.

The explanation of this recent decline in American shipping lies in the fact that our vessels cannot compete with foreign ships. They are, with possibly a few exceptions, not so large as many foreign-owned boats, and of inferior speed. Shipping is a highly competitive industry. The most profitable freights go naturally to the biggest and the speediest carriers. We are neither building nor operating vessels which meet modern requirements. Largely this is because shipbuilding is more costly here than elsewhere, and because our navigation laws, including the Seaman's Act, make operation more expensive. It has been estimated that the cost of building ships in the United States is from 20 to 30 per cent greater than in foreign countries, due to higher-priced labor and materials, and that when the vessel is completed its operating expenses run from 8 to 10 per cent higher under American registry than that of any other nationality.

Handicaps to American Vessels

American vessels must, for example, carry larger crews than those of any other nation. They must pay higher wages. They must bear the expense incidental to the fact that the American system of measurements assigns greater tonnage than does the system employed by other nations. Since canal and harbor dues, pilot charges and other port expenses are assessed on a tonnage basis, the American ships pay approximately 25 per cent more than do their foreign competitors when they enter harbor. In addition to these handicaps, Congress has fixed a 50 per cent duty which must be paid on all repairs done to American ships in foreign countries. Most long voyages make some repairs necessary to the vessels while they are abroad. But the American shipowner is the only one who must pay this duty to his own Government on work done elsewhere. There are still other reasons for our dwindling merchant marine, but these are, to my mind, the most significant.

Under the best of conditions ocean shipping is not a highly profitable industry, and such disadvantages do much to discourage American capital from attempting to develop a merchant marine under present conditions

There is, however, one advantage which the law gives to the American merchant marine. This is a monopoly of the coastwise and intercoastal trades. As a result the ocean-going, coastwise trade of the United States equals in size and in value, in ordinary years, its entire sea-borne foreign commerce. But it is for transoceanic shipping that a well-developed merchant marine is most necessary. In peacetime it assures the prosperity of a nation; in war, the security. What, for example, would happen were war to break out again while we were without an adequate merchant marine? Our trade would be at the mercy of foreign shipping and freight would cost all that the traffic would bear. Exports would diminish. Foodstuffs and cotton would go downward in price rapidly and many shops and factories would close. Labor would be idle. It would mean what we call hard times.

More Ships and More Work

As recently as 1926 this was illustrated in a minor way, not by war but by an unusual industrial situation in another country. During the coal strike in England that year a great number of British ships which had been transporting our wheat and cotton turned to carrying coal instead. The American agricultural interests were greatly concerned. They feared a tie-up of their products, for lack of ships to move them abroad. This would have meant tremendous losses. Fortunately the Shipping Board was able to commission a number of laid-up vessels to carry the exports. But for this aid, however, the farmers and cotton growers of America would have lost much of the value of their crops through inability to reach the foreign markets.

To no other element of the population is a merchant marine more essential to prosperity than to the grain farmer of the West and the cotton farmer of the South. These farmers produce a surplus of crops that must be exported and compete in the markets of the world. With orderly marketing and an ability to deliver surplus crops when and where needed, the prosperity of the farmer is assured. A national merchant marine commensurate with the wealth and power of these United States means that more labor will be employed, not only on ships but in shipbuilding plants, mines and in every industry in the country. The $500,000,000 that now annually go abroad will circulate in this country to the benefit of every citizen. Why, then, should anyone shy at a simple word—subsidy? We cannot have a merchant marine without some form of Federal assistance. Government operation of the present merchant marine is costing $16,000,000 annually. Take the Government out of the shipping business, turn it over to private interests, with such assistance as is required by inexorable fact and conditions, and then, and not until then, shall we have a merchant marine commensurate with the needs of the nation.

The system of quantity production now prevalent in industry gives to the manufacturers of automobiles, locomotives, electrical material, agricultural implements and all other goods an output greater than can be absorbed by domestic markets. The

(Continued on Page 104)

free!

Book your old blades here!

Free, with 10 Gem Blades

SHAVERS! REJOICE! File your old blades away in a handy metal container instead of piling them in the way. Park your blades in this practical, convenient metal book—and part with your used blade troubles for good.

Your dealer will *give* you the handsome Gem Metal Book *free* with a package of 10 Gem Double Life Blades for 69c.

No need to tell you about these super-keen new Gem Blades that whisk away the wickedest whiskers at the lightest touch! No need to tell you about these glorious, speedy, ultra-smooth *Light-Touch* Shaves! Every morning, the improved Gem is making hundreds of thousands of faces take a new interest in life and a new delight in shaving.

Get your introduction to blade satisfaction today. Dealers everywhere are ready to give you your free Gem Book with 10 Gem Double Life Blades.

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BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

GEM *Double Life* BLADES

AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE

CO-OPERATION

The spirit of co-operation is amplified where employees in a large corporation have more than a wage interest.

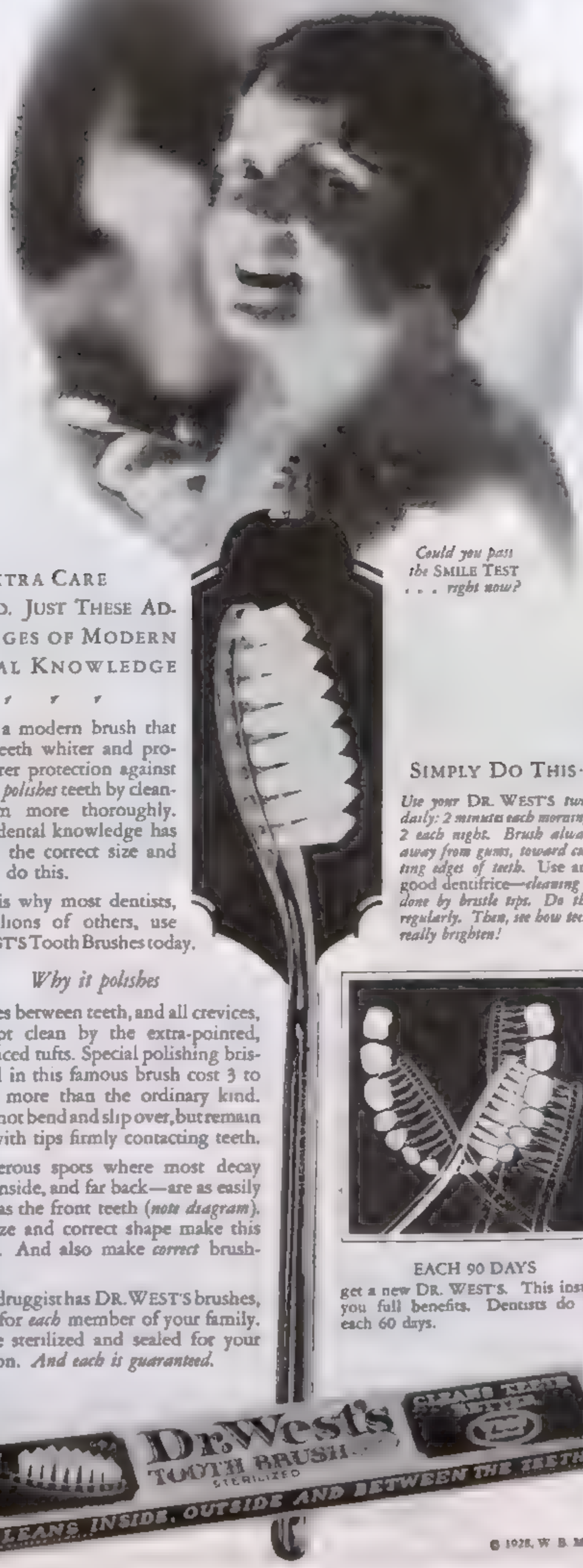
When the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company was organized this was Mr. Firestone's thought, and all employees were privileged to buy stock in proportion to their ability to pay. Today every employee in this great corporation is a stockholder. When he enters the Firestone employ it is arranged for him to subscribe for stock on a liberal basis, and seventy-five cents per share is deducted from the weekly wage and deposited in the stock and bond department of the Firestone Trust & Savings Bank, at Akron, where it is held until payments are completed.

These weekly payments act as savings account deposits, and should an employee's services be discontinued, his stock certificates are cancelled and payments refunded to him together with interest at 6%.

This picture of Harvey S. Firestone, addressing the 27th annual meeting of the stockholders of the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company, held in the Firestone Clubhouse Auditorium, Akron, Ohio, December 15th, 1927, is a striking tribute to the spirit of co-operation behind Firestone leadership.

THEIR OWN RUBBER.. Harvey S. Firestone

WHITER teeth for all by correct brushing ... and BRUSH



Could you pass the SMILE TEST *. . . right now?*

NO EXTRA CARE NEEDED. JUST THESE ADVANTAGES OF MODERN DENTAL KNOWLEDGE

Here is a modern brush that makes teeth whiter and provides surer protection against decay. It *polishes* teeth by cleaning them more thoroughly. *Modern* dental knowledge has given it the correct size and shape to do this.

That is why most dentists, and millions of others, use DR. WEST'S Tooth Brushes today.

Why it polishes

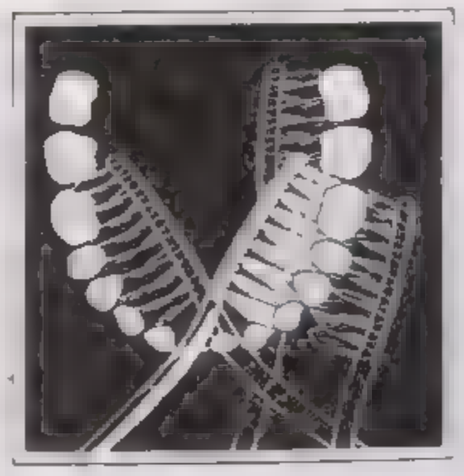
All spaces between teeth, and all crevices, are swept clean by the extra-pointed, wide-spaced tufts. Special polishing bristles used in this famous brush cost 3 to 5 times more than the ordinary kind. They do not bend and slip over, but remain erect—with tips firmly contacting teeth.

Dangerous spots where most decay starts—inside, and far back—are as easily reached as the front teeth (*note diagram*). Small size and correct shape make this possible. And also make *correct* brushing easy.

Your druggist has DR. WEST'S brushes, in sizes for *each* member of your family. They are sterilized and sealed for your protection. *And each is guaranteed.*

SIMPLY DO THIS:

Use your DR. WEST'S *twice daily: 2 minutes each morning, 2 each night. Brush always away from gums, toward cutting edges of teeth.* Use any good dentifrice—*cleaning is done by bristle tips. Do this regularly. Then, see how teeth really brighten!*



EACH 90 DAYS

get a new DR. WEST'S. This insures you full benefits. Dentists do this each 60 days.

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(Continued from Page 101)

surplus must be exported and raw materials imported. Then again, due to the prosperity of the country, our people demand luxuries from abroad. All this goes to create a foreign commerce totaling nearly ten billions annually. To continue prosperity there must be a protected national merchant marine. There must be protection from cheaper foreign labor and materials in construction—the principle of the tariff—there must be protection to our merchant seamen and officers—that theirs is a living wage in accordance with American standards—protection to ship operators must be given by rectifying adverse navigation laws. Above all there must, in time of peace, be given the active aid and assistance of the Navy. The Navy and the merchant marine are inseparable and interdependent in peace as well as war.

Interdependence between the Navy and the merchant marine may be instanced now in the cry for more light cruisers. As I have pointed out previously, a light cruiser costs $16,000,000 to build and about $3,000,000 annually to operate. A fast liner capable of being transformed into a light cruiser costs no more and will nearly pay for its own operation in time of peace. What a saving and what economic profit may be had, then, in building ten fast liners—$30,000,000 a year saved in operating liners rather than cruisers; foreign markets reached in a week or ten days; mail between New York and the capitals of Europe in five days; passengers carried across the Atlantic in four days; and there are other conveniences and advantages that will accrue to the citizens of the United States by building such liners.

I do not for a moment advocate the building of liners to the exclusion of light cruisers. I suggest that if the war needs of the country call for forty light cruisers, let ten or fifteen of them be converted from fast liners.

The Merchant Marine Ratio

Through the efforts of a few farsighted congressmen and of the naval authorities concerned with our defenses on the seas, the public has become familiar with tables showing how certain foreign nations are surpassing us in the construction of warships to which the Washington Limitation Treaties provisions do not apply. Equally interesting, though less familiar, are the figures which show how far we are lagging behind in the construction of merchant vessels. In a recent report from the United States Naval Institute proceedings, Mr. Alfred H. Haag, an eminent authority on international shipping, presents the following illuminating table of merchant vessels of 2000 gross tons or over completed between 1921 and 1926 by the principal maritime nations for transoceanic service:

COUNTRY	NUMBER OF SHIPS	GROSS TONS
Great Britain	509	3,500,000
Germany	172	950,000
Italy	63	506,000
France	72	450,000
Japan	53	250,000
United States	14	137,000
Total	972	5,793,000

Thus, for every ship of 2000 tons or over designed for foreign trade which the United States has built, Great Britain has constructed approximately 43, Germany 12, France 5, Italy 4 and Japan 4.

But this does not end the story. With the exception of the United States, all the nations listed are either building or have contracted for many more such ships. Naval statistics show that on March 31, 1927, the record of merchant ships building or contracted for ran as follows:

COUNTRY	NUMBER OF SHIPS	GROSS TONS
Great Britain	142	987,000
Germany	49	395,000
Italy	28	80,000
Japan	19	130,000
France	8	58,000
United States	4	63,000
Total	250	1,800,000

Here it is seen that Great Britain is building 35 vessels, Germany 12, Italy 7, Japan 5 and France 2 to every one of that class being constructed by the United States.

Summarizing the shipbuilding activities of the principal maritime nations in merchant ships laid down, appropriated for, contracted for, built and building, we find the following:

COUNTRY	NUMBER OF SHIPS	GROSS TONS
British Empire	741	4,588,847
Japan	71	350,956
France	80	507,230
Italy	91	805,945
Germany	221	1,348,563
United States	18	199,884
Total	1,222	7,801,004

Subsidies for Ships

As everyone knows, speed as well as tonnage is a most important factor in the comparative value of vessels, whether used for peacetime or wartime service. For that reason the number of vessels referred to in the tables which attain a speed of twenty knots or more is significant. In this class Great Britain has 12, France 11 and the United States 2; Great Britain attaining an advantage over us of six to one. In the class of ships designed for eighteen knots Great Britain has 38, France 19 and the United States 6. In the class built to make sixteen knots Great Britain has 145 and the United States 37; of fourteen-knot vessels Great Britain has 435 and the United States 101; of twelve-knot ships Great Britain has 1280 and the United States 235. From this it may be seen that if the United States is to occupy the place in world affairs justified by its wealth, its industry and its international trade, it must begin immediately a program of shipbuilding with particular emphasis on modern types designed to compete for, at least, a fair share of our own foreign sea-borne commerce.

What is being done to that end? As this is written several significant projects are under discussion; for legislators and business interests alike realize that this nation needs a permanent merchant-marine policy. One of the measures introduced by Senator Jones providing for operation by the Shipping Board of all vessels that cannot be sold to advantage and for additions, replacements and improvements to the United States Merchant Marine Fleet which would insure the continuance of Government operation has recently passed the Senate. The bill provides further that no ships shall be sold except by an unanimous vote by the members of the Shipping Board. That would mean the continuance of the Government in operating ships of the merchant marine. This scheme will be vigorously opposed by many in the House of Representatives. Also it is opposed to the policy of the President, and I hope it will not become a law. A proposed measure discussed by Representative William R. Wood suggests retirement of the Government from operation and ownership of merchant ships and a subsidy based on mail contracts.

The Shipping Board, which by its activities may be regarded as having averted the disappearance of American shipping from the overseas trade, is also preparing remedial legislation at this time.

One plan which has been suggested to the Shipping Board proposes government aid to shipbuilders in the form of a huge revolving fund to be lent to shipbuilders at 2½ per cent interest and to be repaid over a period of sixteen years.

The Government should get out of the shipping business at the earliest practicable moment. In his annual message the President, in speaking of the merchant marine, states:

> Public operation is not a success. No investigation, of which I have caused several to be made, has failed to report that it could not succeed or to recommend speedy transfer to private ownership. . . . It should be our policy to keep

(Continued on Page 106)

38 Mail Bags *filled with* Dividend Checks

So widely-owned is Pennsylvania Railroad stock, it is necessary to maintain offices for the transfer of stock in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and London.

—the world's most widely owned railroad makes its quarterly payment to stockholders

IN all its 82 years as a corporation the Pennsylvania Railroad has never failed to pay a dividend. As regularly as the earth moves around the sun, the 142,622 people who now own the Pennsylvania receive, every three months, the checks that are the fruit of their thrift and their good judgment.

As you read these words, the checks for the first quarterly dividend of 1928 (due February 29) are in the hands of stockholders. Their aggregate value is $8,655,000. They represent a dividend of 1¾% quarterly—or 7% annually.

Merely to prepare these checks is a labor of great magnitude. It requires the services of a special clerical force, varying in number from twenty to one hundred, for about three weeks' time.

In the course of a year the preparation of these checks requires about 2⅔ acres of special quality paper—equal to a roll the width of one check and approximately 80 miles in length. And the checks for one quarterly dividend fill 38 government mail bags.

For the Pennsylvania is more widely owned than any other railroad. Its profits go not to an exclusive few but to many—to tens of thousands of men and women of all sorts and conditions (more than half the stockholders are women)—to business men, widows, laborers, orphans, to young and old, well-to-do and comparatively poor, and to charitable and educational institutions.

They—not some mythically cold corporation—are the owners and supporters of the railroad that serves more of the traveling public of this country than any other, and that forms the largest single factor in the transportation activities of the busiest and most prosperous industrial nation on earth.

Behind these 142,622 stockholders of the Pennsylvania stand nearly 180,000 carefully trained and loyal railroad men who hold to high standards of technical skill and business idealism.

These men—many of whom are stockholders themselves—are conscious of their obligation to the thousands of investors—the obligation to see that the money invested is capably and economically used and that it shall continue to be a profitable investment.

And not a man of them but knows that the path to those equitable profits lies in service—punctual, courteous and swift—to the traveling and shipping public.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

EVEN TWICE WASHED FACES don't seem clean at night

Pore-dirt can never be washed away

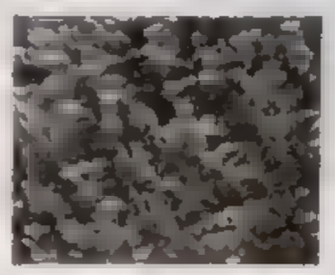
A HARD-SCRUBBED face may seem clean enough when seen across the aisle of a car or over the desk in an office. But a face simply HAS to be clean when shown close up under night lights . . . or somebody's going to be the loser.

When you wash your face, the surface gets clean. But look in a mirror—now—and see the pore-dirt that can't be washed away. It's under the surface of your face this very minute. Pore-dirt dulls the cleanest complexion. It needn't! And we'll gladly send a FREE tube of Pompeian Massage Cream to prove it to you.

Goes in pink . . .
ROLLS OUT
DINGY GRAY!

These amazing photos show what happens when Pompeian Massage Cream gets after pore-dirt. Number one shows a section of skin before using Pompeian. Number two shows the skin after a few seconds' Pompeian Massage.

The Cream was a clean pink when it went into the skin. But notice its color—now! Those dried pellets of cream are a dingy gray . . . gray with pore-dirt . . . dirt that couldn't have been dislodged by a heavy course of scrubdowns.



1. Photomicrograph taken under the aid of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.

2. Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

And that's the sensational demonstration that turns men by the hundreds to this remarkable Cream.

Make FREE test that convinces thousands

Will you try Pompeian on your own skin? Test it—please—at our expense. Fill in the coupon below and mail it to us now, before you turn this page.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 903-C, 565 Fifth Ave., New York
Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

Name
Street
City State

(Continued from Page 104.

our present vessels in repair and dispose of them as rapidly as possible, rather than undertake any new construction. Their operation is a burden on the national treasury, for which we are not receiving sufficient benefits.

The annual report of the Shipping Board has the following interesting and instructive comments on American shipping:

The board's primary function, as provided in various acts of Congress, is the establishment and maintenance of an American merchant marine. . . . The board's secondary function, intimately bound up with the foregoing, involves the operation and liquidation of the Government's fleet of merchant vessels, acquired as a result of the war. As provided by law, this activity is carried on by the board through the instrumentality of a subsidiary organization known as the Merchant Fleet Corporation, whose president reports to the Shipping Board as to a board of directors, the board in all cases determining fundamental questions of policy.

These two principal functions are necessarily closely related, since it was the unmistakable intent of Congress, as clearly expressed in the Merchant Marine Act, that the government fleet was to be so utilized that ultimately it would become part of the privately owned American merchant marine. The board has kept constantly before it this conception of the important rôle that government-owned merchant vessels must play in the upbuilding of our commercial shipping.

Congress has directed in the Merchant Marine Act of 1920 that "as soon as practicable, consistent with good business methods," the vessels shall be sold; but that meanwhile they shall be used, at the discretion of the board, in the establishment of strategic trade routes, these in turn to be disposed of ultimately to private American interests. As a result of the establishment of trade routes by the board, steamships flying the American flag have again appeared in the principal ports of the world for the first time in seventy-five years, not a single one of them in competition with privately owned American flag vessels.

At this writing—June 30, 1927—the board still possesses upward of 800 ships, 307 in active operation and 516 in the laid-up fleet. It holds these lines and individual ships out to private capital for purchase under the most favorable terms, and continues to operate upon strategic trade routes only until such time as private capital is disposed to take them over.

A graphic idea of world shipping conditions will be gained from a study of the shipbuilding industry in the principal maritime nations during the past few years. Thus the number of ships of 2000 gross tons or over, built or now under construction for transoceanic service, from and including the year 1921, shows that for every ship of this class built in the United States, Great Britain has built 43, Germany 12, France 5 and Italy and Japan each approximately 4.

This new construction provides our competitors not only with more ships but also with faster ones, for the modern trend, especially noticeable during the past few years, is all in the direction of speed, coupled with economy of operation due to the use of up-to-date propulsive machinery, largely of the internal combustion type. This is an age in which, other things being equal, the fast ship gets the cream of the freight. We are thus being outclassed not only in tonnage but also in the character of service we are able to render the shipper. More and more are we likely to get the less desirable classes of cargo—the commodities invariably handled by slow ships at low freight rates.

On July 3, 1926, the Senate passed a resolution—Senate Resolution 262—as follows:

Resolved, That the United States Shipping Board be, and it is hereby, requested to prepare and submit to the Senate not later than January 1, 1927, comprehensive and concrete plans for building up and maintaining an adequate merchant marine for commerce and national security (1) through private capital and under private ownership and (2) through construction, operation and ownership by the Government.

In response to this resolution the Shipping Board, on January 11, 1927, submitted a report embodying certain plans for building up and maintaining an adequate merchant marine for commerce and national security. The board's report was made after hearings had been held in thirty-three cities in various sections of the United States. As a result of these hearings, supplemented by responses to 9000 inquiries addressed by the board to representative organizations and individuals throughout the country, sentiment of the general public was found to be as follows:

1. It was unanimously held that the United States should have an adequate merchant marine for national defense and for commerce.
2. With almost equal unanimity it was held that this merchant marine should be privately owned.
3. With equal unanimity it was held that until it is made possible for private interests to successfully own and operate the American merchant marine the Federal Government must continue to do so.

During the 69th Congress, Senator George Wharton Pepper of Pennsylvania offered a most interesting and helpful bill which had the support of many of the largest shipbuilders in the country. This bill may be introduced again in the 70th Congress. Its purpose was to give a rebate to the shipowners for an amount covering the difference in cost between a ship constructed in an American shipyard and one constructed in a foreign yard—in short, to consider the ship as an export commodity. Vessels built under the provisions of the bill were to be designed according to plans agreed upon between the owners and the United States Shipping Board, with particular regard to their availability to the Government for conversion in time of war. The Navy should determine the characteristics for this purpose.

These are but a few of the many remedial measures which may come to the attention of Congress during its 70th session. Which of them will meet with its approval it is impossible to forecast. It is clearly evident that any measure framed to help the American merchant marine should have largely in view the following requirements:

1. Operation by private interests.
2. Provisions for extending to shipbuilders and shipowners treatment as generous as that which other governments give their maritime industries, including liberal mail contracts over a large number of years.
3. Elimination of the tariff element in shipbuilding by considering ships solely in foreign trades as an export commodity.
4. Repeal of the law requiring a duty of 50 per cent on repairs made in foreign ports, requisite for voyage to a home port.
5. A system of tonnage measurement which does not impose higher canal, pilotage, harbor and other dues for American ships than are paid by the ships of other nations.
6. A liberal plan of government aid in financing merchant-ship construction.
7. Provisions whereby vessels built with government aid are designed with the view of their rapid conversion to cruisers and auxiliaries for service in the Navy in time of war. Certainly the designs and prospective employment should meet the approval of the Navy Department. Also there should be an arrangement whereby the officers and crews should form a naval reserve, and for their service therein they should receive a fair compensation.

In closing, it may well be said that Faith, Hope and Parity—these three—engendered the conferences of 1922 and 1927 at Washington and Geneva. Faith and Hope, it seemed, were justified at Washington. Geneva cared less for Parity. Yet Parity is the greatest of these, in the merchant marine as well as in the Navy. On it depend our national security, development and prosperity. The United States should spare neither time nor money to make its merchant marine at least the equal of that of any other nation.

IT IS TEAM WORK THAT HAS MADE AMERICA AFFLUENT

There are puzzled thinkers who would have us believe that the skillful use of machinery has made this the richest nation of all time.

But behind the machine is the man.

And united man-power has here achieved a new miracle.

American men have learned how to work together, how to cooperate wholeheartedly, in workshops and offices, in trade associations and public enterprises, as no other people have ever done.

It is not the machine, but clear-thinking manhood, the sagacity of invention, the knack of artful operation and cooperation, that have made America great.

Many of the men who are doing most in this great forward work are contributors to "Nation's Business," published by the world's largest business organization, with 260,000 interested readers. It is focusing the forces that are productive of magnificent team work.

NATION'S BUSINESS

At all newsstands—twenty-five cents a copy

MERLE THORPE, *Editor*

PUBLISHED AT WASHINGTON BY THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES

"I thought my dog had gone mad"

"The first time my dog had a fit, I thought he was mad. I might have shot him if a neighbor hadn't told me it was probably caused by worms. Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules stopped *them* in a hurry."

In almost all cases, fits are due to improper care and feeding. Many a valuable dog has been shot for mad because the owner did not know the difference between fits and rabies. Use Sergeant's Sure Shot Capsules and Condition Pills.

Symptoms of Fits

Animal clamps jaws and froths at the mouth. Muscles jerk and throw body to the ground with legs moving rapidly. Dog rises and is stupid.

Do You Know?

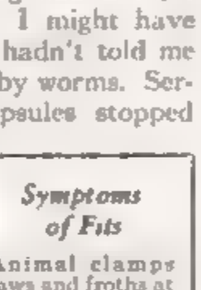
Would you know whether your dog had fits or rabies? Would you know what to do in either case? Do you know how to prevent these ailments? It costs nothing for you to find out these worthwhile facts. There are effective remedies for fits and all other dog diseases and it is a simple matter to know when and how to use them.

DON'TS for Dog Owners

Don't feed your dog sweets or pastry. Don't feed potatoes to a puppy.

Famous Dog Book Free

We urge you to write for a free copy of Polk Miller's Famous Dog Book. It contains the accumulated experience of fifty years. In clear, non-technical language it tells the symptoms of dog diseases and the best treatments for each. There are useful articles on feeding, breeding and rearing dogs. This book has been the guide for millions of dog lovers. It has saved the lives of untold thousands of valuable animals. It is free.



Expert Advice Free

If your dog develops a condition not fully explained in the dog book, *write us at once.* State age, breed, sex, and all symptoms. Our expert veterinarian will answer personally, sending, without charge, complete instructions for care and treatment. Sergeant's Dog Medicines, standard for over fifty years, are on sale at dealers' everywhere. If you cannot obtain them, write direct. Address Polk Miller Products Corp., 1068 W. Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Write for Your Free Copy of Polk Miller's Dog Book

Sergeant's
DOG MEDICINES
"Used as per every dog ailment"

SEEING IS BELIEVING

(Continued from Page 4)

mess of trout out of that brook the summer before.

"H'm," says Johnny. "It does appear that some party was skulking round these parts last summer and keeping himself under cover. I've got no notion why, but I'll just file the matter away in my mind."

It was ten days before he completed his rounds and returned to the lower ranger station. The next day he started riding down country to Cloudburst, a little town at the foot of the hills, to purchase supplies. When he was some fifteen miles on his way a road forked off up the bottoms of Crow Creek, and his horse turned into it like traveling it was a habit.

"You know I never pass up this ranch road, don't you, pony?" Johnny chuckled. He rode round a bend to where a little valley opened out. A log cabin nestled there, and in front of the cabin a woman was standing; one of those glorious creatures of the type that once stood on the shore and gazed out across the wild waves to watch for the return of their Viking lovers from the sea. And Ellen Trainor, their descendant, was watching just as eagerly for a forest ranger to come riding down from the hills. Her dress was open at the throat, her arms bare to the elbow. Her head was protected only by thick coils of tawny hair with a little glint of sunlight in it, her face all of pink-and-white tints overlaid with just a deepening shade of the creamy golden glow washed on by the rays of the sun. A woman to stand at the shoulder of her man, one to mother stalwart sons. She seemed the very essence of eager life, and right now that eagerness was lighting up her blue eyes. And well it might, for Johnny Matteson was a fine upstanding figure of a man.

He swung from the saddle and gathered her into his arms. She gave him her lips without reservation, and the shine of her eyes as they looked into his should have been a satisfactory answer to anything he might have to ask her. But he knew there was a reservation nevertheless.

"And where is Lanky these days?" he inquired after a spell.

A shade like a filmy cloud floating across the sun touched the shining eagerness of her face.

"He went away about a week ago," she said. "He left some horses over in the Eagle Breaks last fall and will be back as soon as he finds them."

"It's only three days now until the Woosatch is open to stock," he reminded her. "Did Lanky get your permits all arranged for before he left?"

"Yes," she said, although he was perfectly well aware that she had attended to the matter herself, as she did to everything else.

"You'll be wanting to drive your cows up into the forest for the summer as soon as it's open," he said.

"Lanky will be back," she prophesied.

"Not likely," Matteson bluntly contradicted.

"Then I can drive them up myself," Ellen Trainor declared. "I like to work with stock."

"I'll be down and get them for you," said Johnny.

"But you'll be too busy, with every outfit in the country throwing their cows up in the forest," she demurred. "I can do it, Johnny."

"I'll find the time somehow," he insisted. His eyes were devouring her. "Ellen, when are you going to come to me? I've got a nice little home ranch over Ten Sleep way. Bill Barnes is running my cows with his and they're increasing moderate fast. I'll quit rangering before long now. I would have quit before this except to be near you. When will it be, girl?"

"You know, Johnny, that it depends on Lanky," she said. "I'll come the minute that he is permanently settled somewhere—definitely committed to something."

Now Johnny was of the firm conviction that Lanky Trainor was due to be definitely committed to jail and settled there permanently, unless, which was even more likely, he should get himself shot beforehand. Lanky, a younger brother just come of age, had gone over to the wild bunch. He was ringleader in every piece of devilment that went on round the countryside. Mrs. Trainor had died when Ellen was fourteen and Lanky a promising youngster of ten, and she'd called upon Ellen to mother him into an upright and successful manhood. A few years past, Trainor Senior had passed in his checks, and Ellen was still sticking with Lanky. Whenever that promising youth was in need of ready money, which was chronic, he remedied the situation by bartering off a few beef steers, cows, calves or whatever came handy, him being half owner with Ellen. But his sister was no weakly adoring and fatuous female. Far from it. And of late she had seen fit to clamp down on that system. Lanky had expostulated at some length, but matters had been so arranged that he couldn't part with a single critter without his sister's signature on the bill of sale.

"Yes, Johnny dear," she says again, "it all depends upon Lanky."

Johnny was convinced that anything of whatever nature that depended upon Lanky was roosting mighty insecure and tottering on its foundations at the outset, and he remarked as much. Matteson and Ellen Trainor was both real people and accustomed to speak their true minds to each other. Ellen didn't gloss things over and pretend that Lanky was a misunderstood young prodigy who was due to startle the world with his virtues any time now. And Johnny didn't indulge in any conventional hypocrisy and veil his views on the subject, it being his private conviction, and public as well, that Lanky was one pestiferous young scapegrace that was firmly determined to pry his way into hell in the face of all obstacles, and the sooner the better. All of which hadn't deterred him from extracting the said Lanky from several trying predicaments. Also, in addition to the extracting, he had indulged in some fairly positive advice, which good offices had succeeded in earning him Lanky's sincere disapproval.

"Johnny, can you put Lanky on as a fire guard again this summer?" Ellen asked wistfully.

"That I can't," Johnny declared with finality. "I had him stationed as lookout on Halcyon Mountain all last summer, which all he had to do was to sit there and watch for fire signs. I knew it had to be an easy snap or he would hop the job."

"And didn't he do all right at it?" she queried hopefully.

"There came a week when I couldn't get an answer over the telephone," Johnny explained. "At first I hoped that he was merely out somewhere beyond hearing, then that the line was down. Knowing Lanky, I also knew it was up to me to trace out the break and repair it. So I posted on up Halcyon Mountain. The line was intact, but the lookout station was empty. Lanky turned up while I was there and swore he'd only been out for the day. It was certain that he was stretching the truth by a week at the inside. With the right thing to do as easy as sitting on a mountain, you can count on Lanky to go out of his way and work hard devising some means to violate the rules if it's anyways possible."

"I take it," said Ellen, smiling up into Johnny's eyes, "that you haven't overmuch confidence in Lanky."

"Oh, as to that," says Johnny, smiling back at her, "I consider Lanky a real straightforward and dependable citizen, honest as they come; except, of course, that if someone hired him at ten dollars a night to sleep in a comfortable bed, he'd ride forty miles in a snowstorm to defraud somebody out of two bits at sunup. That's his idea of shrewd business. And as to putting him on as a fire guard, honey, I just can't. I wouldn't put it past him to be off the job for a week and then touch off a nice lively forest fire and report it himself just to prove how vigilant he'd been. Outside of a few such minor defects Lanky is a sterling young man with a promising and easily prophesied future ahead of him."

"I know," she agreed. "He is troublesome and unreliable. And I do so wish he wasn't."

"And me," Johnny seconded her motion. "I wish it to the point where I've put in considerable time trying to convince him of the error of his ways, which the reward for my efforts has been to gain his undying opposition to me as a prospective brother-in-law. Well, Ellen, maybe we can devise some plan to gather up all of Lanky's loose ends and shape him up into one lump of something or another. Here's hoping—though it does loom as a real forlorn prospect."

With this encouraging prophecy Matteson dangled on into Cloudburst, leading his pack horse, and proceeded to purchase supplies.

After stowing his purchases in panniers preparatory to making an early pack-up and get-away the next morning, he took a prowl round the business section of Cloudburst, which extended almost one whole block on both sides of the street, then retired to the hotel for the night.

The hotel was a blistered frame affair with the paint weathered off. It was run by Old Man Tompkins, who was that ancient that he antedated the town itself by more years than he could remember. He peered over his specs at Matteson in the dim light of a kerosene lamp in the lobby.

"It's a mite hard for me to get up and downstairs when it ain't necessary," he informed. "You jes go on up and he'p yourself to any room as strikes yore fancy."

Johnny selected a room and piled into bed. The partition was of boards that had been pasted over with cloth and painted a buff shade; and the warping of the boards had shredded the cloth. The old hotel was mighty decrepit and complained in its joints, the boards creaking and whispering their troubles all up and down the halls. If a man in the front room upstairs turned over in bed it rattled the dishes downstairs in the kitchen.

Matteson had been in bed maybe three minutes when another party came upstairs and entered the room next to his. He dropped a boot and cussed under his breath. Then the bed groaned as he mounted it. Johnny dropped off to sleep. A spell later he woke again, listening. Someone was coming along the hall, endeavoring to tiptoe easy and quiet, so's not to disturb others. His efforts was rendered futile by those complaining floor boards. But he did the best he could and didn't make much more sound than riding a horse across a wooden bridge at a gallop. He turned into the room next to Johnny's, where that other party had retired previous.

If Matteson hadn't already been awake he'd have come to with a bang right soon thereafter in any event, for the new arrival came to grief, seemed like, by colliding with a chair in the dark. He fell clear on over it and jarred the hotel to its roots. The bed creaked and a sleepy voice demanded:

"What the hell, Tony? You drunk again, eh?"

"Sh!" the other party warned cautiously. "No. The chair set was out there in the way, Gus."

Johnny knew from this low-voiced conference who his neighbors were—the Capelli brothers, Giuseppe and Antonio. They had come into the country something over a year back and filed on adjoining homesteads on Gypsum Creek. The Capelli

(Continued on Page 111)

UPSON BOARD

CEILINGS OF BEAUTY AND PERMANENCE FOR *EVERY* ROOM

Attractive walls reflect pride and self-respect

Light yet strong! One man applies Upson Board — even on ceilings.

YOUR home is *you*.

Your friends judge you and your family by that home.

For the home is an index of character—a barometer of pride and self-respect—a reflection of ideals and ambitions

Walls and ceilings are the keynote of the home interior. Their condition makes or breaks its appearance.

Yet nearly every home has one or more rooms where old plaster is unsightly or unsafe. Many an unthinking man or woman has been unfairly judged because of ugly walls and ceilings.

Now there is a quick and easy way to "do over" these cracked and uninviting walls and ceilings. *Upsonize!* Upson Board is the *nearest*-perfect wall and ceiling material. It builds interiors of lasting beauty—that reflect pride—character—personality—that never need apology.

Nothing better for ceilings

Once up, your Upson Board interiors should last as long as the building. Certified tests prove Upson Board remarkably resistant to jars, blows, heat, moisture—even ordinary leaks. Properly applied—Upson Board should never warp or bulge. It can never crack or fall.

See for yourself. Try Upson Board for just one room. Then you will want it all through the house.

NEW ROOMS FOR OLD AT MODERATE COST

Your home, too, can have lasting loveliness. Just a few panels of Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile!

A few days' quick, clean work. The most hopeless room is transformed—made new—like those above

Colorful wall-tiling at little cost

COLORFUL—*characterful*—tiled walls are now within the reach of every home.

Cheerful colors for the kitchen—where the average woman spends a third of her time.

Dainty colors for the bath! Joyous colors for the nursery! Practical, pleasing colors for the laundry! And all at surprisingly low cost—with Upson Fibre-Tile.

Upson Fibre-Tile comes in big panels that your carpenter can apply *right over your old walls*—a quick job with little muss or dirt.

You choose your own color scheme—for Upson Fibre-Tile is *unfinished*—ready for just the treatment that expresses your own individual preference. And once enameled, colorful Upson Tile walls are easily kept clean with a damp cloth.

For new homes, too

Upson Fibre-Tile costs but a few cents a square foot—about 1/10th as much as ceramic tiling.

For new homes everywhere, it is providing permanent, colorful wall-tiling at lowest cost.

And for your old home—right now—before carpenters start outdoor work—is a good time to transform dingy kitchen or bath into an interior of enduring beauty.

Patented Upson Fasteners make Upson Board the one wall [illegible] by the *Blue*-center in each panel edge.

UPSON *fibre* TILE

CONTRACTORS USE IT!

Up-to-the-minute carpenters recommend Upson Board and Upson Fibre-Tile for living rooms, bedrooms, kitchens, baths, laundries, barber shops, wherever permanent, lovable interiors are desired

SEND FOR COLORED SAMPLES AND APPLICATION DETAILS

The Upson Company, 106 Upson Point, Lockport, New York

[illegible]

Name .....

Street City State

LUMBER DEALERS SELL IT!

Alert lumber dealers everywhere are selling Upson Fibre-Tile and Upson Board. If you are a lumber dealer and do not stock both, write today for our interesting proposition to dealers.

© The Upson Company, Lockport, New York, 1923

F A I R F A X

Inspired by a Quaint Colonial Chair

From a lovely Colonial chair, the designer of Fairfax drew his inspiration for this delightful pattern. A design of such rare charm that it has found its place in more fine homes than any other sterling silver pattern in the world.

With its sharply contrasted planes and exquisite simplicity, Fairfax makes an immediate appeal to the lover of the authentic Colonial mood. It perpetuates in enduring sterling an artistic motif that has lived and flourished for centuries. Passing time and fads of the moment will not dim its beauty.

Fairfax is Colonial Georgian in character. It finds ready harmony with those Colonial decorations so much in vogue today.

During March leading jewelers are making special Fairfax exhibits, showing complete dinner and tea sets. Yet it is only one of many Gorham productions your jeweler will gladly show you.

(Fairfax teaspoons, $7.50 for six. Dinner knives, $22 for six. Dinner forks, $28.50 for six.)

GORHAM

PROVIDENCE, R. I. NEW YORK, N. Y.

MEMBER OF THE STERLING SILVERSMITHS GUILD OF AMERICA

"Whatever your taste — whatever your favorite period — you will find among Gorham's 27 patterns in Sterling a silver service to harmonize with both."

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS FOR OVER 90 YEARS

(Continued from Page 108)

brothers entered into a low-pitched conference. It seemed that they contemplated the purchase of thirty head of three-year-old cows from Old Man Tompkins and were speculating as to the possibility of getting a permit to run them on the Woosatch that summer. If not, they planned to slip them up on the forest in any event.

"That Jonee Mateesin, now, hees sharp in the eye," Gus said doubtfully. "He see those trecks. Me, I don' know for sure we do that."

"Well, I know," Johnny says to himself, "that if you try and slip any cows onto the forest without a permit there will be two undersized sons of Italy that'll have a trespass suit on their hands."

It was just daylight when Johnny got up and dressed. As he crossed the street someone called to him, and he turned and saw one of the Capelli brothers standing in the window of the upstairs room next to the one he'd just left. The man's hat was pulled down over his eyes, but the flowing black mustache identified him as Tony. They waved a greeting to each other and Johnny repaired to the barn after his horses. Gus, the smooth-shaved one of the brothers, came scurrying in right soon after.

"Meestaire Mateesin, Tony and me expec' we buy thirty head the cow. You geev us the permeet, eh? Then we feed those cow on your place the forest?" he rattled excitedly. He was still commenting volubly with both mouth and hands when Johnny cut in and explained that the Woosatch was already grazed to capacity and no new permits could be issued that summer.

He chuckled as he rode out of town. "It gave those two little guineas a shock to discover that they had me for a neighbor last night while they discussed their trespassing plans."

A piece out of town he met Bud Dorin. Bud had run twenty head of horses down and turned them loose in Eagle Breaks for a bite of spring grass a month back. When he had gone back to get them a few days previous, it was to find two of them missing. It was natural that they would drift back to their home range, but they hadn't. Both was buckskins. He described them as sizable horses, both wearing Number 2 shoes and Bud's brand. Would Johnny keep an eye out for them? Johnny would. As he rode on he reflected that these two horses having disappeared in the Eagle Breaks at about the time Lanky Trainor had disappeared from home with the Eagle Breaks as his avowed destination might be more than coincidence. Lanky might have decided to borrow that brace of buckskin cayuses.

Johnny branched off again to ride up Crow Creek and visit with Ellen, wherefore he missed meeting Carson, the ranger from the upper station, who came riding hard and fast down the main road and on into Cloudburst. If he'd caught even a glimpse of him at a distance his gait would have informed Johnny that he had a pressing engagement; for Carson was a man to save his mounts and not run them clear off their feet all over nothing. But instead, Johnny was right then terminating a conference with Ellen. She would have round thirty head of top four-year-old steers to market in the fall, she related, which Lanky could drive them down to the railroad and ship them. They'd bring a nice little piece of money.

"You'd better let me drive them down when the time comes," Matteson suggested. "If Lanky escorts them that bunch is apt to increase too fast on the way to the railroad and he'll ship maybe sixty head instead of thirty and the brand inspector will jail him."

"I have agreed to let him have the money," Ellen said. "He's promised to settle down if I'll let him have the proceeds to invest in some business of his own."

"Lanky will make an investment in red, white and blues and settle down to the avowed business of breaking somebody's faro bank up until he discovers that the bank has broke him instead," Johnny prophesied. "It isn't as if he was a weakling. Lanky don't come of any craven breed. If he was just one of these misfit and cringing miscreants I'd feel sorry for him. But he has a real positive mind of his own and devotes it to deviltry from preference; and that fact inclines me to believe that the best cure is to twist his neck rather than to shed tears of sympathy down it, which such latter tactics serves only to irrigate his all-round cussedness."

With which parting sentiment he rode off. He was clear soured on Lanky. When he got home he discovered that someone had run his extra horses—five head of them—into the corral and give them a good feed of grass and hay. On closer inspection one of the horses proved to be Carson's, while one of Johnny's was absent. It was easy to figure that Carson might have come down and wanted a change of mounts, but not why he would have gathered all Johnny's horses and left them in the corral with a heavy feed, as if they was going to be needed. As he started to go into the house he found himself staring at the outside of the door. Someone had scrawled a message on it with the lead of a pistol cartridge.

"Johnny. Keep horses up. Hell to pay. Double murder. Gone for help. Carson," it read.

Matteson tried to get Cloudburst, but the line was out, so he sat himself down to wait. An hour after midnight a car came chugging up the road from Cloudburst, and Bill Barnes, who was sheriff at the time, unloaded with Carson.

"Where's your posse, Bill?" Johnny inquired. "Or do you feel self-sufficient?"

"I'd rather have one good tracker than a troop of cavalry on a job like this," Barnes announced. "Those eyes of yours could work out the trail of a field mouse on the pavement. So you're elected, Johnny, to serve as my posse."

"And how do you reconcile that with my present position?" Johnny inquired. "Can a measly county officer supersede Federal authority and transfer me from rangering to man hunting?"

"This killing took place on the forest and I telephoned the supervisor that your help was needed. We'll go on up in the car. My saddle and outfit is there with Carson's. He'll extract his and substitute yours. Then he can lead up a pair of extra mounts for us in case we need them. So get your musket and pile into the car."

It seemed that Carson, finding the line was dead, had traced out the wire along the Cloudburst road to where it joined the back-country road across the hills from the railroad to the mining camp of Sunbright. Just beyond the junction he had come onto a car with two dead men in the front seat. He had posted down to Cloudburst to telephone the sheriff. Barnes had got in touch with the mining company over the phone and the custom of bringing the cash in each month had been explained to him.

"It seems that during the six months of the year when the canyon road is passable, they used it right along as a handy route to bring the money over," Barnes explained. "It hasn't been used much of late years and every spring after the snow melts off it's in bad shape. The county don't even send a road gang out to clear it of rocks and repair washouts any more, so the company has been clearing it so it would be passable to cars every spring. That was the first car over the road since the snow went off."

"This took place in the canyon road down under the east edge of the Pipestone," Johnny said reflectively. His mind was reverting to those little marks he'd observed in the pine straw out on the Pipestone Plateau when he'd crossed it twelve days or so back.

It was two hours before daylight when they reached the scene of the holdup. "If it was an automobile job the tracks will show it," Barnes said; but they cruised the road for a couple of miles either way and there was no tire tracks except those of the mine car.

"It was an old-fashioned horseback job," Barnes surmised. "As soon as Carson gets here with the horses we'll saddle up and try and cut his trail. The mine officials are going to drive up first thing in the morning. We'll be gone from here before they arrive."

Daylight was breaking when they got back to the mine car. Barnes and Matteson didn't know either one of the dead men.

They scouted round for tracks and found one plain print in a soft wet spot at the edge of the road.

"He had a sizable hoof on him," said Barnes, inspecting the big track. Instead of hobnails, the shoes had been equipped with homemade cleats fashioned from strips of thick leather nailed across the sole. "Four cleats," Bill counted; "with an inch broke off of the second cleat from the toe."

Johnny nodded and went back to Barnes' car to extract something from his saddle pocket. It was a map of the Woosatch backed up with cloth on which it had been pasted.

"Good thing you had that along, Johnny," Barnes said. "I've got regular letter-size paper, but a shoe the size of that would be way too long for it."

They took measurements of the track to the fraction of an inch, pointing them off with dots on the cloth back of the map, then drew it in with a pencil, cleat marks and all.

"A smashing big hoof, Johnny," Bill commented again, inspecting the diagram. "And he set it right in the middle of the only soft spot round here that would hold a print that distinct. You don't suppose, now do you, that he did that for a decoy? It don't seem reasonable that any mortal actually wears as big a shoe as that in real life."

"We can tell when we track him out further," Johnny said.

They found where the holdup had been kneeling behind a rock on the uphill side of the road. There was two .30 caliber shells that had been ejected to one side, and a narrow scrap of dark red cloth with a mottled pattern. Barnes put these souvenirs in his pocket.

"Why wouldn't he have been satisfied to hold this pair up, relieve 'em of the money and go on his way?" Barnes commented reflectively. "Instead of shooting them down in cold blood thataway? He could have cut the telephone line and crippled the car just the same, so they'd have to hoof it, giving him time for a get-away. Whoever it was knew of that little ruse of the money being brought in by the officials in a company touring car; so figuring it in reverse it seems likely that it was someone they'd be apt to recognize even if he was masked. That would account for his shooting them. I inquired about that from the company," Barnes explained. "Of course, there's miners quitting and new men coming in to replace them right along. But there wasn't anybody absent that could possibly know of that little system, so they figured."

An hour after daylight Carson arrived with two extra mounts. Meanwhile Bill and Johnny had scouted round to discover which way the holdup had gone. He'd slipped out of his shoes and traveled in his socks, which made tracking him a real tedious matter, since he held to the rocks.

"He left his horse quite a distance off somewheres," Barnes surmised. "It'll be easier to ride a wide circle through the hills and pick up his trail after he's reached his horse, instead of working this out."

"Yes," Johnny agreed. "Let's try the Pipestone side first."

"You think he'd cross out over the Pipestone Plateau?" Barnes asked.

"I believe maybe he did," Johnny said.

They gave the horses a feed of grain they'd brought along in the car, tied a blanket apiece on behind their saddles, along with food for two days, and started on the long climb up the east flank of the Pipestone Plateau.

(Continued on Page 114)

RUST PROOFS

PROOF BY TEST

Udylite, the choice of manufacturers of metal products, serves a two-fold purpose, the silver-like finish adding beauty to its positive rust-proof coating of cadmium.

To protect manufacturers who are procuring Udylite through the many job shops, the Test Set is offered as a double check on the quality and quantity of cadmium which they specify and pay for.

The Test is identical with the one which the jobber uses in determining the amount of cadmium to apply to the customer's products, and is a means by which he controls the process to prevent thin coatings and defective work.

Udylite Process Company and its jobbers offer the Test Set to their customers as proof of a determination to maintain accurate and high-quality standards in the Process.

The Test is an accurate and simple operation which can be made in less than a minute by anyone, and is a positive check which Udylite jobbers welcome.

Test Sets may be obtained from any Udylite Job Shop or from Udylite Process Company.

"The price is nominal!"

UDYLITE TEST SET

Udylite RUST PROOFS

UDYLITE PROCESS CO.

1220 BELLEVUE AVE.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

6 popular *Dishes* no other toaster can make

FLAT Toasting instead of upright toasting, and a Turn-over Rack that opens *wide* to admit food of *any* thickness, including *halved rolls*—this is without exaggeration the most cordially welcomed improvement in toasting since electrical toasters were invented.

It lets you toast two Sandwiches at once with the filling *right in them!* The filling can't fall out or drip out because this Sunbeam Flat Toaster toasts with the sandwiches lying *level*, right *over* the *rising heat*, instead of making you stand the slices upright, on edge.

Flat toasting is the only way to make cheese toast and keep the cheese from running off into the toaster. So with cinnamon toast. And of course in toasting crackers, you want them to lie flat, where they're easily accessible—not slipped into narrow slots where they drop out of reach.

Toasts in Half Time—Serves More People—Saves Current

Stop-watch tests prove toasting on the Sunbeam is twice as quick because the toast lies right over the electric burner hence catches *all* the heat. Side heat or reflected heat is never so intense as *direct rising* heat.

And this quick heat makes crisp, *tender* toast, because it doesn't dry the bread out still.

Because it toasts 4 slices in the time that the ordinary toasters handle two, the Sunbeam serves more people and saves much on your light bill.

Being made and guaranteed by the makers of the 30-Year Sunbeam Iron, you know it must be of highest excellence mechanically. And it's so strongly built it will hold the weight of a man—hence last indefinitely.

Your dealer or Light Company can supply you. So accept no second best if the Sunbeams are all gone, but leave your order or write to us, giving dealer's name. $8 complete with cord and plug.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
38 Years Making Quality Products
5542 W. Roosevelt Rd., Chicago, Ill.
349 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, Can.

Toasted Coffee Cake

Toasted Cheese Crackers

Toasted Halved Rolls and Buns

Toasted Hors d'oeuvres

Cinnamon Toast

Toasted Sandwiches

Be Ready for Unexpected Guests

How cozy and charming to serve toast and tea when friends drop in for a call or a game of bridge. Again for those quick, light breakfasts, or a Sunday night bite—order your Sunbeam today.

Turn-Over Rack

—a Sunbeam Toaster patent, turns toast without your touching slices, or burning fingers. Opens wide to admit halved rolls, cof[illegible]

Sunbeam Toaster and Table Stove

is like the Sunbeam Flat Toaster with the simple addition of an oven pan below. Makes [illegible] while toasting above. Complete with cord, $10.50

Dump Tray

snaps open and shut with simple clasp, so toaster can be cleaned of crumbs in a twinkling.

RISING HEAT

***Direct* Heat—Not Side Heat**

Hence Toasts in Half the Time

[illegible]

Never before on *any* Iron . . . Air-Cooled Handle. . . Indestructible Heat-Controlling Plug

GONE now is the last great discomfort of ironing—the blistering hot handle that baked women's hands to a dry, unlovely shine.

Gone, too, is the fragile, troublesome plug that often worked loose, or dropped to the floor and broke.

The 30-Year Sunbeam Iron now includes the first and only Air-Cooled Handle ever produced, and a Non-Breakable Plug with an On-and-Off Heat Control.

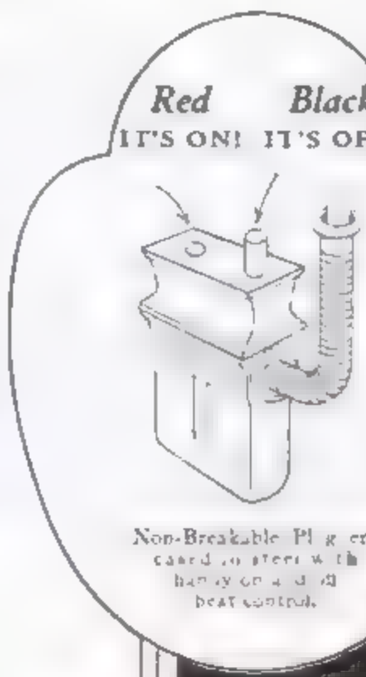
This Plug and Cord alone sell for $2. Yet we give them with every Sunbeam Iron bought at the regular price. There is no advance whatever.

It is inconceivable that any woman, knowing about these inventions, would select a new iron without insisting on having them.

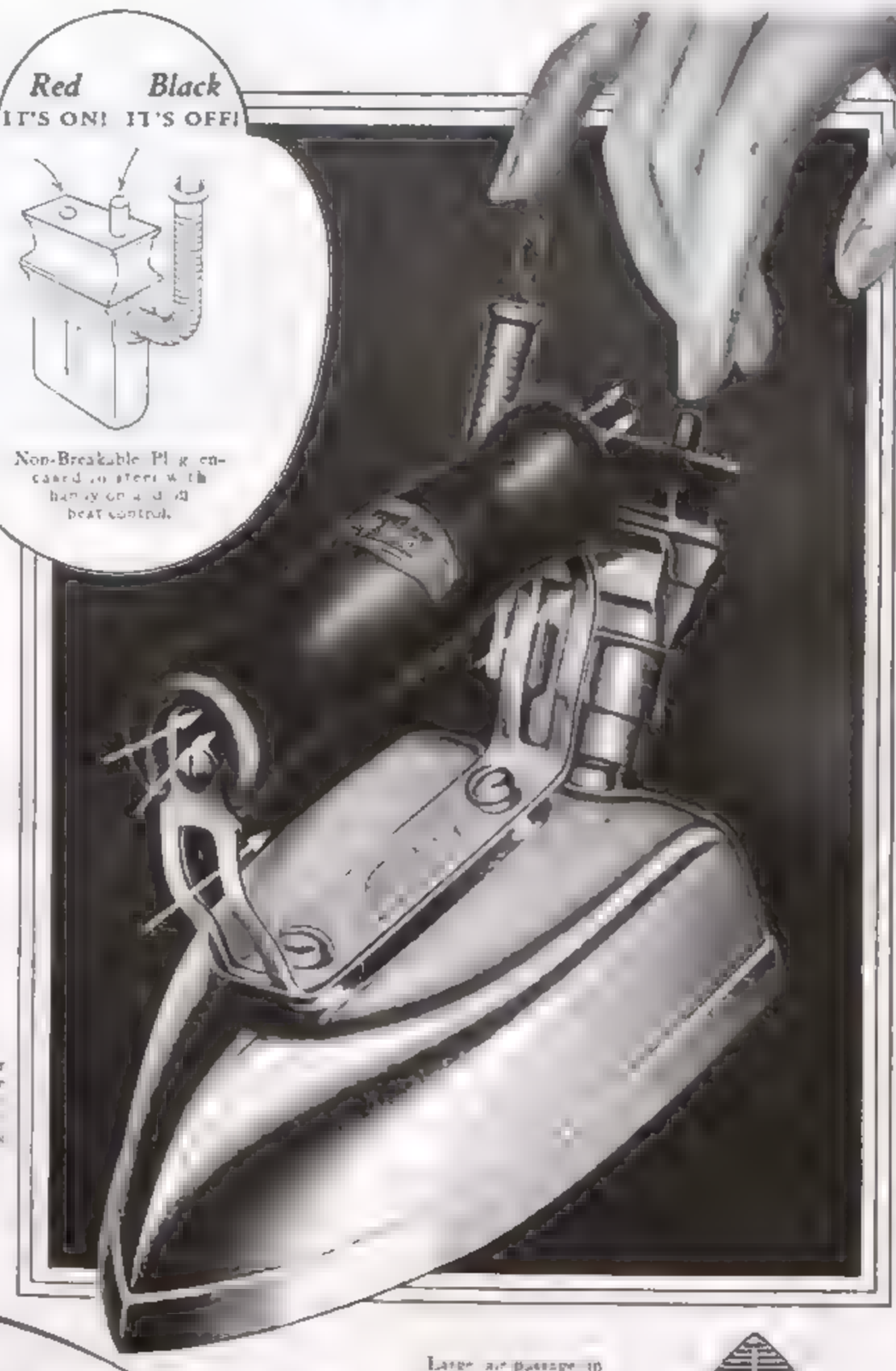
Already thousands of women have quit their old irons and bought this 1928 Sunbeam since announced in January.

Any dealer or Light Company can supply you. If the Sunbeams have all been sold, don't accept any second choice, but leave your order or write us at once giving dealer's name.

CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT COMPANY
38 Years Making Quality Products
5542 W. Roosevelt Rd., Chicago, Ill.
349 Carlaw Ave., Toronto, Can.



Non-Breakable Plug encased in steel with handy on-and-off heat control.



No Advance In Price

These two inventions, and the 30-Year All-Over Heating Unit, included in every Sunbeam Iron at the old-time price.

NO doubt you have heard how two great electrical engineers tried to burn out the Sunbeam Iron and failed. They left it on electric current *day and night*, for *a year and a half*, and then gave up. That is equal to 30 years' home use.

No other iron has ever withstood a test half so severe. Indeed a number of makes were tried, but all except Sunbeam burned out within a few weeks.

So Sunbeam's 30-Year Heating Unit has become world-famous in electrical circles. It's the same as you'll get when you order a Sunbeam Iron.

It covers the entire bottom from point to heel—not merely the center. Hence it keeps constant heat not only at the tip, but all around the edges too, where an iron strikes damp clothes first!

That's why the Sunbeam doesn't cool off—why women don't have to stop their ironing and wait for the iron to reheat.

Hence Sunbeam saves an hour or two on ironing day—and makes the monthly light bill lower.

Now it gives you the Air-Cooled Handle, too, and a Plug with On-and-Off Heat Control that is also Non-Breakable.

If you approve of what we've done to aid you—insist on this superb iron, regardless of what other kind someone may want to sell you.

6-lb. Sunbeam Iron with Air-Cooled Handle and indestructible Heat-Control Plug, $7.50. In Art-Steel Fire-Proof Case, $1 more.

Called away from your ironing by the telephone? Turn the current off—the red signal on the Heat Control Plug tells you so.

Large air passage in handle and vents in shoe help prevent accumulation of moisture at every point of the iron. A special support plug reduces by nearly half the heat formerly conducted to the handle.

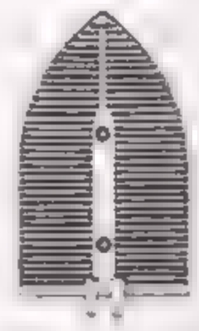
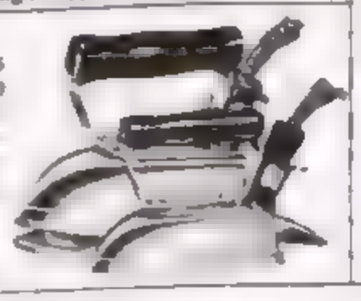


Diagram of Sunbeam 30-Year All-Over Heating Unit

Sunbeam
GUARANTEED ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

Sunbeam WET-Proof Heating Pad, $9.50

The Only WET-Proof Heating Pad
Keeps WET Packs HOT without [illegible] the current. Saves wringing out hot [illegible].


6 lb. Princess Iron $4.25
3 lb. Little Princess $3.50
[illegible] the members of the famous Sunbeam [illegible] Iron Family. Ideal for [illegible] work and travel.

Little Sunbeam with Art-Steel Travel Case complete, $6
[illegible]

Uses a third less current than full-size Sunbeam yet large enough to do practical work and small enough to fit into any corner of your traveling bag or trunk.

Spittalfield

—a neat-figured Cravat offered in a wide variety of designs on white, tan and grey grounds with figures of both bright and subdued colors.

In every respect a Cravat for the man who is not satisfied with the ordinary. Every Orlano Cravat passes through a Board of Color Experts before it reaches you.

At the better Men's Shops Look for the Orlano label

ORLANO

HAND-MADE CRAVATS

Made by the makers of Orlano Mufflers

GUEST NECKWEAR CO., ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 111)

"If he didn't know the exact day when the car would go out, which it don't seem reasonable to believe that he would -why, he'd just have to wait here till it came," Barnes submitted. "A week or more maybe."

"It's a good chance that is just what he did," Johnny agreed.

"But he couldn't hold a horse that long on the Pipestone," Bill objected. "There's no water."

"Maybe he did it afoot," Johnny said. "But anyway, if he did have a horse it would be easy to keep it in one of the side breaks in the canyon where there was a spring, well back from the road and three or four miles from where he planned to stand up that car."

Bill Barnes was no slouch of a tracker himself, and when they topped out on the Pipestone he knew that the sure way was to cruise along the edge of it until they cut the man's trail where he'd come out on top.

"That's the sure way," Johnny assented. "But I've a life-sized hunch that we're due to ride straight across to the west edge of the Pipestone before we're through with this, which means a thirty-mile stretch without water for the ponies. Let's drift straight off west and see if we don't pick up his trail. There's a place two hours' ride from here that I want to visit. If we miss out we can come back and start over."

Barnes knew that Matteson usually had real sound ideas, even though this looked like a pretty sketchy piece of guesswork.

"Lead the way," he invited.

They struck an easy trail trot and held it for maybe an hour. Then two fresh horse tracks converged on their own line of travel and held on straight west across the Pipestone.

"Johnny, you're the prettiest little guesser I ever encountered," Bill Barnes complimented. "Or else you know his habits. I wonder now if these two horses mean a brace of outlaws instead of only one." But after another few miles he shook his head. "Only one man," he said. "That other is a led horse. Their tracks never branch out apart. And the mule-footed horse is the led one. Johnny, did you ever lay eyes on a horse track like that?"

"Never up to now, I haven't," Matteson said. "Three legs of a horse and one leg of a mule. I'll announce that it is a new one on me."

For the led horse had a strange left hind foot. The shoe was long and narrow, identical to a mule shoe in shape, but twice the size of even a big-footed mule.

"Crippled, wire cut, likely, when he was a colt, and it growed that shape," Barnes surmised. "A horse with a hoof like that hadn't ought to be difficult to trace as to ownership."

Way out in the middle of the Pipestone, Johnny branched off a few hundred yards from the trail and cast round in the timber. He picked up the track of the two horses, round a week old, headed back toward the east.

"Here's where he went through a spell back on his way out to do that job," Matteson said.

He cruised along the tracks for a piece and came to a spot where the horses had been tied to trees. A few yards away there was fresh-disturbed earth under the upturned roots of a blow-down. Wood rot and pine needles had been shoved back into place, but the disturbance still showed. Johnny clawed the hollow out again with his hands. There wasn't anything much in the loose stuff that had been scooped into it except a few scraps of oiled paper, some burned matches, a few little tufts of cotton and another shred of that same dark red cloth with the mottled pattern.

"He had a grub cache here and stopped to get it on his way over to the east side, I expect," Johnny said.

"Johnny, you're the one divinest human extant," Barnes testified. "But from what I know of you there's no angels lighting on your shoulders to whisper things in your ear. So suppose you tell me the inside facts about how you're making so many accurate guesses."

Matteson related his previous trip here ten days or more back, and about his discovering that dead camp fire with the pine straw scattered on top of the ashes and other bits of evidence denoting the presence hereabouts, in the previous summer, of some party who was almighty careful not to advertise his whereabouts.

"I couldn't map out his reason for skulking round on the Pipestone and covering his signs in the summer," he explained. "But now this affair has come up it set me to wondering if there wasn't some connection. The mine officials told you that this custom of getting in the money had been practiced for several years. It was possible, I figured, that the reason for those last summer's signs was because this same party was up here intending to stand up that pay car then. Maybe something had come up to unsettle his plans. The car might have gone through some other way; or it might have come through this way with some other car and he passed it up as too dangerous. Any one of a number of things might have deterred him and sent him skittering back across the Pipestone. That would provide a reason for somebody skulking round up here last summer, which I hadn't been able to devise any solution before. If he was aiming to come back and try it again—which events proved that he did—then he'd be apt to cache his surplus grub and equipment. And he might cache it near where he stopped overnight, which was close hereabouts, as indicated by that little fire I discovered. Likely that early fall snow closed the road and he hadn't a chance to try it again last year. But he came back and did do it this spring. It all seemed to dovetail together, sort of, and appeared like a logical solution, so I took a long chance."

"Not too long," Barnes remarked. "In addition to being a fair average tracker, you're middling good at piecing things together and arriving at short cuts, which is why I impressed you into service to act as my posse."

They cut back to the fresh trail and followed it for an hour. Then it led out into a big open stretch, the surface of which was mostly bare rock with the dirt blowed off and only a few stunted trees scattered round. The two horses had been standing about, wandering back and forth and drawing apart, as if the rider had dismounted and left them alone for a while, but there wasn't a boot track anywhere round. Johnny detected a speck of color fifty yards to one side of the trail, and he rode over, leaned from the saddle and retrieved another strip of that same red cloth, a little tuft of cotton adhering to it.

"There's an analogy in that," Bill remarked. "Johnny, don't you recall hearing at your mother's knee about how little Tommy Thumb dropped white pebbles so's he could find his way out of the woods? Well, our friend Bigfoot seems to be shedding scraps of red rag so we can find our way across the Pipestone. What do you make of that?"

"I don't make nothing of it yet," Johnny said.

"So do I," says Bill. "Exactly."

The trail held right on to the west edge of the Pipestone and down to the Nisqually River. There was one sandy bar where the tracks were clear-cut and distinct, which they hadn't been in the pine straw on the Pipestone. They dismounted and traced that odd-shaped hind shoe on the back of Johnny's map and on two sheets of letter-size paper. The trail held to the river for quite a piece, then turned off on an elk trail that led up the course of the creek on which Johnny had found the willow fish pole on his previous trip.

"He's headed up for the Nisquallin Peaks," Barnes said. "I wonder why."

It was too late to travel much farther, and the horses were tired, so they prepared to camp, throwing the ponies up the creek to grase for the night. Then they selected a spot where the bottoms pinched down to a narrow neck between rock walls, and fenced it off with a few poles so the horses couldn't cut for home during the night and leave them afoot. After eating, they rolled up in a single blanket apiece.

"Johnny," Bill says presently, "once that holdup was out on the Pipestone and mounted, there wasn't much chance of his failing to leave a plain trail clear across it, and he didn't waste any effort trying. Do you expect he counted that traveling in his socks would prevent us trailing him out to where he'd left his horses? Or that if we did work out his trail this far, it would take so long a time that the elk would have blotted out his tracks on this game trail so we couldn't tell that he had turned off up this creek? Just how do you figure his mind was working on that score?"

"Bill, do you know those two buckskin cayuses of Bud Dorin's?" Johnny inquired, as if he hadn't been listening very close to Bill's questions.

"A mighty good answer and right to the point," Bill commented sarcastic. "Yes, I'm acquainted with Bud Dorin's buckskin cayuses. Why?"

"Is either one of them adorned with a mule's foot on the left leg in rear?" Johnny wanted to know.

"Positively not," Bill informed. "I ain't noticed, which is conclusive evidence that their hind feet is all right; for otherwise I would have been sure to observe it. It ain't the usual, but the unusual, that we notice, Johnny. So whenever you haven't noticed anything at all, it's a safe bet that it wasn't anything out of the ordinary."

This piece of philosophy soothed Johnny off to sleep. Next morning at sunup they took the trail again. It led higher and higher into the Nisquallins. Way up near timber line it led them to a tiny cabin nestled in a blind pocket in a thick patch of timber. It was just a shack throwed together with six-inch poles and a dirt roof, some six feet by eight, and the door covering only an elk skin hung up as a flap—such a place as a trapper might put together for an overnight point on his trap line. Inside was a bunk along one side, built of poles and covered with an old elk hide. And there on the bunk reposed two quilts and one blanket, one of the former matching those three scraps of red cloth they had salvaged en route. A sizable slice of the cloth covering and cotton padding had been frayed off one end of it. Back in the end of the cabin was a pair of old shoes.

"The very same," Barnes said. "Even to the one fractured cleat." The shoe fitted into that diagram on Johnny's map to a hair. "We'll just take this shoe and the red quilt along for good luck," Bill decided.

There was a collapsible sheet-steel camp stove, a few empty cans and other odds and ends scattered round.

"Do you recognize any of these knick-knacks, Johnny?" Bill inquired.

"Neither a knick nor a knack," Johnny denied. "They're all strangers to me."

"What do you make of this cabin?" Bill asked. "Just where does it fit in?"

"It don't," said Johnny. "A man planning that holdup wouldn't have any call to erect this hut. It was likely put up by some poacher who figured to slip in here to do some tusk hunting among the elk or to trap a few martens of a winter. Maybe after he built it he decided that robbing the mine car was more lucrative. Anyway he knew it was here, and it wasn't built later than last summer. But nobody wintered in it."

"No," Bill agreed. "They didn't."

The trail led out through a low pass in the Nisquallins and held to the high country, heading almost due west for another ten miles. Then it dipped off sharp to the south. It pitched down across the spruce slopes and finally out into the upper edge of the foothills. Below the forest-reserve line it was public domain and the hills were cluttered up with horses and cows. The two horses they followed had held to cow

(Continued on Page 117)

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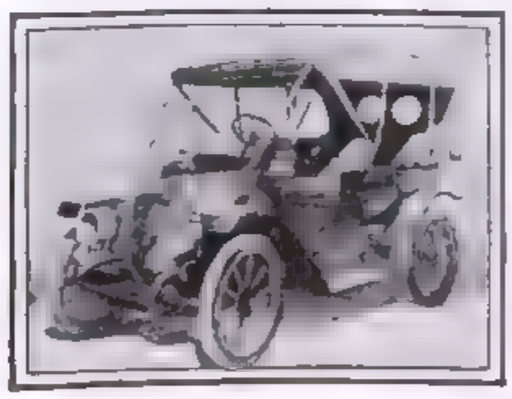

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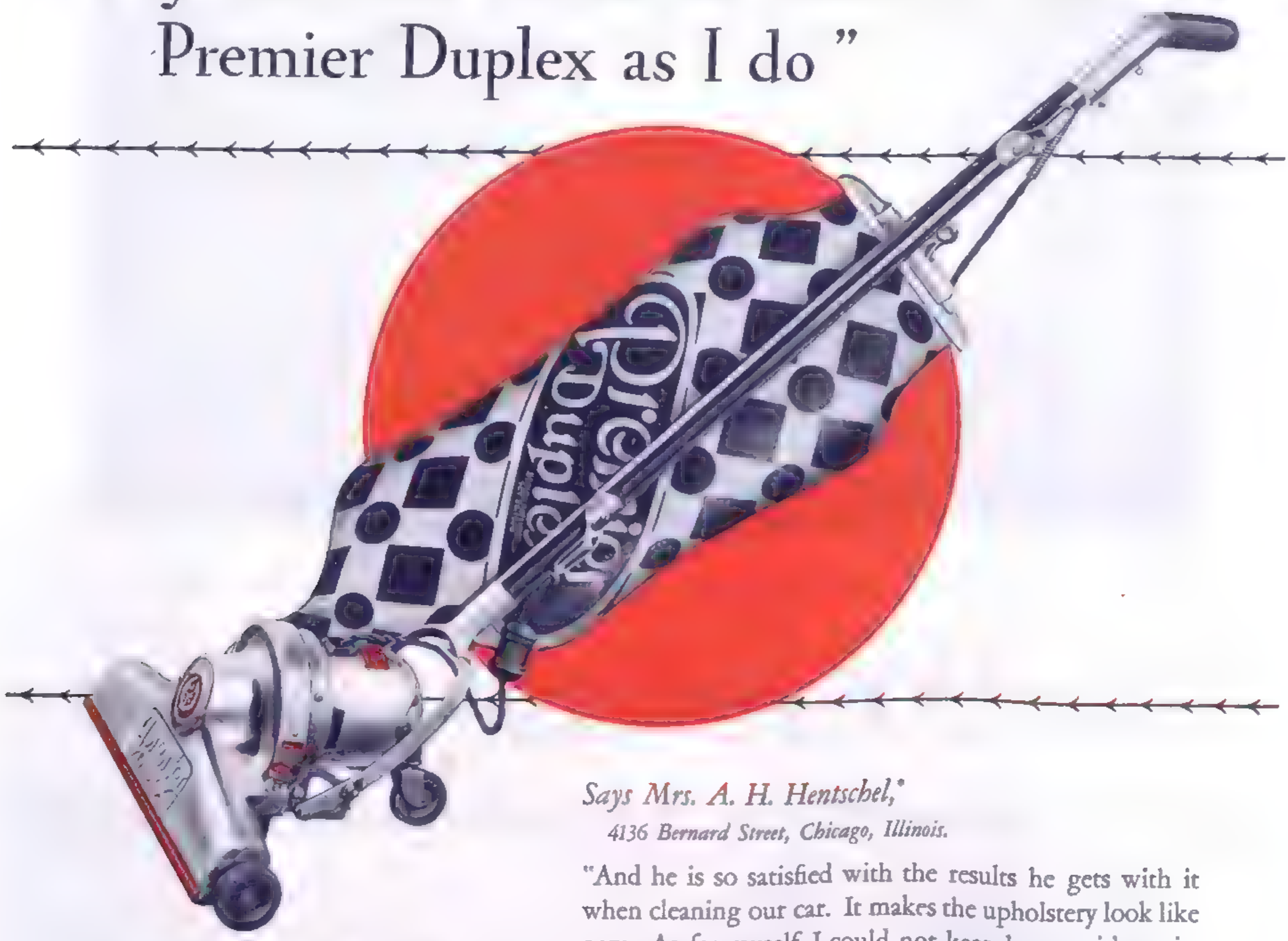

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(Continued from Page 114)

trails and there were places where other stock had tramped the tracks pretty well out. Night came on and they made camp at a spring.

Barnes and Matteson scouted round after sunrise, but not the sign of a track left by that queer-footed horse did they find. There were shod horses and unshod horses all through these lower hills, and cows by the hundred.

"Even so, it don't appear reasonable that he'd have disappeared clear off the face of the earth," Barnes fretted. "That track would show up anywheres that it hadn't been trampled clean out of sight. But anyway it don't matter much. Our job now is to find out who owns a horse that is mule hoofed on the left and behind."

Their course had led them in the shape of a big triangle open at one end. The holdup had occurred forty miles northeast of Cloudburst. From there they had rode west and a little south for sixty-odd miles. A few more miles to the south now and they'd strike the main road that skirted the south base of the hills, their course intersecting it some twenty miles west of Cloudburst.

Halfway along the road to Cloudburst they crossed Gypsum Creek. A nester named Squires was repairing a culvert, and they stopped to talk to him. On up Gypsum Creek beyond Squires' claim was the two homesteads that the Capelli brothers had filed on. They came riding down the creek and Johnny bethought himself of their plans to slip thirty head of cows onto the forest without a permit, so he waited and gave counsel against it.

"It just ain't being done, boys," he concluded. "And if you try it out it'll get you into hot water aplenty. Make your application for a grazing permit for next year. Get it in early this fall and likely we can fix you up for next spring."

Tony and Gus grinned broadly, their teeth flashing against the swarthy hide of their faces. They conversed volubly in their native tongue for five minutes. Then Gus interpreted.

"Tony say no," he informed. "We decide not for do thees. No, no!"

"A right sensible conclusion of Tony's," Johnny complimented.

"Johnny," Bill said as they rode on toward Cloudburst, "you're an unusual keen observer, also you can fit together what you observe. You know more folks in this end of the country than I do. It seems reasonable to believe that some one or another of the signs we unearthed up there would start you to pondering. For one example, there's the extraordinary size of his feet. For another, he knew of that cabin even if he didn't build it, which indicates that he is leagued with the poaching fraternity. Without cataloguing all the details, there's a good chance that one of them started your mind to simmering until it settled on a possible suspect. Hasn't it, now?"

"Yes," Johnny admitted, "it has. However, it ain't conclusive enough by a mile to cause me to accuse anyone of cold-blooded murder. I'd prefer, for various reasons, that my suspicions had settled elsewhere. If they're correct, and the party is apprehended through my efforts, it will work a hardship on me that anything can't ever smooth over."

"I know," Barnes said. "Outside of Lanky Trainor having the biggest feet in the country, and with his well-known aversion for hobnails that causes him to tack leather cleats on his shoes instead, just what leads you to believe it was him? Of course, I ain't exactly blind myself, and I can think of a few more reasons that might link him up as the one. I know as well as you do that he's laying out in the hills hunting elk for their teeth any time he sees a chance to, though neither of us has actually caught him at it. Then there's the fact that he's thin as a gas pipe and stands six-foot-four. Anyone that ever set eyes on him once, even if he was masked, would recognize him again a mile off. Lanky couldn't hold anyone up and hope that he wouldn't be recognized from the victim's description. That might account for those two mining men having been shot down instead of just held up and robbed. And if Lanky had been home at the ranch with Ellen when this happened, you would have known about it. So I gather that the young man was missing about then."

"Yes," Johnny agreed, "Lanky was absent from home at the time."

"And you might list whatever other items occurs to your mind that I omitted to mention," Barnes requested.

Johnny had been thinking about that time late the past summer when Lanky had deserted the lookout station on Halcyon Mountain. The date of that absence would tally right close to the time those last year's signs had been left on the Pipestone. Had Lanky planned to hold up the mine car then, counting that his being stationed at Halcyon Mountain at the time would serve as an alibi? If so, why hadn't he gone through with it? It might have happened that he waited four or five days for the car to come through and was afraid that if he stayed any longer his absence from Halcyon would be discovered, which would serve to cinch the crime on him, instead of proving an alibi. Johnny had discovered that absence, and that fact would have deterred Lanky from trying it again right away. Anyhow, inside of another month that early snow had blocked the road for the rest of the winter. Johnny acquainted Bill with those details.

"Remember, now, those incidents are for you to work on, not to use as evidence to accuse Lanky with doing it until after you can pin down something that's conclusive."

"That's understood between friends," Bill agreed.

"I'm hoping that he didn't do it," Johnny said. "I someway didn't figure that he was low-down enough to do that sort of thing. Besides, I never heard of the Trainors owning a horse with a queer hind foot like that—or suspected Lanky was damfool enough to ride it on that sort of a job if he did own it. In spite of his shortcomings, Lanky is endowed with considerable low cunning."

They rode into Cloudburst an hour before sundown. Barnes planned to hire a car to take him over to where he'd left his own at the scene of the killing, while Johnny was slated to remain overnight and take his two horses back home in the morning. But they hadn't been in town more than an hour when Barnes came back to the hotel in search of Johnny.

"Bad news," he said. "It looks like it was Lanky all right. I was quizzing Ray Hall at the livery barn. He said Lanky told him last fall of having purchased a horse from some party off south. It had been wire cut as a colt and that hind foot grew that shape when it healed. He left it down in Eagle Breaks with some other horses last fall without ever bringing it up here. From the time he left home to go after those horses he'd just about have had time to catch that horse and another one in Eagle Breaks and ride up the Nisqualhns and across the Pipestone a week or more back. I'm doubling back on my tracks, Johnny, to see if I can pick him up in the Breaks."

"Why, the poor misguided jackass!" Johnny snorted. "Don't it just seem that he had laid himself out to get caught? And here he had me believing, in spite of his failings, that he was half smart."

"It was a right addle-headed performance at that," Barnes agreed. "If he has got any brains, like you suspect him of, he sure mislaid them before starting out on this job."

"I expect I'd better trail along with you," Johnny suggested. "This killing was one of the worst pieces of business I ever run foul of. Whoever did it is badly in need of hanging. If it turns out to be Lanky I'm the last one to uphold him. But it seems that he has convicted himself right from the start, with all signs pointing straight to him, so you don't need any further assistance from me to get him hung a mile high. In case he didn't do it, however, it looks as if he needed somebody's assistance, and needed it bad. And I expect that will have to be me. I don't want to defeat the ends of justice by a hair's breadth, but I might just stumble onto something that would prove that Lanky didn't do it. So from now on out, if you don't mind, I'll trail along as counsel for the defense, sort of."

"Done," Bill agreed. "Get into your hat and let's go. Car's outside. We can leave your horses here for a rest up and take our outfits in the car. The Bar O will furnish us mounts in the morning."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

NÉGLIGÉ

(Continued from Page 9)

a close brown bob, white teeth and rosy lips, a jolly little turned-up nose, a general outline of rounded slenderness and a general air of great capability.

"You're more than kind to think of others in your bereavement," said Miss Greeley. "I'll be thankful to have the clothes; there are so many sick and half sick and convalescent who need warm things—you've no idea. You say the maid will pack them? Now, Mr. Mallett, would you have any objection if I went to your house and helped her do it? In that way I could select exactly what we can use, and you can dispose of anything that is not suitable for our people in some other way."

That seemed reasonable to Herbert Mallett. "When can you come?" he asked.

"Not today, nor tomorrow. I'm frightfully busy until very late. But Friday afternoon, between three and three-thirty, if that is all right. You'll tell your maid to expect me, please?"

Yes, he would tell Janie Terrace. And Miss Greeley smiled, shook hands and made it plain that the matter was settled. But it was the smile that unsettled it. Miss Greeley had a warming and ingratiating smile—a magic smile, that turned her from a wholesome clever young woman into a fascinating and lovely girl, the sort of girl who lingers in your consciousness and can't be dislodged. She bloomed and softened and charmed when she smiled.

It had the most marvelous effect on Herbert Mallett, unused as he was to feminine smiles and feminine charm. He almost staggered out of the room, and couldn't forbear to look back when he got to the door. But it did him no good, for Miss Greeley had gone to her desk and was very busy.

He went on to the store, where there was much to do, as he had been away from it for a week, save for an hour or so each day. The two clerks, the bookkeeper and the porter who made his staff were waiting for him, their demeanor tuned to proper seriousness and gravity, and for an instant—Miss Greeley's smile still dizzying him—he wondered what they were looking so solemn about. Then he remembered, and thanked them for the beautiful wreath they had sent to poor Ella's funeral. From his hesitant manner they understood how deeply he suffered, and that it was hard for him to talk about it, and so they tactfully began to recall him to business matters. For as Eddie Paine, chief clerk, said to Bob Taylor, second clerk, "Mrs. Mallett always seemed to me like a terrible lemon, quince and hunk of cheese, but the boss was so nice to her I dare say he must have liked her."

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Drill Efficiency Is in the Manufacturing
The Power of a Giant at the Touch of Your Finger
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And Bob had replied wisely, "He sure did. She was, maybe, better in the home."

Mr. Mallett looked about his store critically, yet appreciatively. It was a beautifully arranged, beautifully managed stationery store, not large, but with a carefully chosen stock and a rigorous policy of the-customer-be-pleased. Into this store Mr. Mallett poured all his suppressed esthetic instincts, all his need for something to cherish, adorn and love. The shelves, the counters, the lighting, the display were matters of his constant concern. Poor Ella had complained that he spent half his profits each year in redecorating, and that he fussed in the most ridiculous manner over details which were of no importance. Mr. Mallet never defended himself against her charges, nor did he change his ways. Ella's whine and sniffle got her nowhere when she used them against the store.

Today he moved some yellow second sheets slightly nearer some blue filing boxes, that the colors might enhance each other, put a collection of red pencils out of sight, changed a stiff showing of fine gray French *papeteries* into a tricky half circle which lured the eye, and corrected an error in the placing, by size, of a popular series of school tablets. He did all this almost mechanically, so accustomed was he to observing and repairing flaws in the perfection of his pet and pride.

Then in his little office he looked over the reports of sales, bank balance, stock needs, orders, and tried to put his thoughts on them. But somehow that smile of Miss Greeley's kept coming through the figures in the most extraordinary way, and instead of grappling with re-orders of loose-leaf notebooks, fountain pens and children's letter paper, he was wondering whether or not he might appear on Friday afternoon at his own home between the hours of three and three-thirty, to receive Miss Greeley in person.

"It would be only polite. I can hardly leave her to Janie Terrace. But if I am there she may think I didn't trust her about the clothes. Oh, pshaw, she won't think that. She can't. If those two snakes, Eva and Lillian, discover that I went home to meet her, they'll blazon it over town and make it very uncomfortable for the girl. But Janie Terrace'll be there—and anyway I could chance their not finding it out. She was certainly an extremely attractive girl—extremely attractive. Well, I suppose I ought not to have noticed that." He argued pro and con, and was still doing it when Eddie Paine came in and said that Mrs. James and Miss McChord were in the store and wanted to speak to him.

Eva and Lillian were grieved and worried. His note had upset their plans.

"Oh, Herbert," began Lillian, "you couldn't let a stranger or servant go through poor Ella's clothes and pack them up. You don't realize how unfeeling it seems. We'll gladly do it, Eva and I; we want to help you, we don't mind the bother a bit, really."

"No, not a bit, Herbert," chimed in Eva affectionately.

Perhaps it was the combination of sausages and smile that helped him to stand out against them—that, and a quick disgust at Eva's tone and languishing manner.

"I appreciate your offer more than I can tell you," he said, "but it's—it's impossible to change my arrangements."

"Impossible—why?"

Mr. Mallett was caught. He looked embarrassed and mysterious, and he squirmed inside. "I really can't tell you why. It's—well, it's confidential."

His manner woke dire suspicions in Lillian James' mind, always active in inventing the worst of motives.

"Why, surely, Herbert," she said, "Ella didn't say anything against us, and we her best friends for so long——"

In her false conclusion Herbert Mallett saw his deliverance.

"Lillian, please don't urge me to tell you. It will be better for all of us if I don't. I can only say that I feel bound to let the matter rest as it is."

Lillian and Eva stalked out, crushed—or at least partly crushed, for though they were balked in one direction, it didn't mean that they were balked in another. Herbert still remained desirable.

"To think that we never even suspected Ella of being insincere! Sweet to our faces and pretending to like us, and mistrusting us in her heart. It makes me feel terrible."

"But it must be so. You saw how much it hurt Herbert to tell us. He's the most truthful man in the world."

"Too good for her, I say. Look at what he's had to put up with in her."

"And he such a good provider, and kind and generous. He was a splendid husband to her and she didn't deserve him."

"We ought to keep in touch with him and let him feel that we appreciate him. I'll ask him to supper Sunday night," concluded Lillian. "Just family—us and the children and you, Eva. He'll take you home, of course."

"I'll never forget what you've done for me, Lillian."

And just as clearly as though they had put on sandwich boards proclaiming it, so was it silently agreed between the sisters that when Eva acquired poor Ella's household goods, not by gift but by marrying poor Ella's husband, she was to remember her sister's desire for the hemstitched sheets, the down quilt, the set of Spode and the copper percolator. But in her own mind Eva determined to hold on to the Spode. Spode is valuable.

Herbert Mallett, unaware of these fell designs, congratulated himself on getting out of a tight place. He had said nothing which was not true, but he couldn't be responsible for what they might infer from his words.

He went on with the store routine but his subconscious mind was busy with Miss Greeley. Eddie Paine and Bob Taylor agreed that the boss was being mighty brave and bearing up better than they expected. And back at the house Janie Terrace inaugurated a mighty cleaning, airing, scrubbing, dusting and polishing, while she planned a series of meals designed to make Mr. Mallett keep her on as a housekeeper forever and ever.

All through Wednesday and Thursday Mr. Mallett wabbled back and forth as to whether he should show up at the house when Miss Greeley called. First he thought he would, then he thought he wouldn't. He could not decide. It seemed almost a pity that poor Ella wasn't there to make up his mind for him; only she wouldn't have allowed him to go. He had so little initiative, save about the store; it had been so ground out of him that he was pitiable. But somehow, the matter settled itself. On Friday morning he refused Lillian's invitation to Sunday supper on the plea that he didn't feel up to it. Strengthened by this deed, in the afternoon at three he heard himself saying to Eddie Paine that he had an errand up at the house and would be gone maybe an hour, and then he put on his hat and walked out. He was filled with a queer deep hankering to see that smile again.

Janie Terrace had put on a white apron to receive Miss Greeley, and was prepared for a delightful visit in which she would tell what she thought of her late mistress to someone who had never known her. So Janie was not pleased when Mr. Mallett appeared. It meant good-by gossip, good-by all the tasty little bites in the back which she had prepared. However, here he was and she must lump it.

Miss Greeley was prompt and very businesslike. If she was surprised at Mr. Mallett's presence she didn't show it, but she didn't smile at him—not at first. But when they went upstairs and she saw the gloomy bedroom, the stiff ugly dresses, the plain thick muslin underwear, the round-toed flat-heeled shoes and cotton stockings, she became very gentle with Mr. Mallett. For though Miss Greeley wore the dark and simple uniform and hat required by the hospital for her hours on duty, they were by no means her personal taste in dress. Poor Ella's furniture and garments repelled her.

Moreover, Miss Greeley was not a believer in giving the very poor only useful clothing. She felt that beauty was often more desirable than warmth and durability. If she could have done so with good grace, she would have turned down Mr. Mallett's donation flat. "It's enough to make the ones that are getting well have a relapse to hand them such awful things," she thought. When she saw the black and gray négligé she couldn't repress a little shudder of horror. But she concealed it.

"That's splendidly warm," she said. She ran through the rest of the clothing hastily, without comment. At the end she said, "I have my little car here and I'll take them with me, if you don't mind. You'll receive a formal letter of thanks from the hospital, of course, but I want to express my own appreciation of your kindness. So few people realize the suffering and need right here in our own city. We have to beg almost on our knees to get our annual endowment, and it's never enough. I tell you, a gift like this heartens us all and makes us feel that there are still kind and thoughtful people, even at moments when they might be expected to think only of themselves."

She laid it on thick because she felt so sorry for Mr. Mallett. Miss Greeley's work required much knowledge of human nature. He interested her. She divined the truth—that he had been oppressed and ruled by a woman without desire for or knowledge of grace and beauty, while he himself loved them. So she said more than she meant, and at last she turned her delicious smile on him.

But Mr. Mallett was not a student of human nature; he could not guess people's inner selves, their hidden character. In spite of Miss Greeley's smile he was disappointed. That severe hat and dress of hers did not look to him very different from the clothes he had just given her for her poor, and when she seemed entirely pleased with the gift, he felt that she didn't see its devastating ugliness. If she had said "Mr. Mallett, I wouldn't insult any decent, self-respecting woman, however needy, by asking her to put on such unspeakable atrocities," he would have been glad and thankful.

Every word of praise Miss Greeley said, and especially her approbation of the black and gray négligé, drove him away from her. True, her eyes and her voice were still there—and that last lovely winning smile. If she had not smiled Mr. Mallett would never have thought of her again, save as one of life's dear gazelles who had gladdened him for a moment and passed on.

But the smile caused him to say more than *he* meant. "If you will let me know of any special case where I could be of aid, I'll be glad to do what I can. Though I'm not much good at that sort of thing," he added, leaving himself a loophole of escape.

Again Miss Greeley displayed her knowledge of human nature, having heard such vague promises many thousands of times, and knowing well how little they meant.

"Thank you," she said warmly—"thank you very much. You're so kind." Whereupon she picked up a bundle of clothing and carried it out to the car, while Mr. Mallett and Janie Terrace carried out the others. One more smile—a small one—and she had rolled away.

Mr. Mallett went his way back to the store considering Miss Greeley far more calmly than when he had gone to meet her. A pleasant capable young woman, with an agreeable manner, but that was all. And, he reminded himself severely, he mustn't be thinking of such things.

Nevertheless, as time went on he could not help thinking. Life flowed along so pleasantly, full of small comforts, little luxuries, ease of mind and body. There was a fire in the living room every night after supper. The easy-chair, the lamp and the evening paper were always ready for him there. His meals were no longer meager and invalidish, they were cunningly prepared to please and pamper his appetite. And having loosed an orgy of speech immediately after the passing of poor Ella, Janie Terrace went back to her former taciturnity and bothered her employer no more with long tales of this and that and nothing at all. So Mr. Mallett reveled in silence. He came home from his day in the busy chattering store to a quiet orderly house. No more did he dress, eat, smoke and read to an obbligato of petty commands and corrections administered by a thin peevish voice. It was marvelously peaceful.

Yes, it was peaceful, very peaceful, save for one thing—the attentions pressed upon him by Miss Eva McChord and Mrs. Lillian James. These good ladies were, like the world, too much with him. Late and soon they pursued him. They offered him endless invitations. They lay in wait for him as he passed, leaped out at him and walked with him wherever he was going, talking to him with persistent sympathy and a cloying sweetness. They invented errands to the store—errands which did not involve any purchases. They sent him large plates of muffins, cookies, cakes, puddings, jellies, sillabubs—infuriating to Janie Terrace.

"What'll I do with this here?" she would demand balefully of Mr. Mallett.

At first Mr. Mallett told her to hand out the stuff to any passing beggar, but there were too few of these. Then he recalled his promise to aid Miss Greeley's poor people.

"Take 'em all over to the social-service department of the hospital, Janie; let the young lady who was here give 'em away"—a command Janie faithfully followed.

This action had the result of keeping Mr. Mallett alive in Miss Greeley's thoughts. He must be a very odd person, she supposed—very odd indeed—but rather nice. There were many undernourished children to whom the cakes and cookies were an enormous treat, and there were plenty of convalescents who needed custards and sillabubs and jellies, so she used the McChord-James offerings very well.

She always told Janie to thank Mr. Mallett for her, and she made a memo on her calendar to write him a note at the end of the year and let him know that his unusual donations had been appreciated and put to good use. She did that every year to everyone who sent gifts to her department.

In the calm serenity of his present life Mr. Mallett had very nearly forgotten Miss Greeley and her smile; at least they had lost all special significance for him. He had his store, more scrupulously and charmingly adorned than ever before, and he had his still, well-ordered home, and even the pursuit of Eva and Lillian could not spoil his existence. He had learned to disconnect the telephone in the evening, and Janie had orders to tell them he was out on the occasions when they came to call on him, and though they were sure Janie was lying and tricking them, they couldn't prove it. When they came into the store, Eddie or Bob headed them away from him. Only when they caught him on the street was he at their mercy. But he kept a sharp lookout and grew very adept in dodging into doorways and up alleys, and when they did actually corner him and press on him invitations to supper and dinner, he always said "I'm sorry, but I've another engagement." Eva and Lillian were more than ever certain that poor Ella had been a false friend to them and had poisoned his mind against them. Still, they felt it was their due that they should keep on trying to make him see them as their own sweet and kind and guileless selves, teeming with consolation and tenderness for him.

As the uneventful easy weeks rolled along, enlivened by nothing more than dodging Eva and Lillian, Mr. Mallett felt a certain dissatisfaction within. Several things irked him. His home's appearance was one of these. After a day spent in the store, so lively and smart in color, so well arranged, the dark hangings, the bleak misshapen furniture, the dismal ornaments of the house struck hard on his aesthetic sensitiveness. Several of the old friends of his bachelor days—men whom poor Ella had

(Continued on Page 123)

more d.p.m.

DIRT PER MINUTE

The accurate measure of electric cleaner efficiency is dirt per minute . . .

The HOOVER

It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans

. . . keeps your rugs young

POSITIVE AGITATION

IF the sharp, cutting grit that saws so determinedly through rug fibers and shortens so disastrously the life of rugs stayed on the surface, ordinary cleaning methods would remove it.

But this, the most dangerous dirt of all, sinks heavily to the bottom of the rug and clings persistently.

It takes super-cleaning to reach it. This super-cleaning you have in the Hoover. Repeated tests under actual home conditions prove that the Hoover removes more *dirt per minute*. This dirt is made up not only of surface dust which ordinary cleaning methods remove, but of the lint and heavy cutting grit against which these methods fail.

"Positive Agitation" enables the Hoover to remove more *dirt per minute*. It reaches the deeply-buried dirt by the time-tried effective method—beating reduced to scientific exactness. To this exclusive cleaning principle of "Positive Agitation" are added sweeping and suction, with the result that *the oftener your rugs are Hoover-cleaned, the longer they last*, and the longer their beauty endures —due to the nap-lifting and color-restoring which "Positive Agitation" accomplishes.

We will gladly demonstrate to you in your own home that the Hoover removes more *dirt per minute*. Because d.p.m. represents the real gauge of electric cleaner capacity, you should see this test which is an accurate measure of efficiency before purchasing *any* cleaner. Telephone your Authorized Hoover Dealer.

Cash Prices: Model 700 Hoover, $75. Model 543, $59.50. Dusting Tools, $12.50. Easy payments if desired. Only $6.25 down. Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Hoover Dealers will make you an allowance on your old machine.

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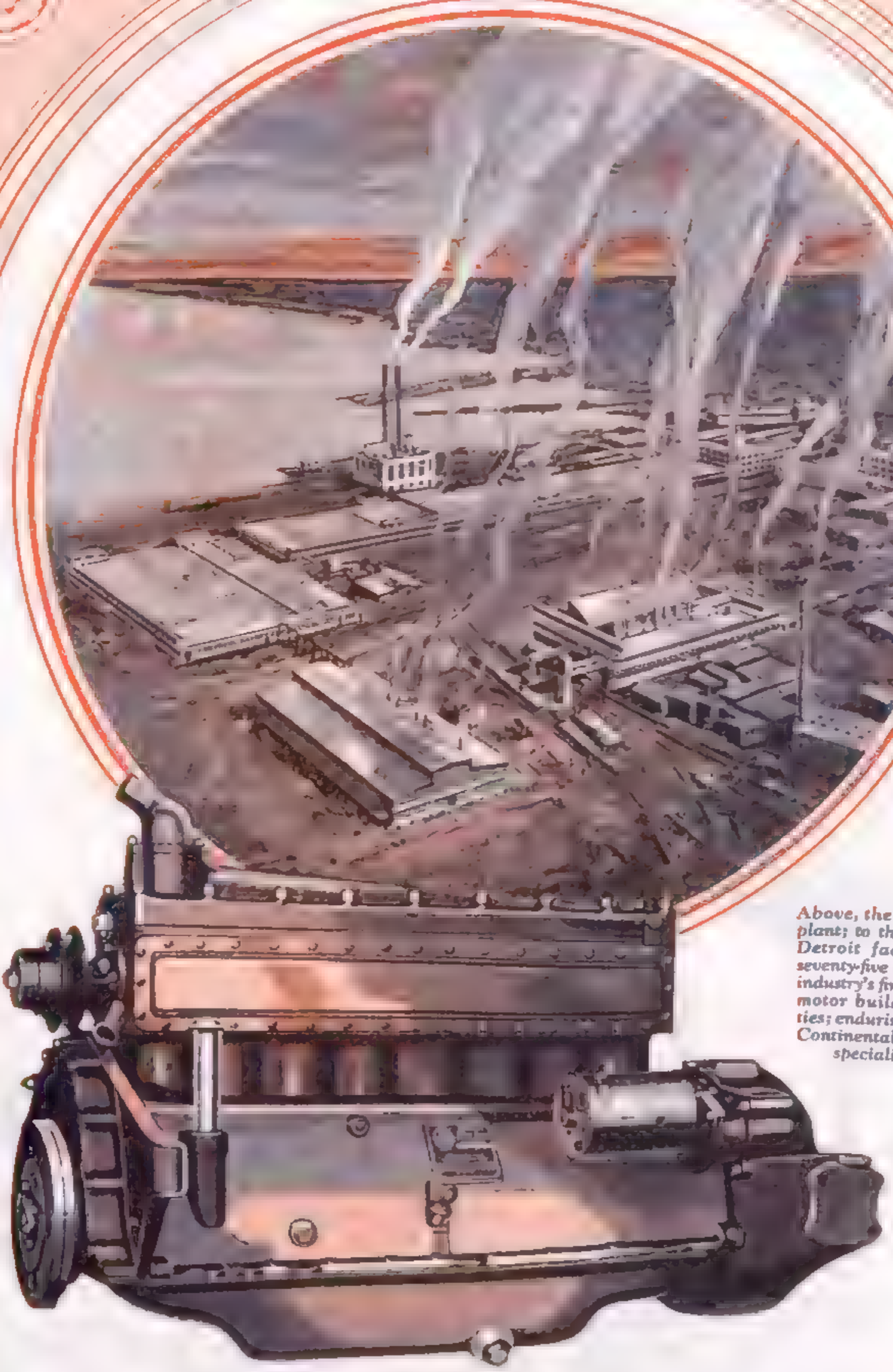

Above, the Muskegon plant; to the right, the Detroit factory, with seventy-five acres of the industry's finest gasoline motor building facilities; enduring tribute to Continental's ideals of specialization.

Perfected over a period of twenty-seven years, Continental's facilities for producing Red Seal motors are tuned to the frequency of 2500 per day. Up to the present time more than 3,000,000 dependable gasoline motors for every purpose have been produced in the Continental plants.

DEPENDABLE POWER FOR EVERY PURPOSE

FACILITIES

Every successful accomplishment, whether of an individual or an industry, is based upon facilities—the individual with his facilities of ability and experience, the industry with its facilities of organization, methods and machines.

Continental, throughout its entire history of twenty-seven years, has realized the tremendous part facilities mean to a business and a product. Today, two huge plants covering seventy-five acres represent the successful efforts of this organization in developing and utilizing fine manufacturing facilities for the production of gasoline motors.

In every department, specialization in motor design and manufacture has been carried to an unequalled degree. Precision machines covering acre upon acre enable Continental artisans to work to such fine limits as to be scarcely believable.

Because of these many tangible facilities—plus the intangible ones of experience and ability—Continental has attained quantity production which does not take its toll of quality; it has met the elemental demands of the multitude without slighting the specific requirements of the individual.

It is this ability to gear its facilities to every need that has fortified Continental's position in the automotive world.

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The Largest Exclusive Motor Manufacturer in the World

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820

(Continued from Page 118)

not allowed him to visit—had looked him up and invited him to their homes, and he had gazed into new vistas of comfort which made him, when he came home again, dislike his own surroundings even more. Janie Terrace was a good cook and cleaner, but there she stopped. She could not change things about and brighten them up. So Mr. Mallett began to do it himself. Go ahead. No reason why you shouldn't.

He began with the dining room, and when it was done in cream and orange, with a new set of blue china and a gold-framed mirror over the mantel, it was, said Janie Terrace, as nice as a dining room in the movies! Certainly it was cheerful and gay, and its appearance added gusto to Mr. Mallett's excellent meals.

From the dining room he went to the living room, then to the hall, then upstairs. Paint, paper, new curtains, new rugs, new furniture—everything light, bright, joyous. Mr. Mallett had a very good time playing with it all. Oh, it took time, but he didn't mind that. He matched colors and fussed with samples, and tried this shade and that stuff, and had pieces of furniture sent home on trial, and shipped them back when they didn't quite suit. It was fun!

It drove Lillian James and Eva McChord to desperation when they learned what he was doing. It could portend but one thing, that he was looking about. And looking about meant that presently some woman was to rule in poor Ella's place. But who? Try as they would, they could not find that Mr. Mallett was paying attention to anyone. They pried and peered and spied, with all the energy and resource of tried and trusty priers and peerers and spiers, but it did them no good. They were forced to conclude that it was either a free-for-all or else that he was very, very sly! It was frightfully hard on them to be unable to decide which. But they redoubled their gifts of edibles, and Janie Terrace declared that she was wearing out good shoe leather running to the hospital with pies and cakes.

But as Mr. Mallett's house became transformed and regenerated and he knew that in a short time he'd have nothing more to do with it, a great loneliness came upon him. All the romance and sentiment in him had been thwarted and nipped and stunted and stifled as much as possible by poor Ella, but his heart and his spirit still contained sparks; and these sparks now brightened and burned. The vision that had come to him the night after the funeral, which he had resolutely put away, returned and haunted him. This house, now so charming, needed a woman in it—a woman dressed in pretty frocks, frivolous, who would run up and down stairs and hum lively tunes, shake up the chintz pillows, put vases of flowers about, drop the regular two lumps of sugar in his coffee with short dimpled fingers, and be always ready to join him in whatever slight diversion and pleasure came to his mind. If he wanted to tell her about the store she would listen attentively; if he wanted to talk to her about himself she would listen even more attentively, and would understand and appreciate all the little fancies and whimseys and jollities he'd never dared shape into words. She would think and say he was won-der-ful. More and more Mr. Mallett felt the need of someone like this. He was, in very truth, ripe for picking.

He was finding the constant pursuit of Eva and Lillian a nuisance, an abomination. Eddie Paine and Bob Taylor did not always hide their snickers when the two women came into the store and, like all normal human beings, Herbert Mallett could not endure being made ridiculous. He was as rude to Eva and Lillian as he knew how to be, but that didn't stop them. Mr. Mallett felt certain that Eva, aided and abetted by her sister, was bound to marry him. And presently he began to be secretly afraid. They were large, strong, determined—oh, how determined. He didn't know but they'd trap him and make him commit matrimony no matter how he struggled. He remembered Mr. Kipling's sapient words about the female of the species, and he was distinctly alarmed and nervous. He lost his appetite and became still more nervous.

Finally he went to see a doctor. He didn't tell him about Lillian and Eva, only about his nerves.

"You need a change of air, a trip," said the doctor. "You've had a hard year, and you stay too steadily in your store. Go off for a week or so, make some new contacts, see some new sights. It'll do you a world of good. You don't need any pills or powders; you only need a change."

Mr. Mallett thought this over and went to a travel bureau, but the man in charge tried to send him to Egypt, Algiers, the Riviera, Bermuda, and finally Florida. He terrified Herbert Mallett with his talk of three-month voyages, *de luxe* hotels and tropical oceans, so the travel-bureau man had the chagrin of seeing Herbert Mallett ooze out without taking any.

"He never meant to go anywhere anyway, the poor sap," thought the travel-bureau man scornfully.

But there he wronged his would-be client. Herbert Mallett went right down to the station and bought a ticket for the big city.

"I'll look at the new lines of stationery and the city shops, and I'll go to the shows and get myself all pepped up," he resolved. "Eddie and Bob can run the store perfectly well for a little while, and if they can't it's time I knew it."

When he told Janie Terrace he was going away, she exclaimed: "Don't tell me how long you'll stay, for if I don't know I can't tell the two old snoops. You can send me a telegram the day you're due. I'll be here, don't worry."

And this seemed to him such a good idea that he told Eddie and Bob also that his stay would be indefinite. Let Eva and Lillian chew on that!

And no sooner was he on the train than his cares and worries and nervousness all slid away from him and were replaced by a buoyant expectancy! He'd never made a trip like this before, free and untrammeled. Poor Ella had either gone with him or had fixed his time of return forty-eight hours after his departure, and excuses for staying longer were not the least use. So mostly he bought his stock from salesmen who came to him. It created less friction.

He went to a good hotel and took a room with private bath—a quiet, comfortable, sunny room, high up, with a stirring vista of skyscrapers dramatically large as compared to himself, dramatically small as compared to the mighty sweep of sky above. Gazing out at them, Herbert Mallett felt like a maggot, but a rather jolly maggot. He might be no more than a maggot, an atom, an ort—a word he'd culled from crossword puzzles—but he had a world of emotions to release, desires to be fulfilled, senses to be gratified. He was powerful and complex to himself—a grateful sensation.

For the first day or so he pattered in and out of art galleries, mostly, quite neglecting business, and he saw much that was thrilling and much that was puzzling and much that was revolting. All of it he enjoyed, lapping up color and pattern as a thirsty dog laps at a clear stream.

And he passed a great hall, and seeing a concert advertised, he went in on chance and had his ears and soul ravished by a feast of Brahms and Beethoven, done by one of the finest of musicians before an audience that sat dead still, not coughing or sniffling or even so much as rattling its programs! Herbert Mallett had never even dreamed of such music, and he came away exalted to the heights.

But after so much that was sublime he felt the need of something lighter. He bought a new necktie, not at all like those poor Ella had chosen for him, and called on two dealers in wholesale stationery. In one of them he found a salesman he knew—a certain Giles Brody who had cherished Mr. Mallett as a good customer who didn't need time on his bills. Giles Brody hailed him with glee and proposed to entertain him with, inevitably, dinner and a show.

Brody led Mr. Mallett to a restaurant where both food and orchestra were above the average, and ordered a trick meal—a hot hors d'œuvre prepared on the table before them, a sole matelote followed by guinea-hen breast with Prague ham and mushrooms, an alligator pear dashed with lime juice for salad, and a chocolate soufflé for dessert. From his pocket came a small flask of excellent Scotch. Mr. Mallett ate and drank and looked about him with great appreciation. Soon he found he was telling Brody all about his finished house and his loneliness, even about Eva and Lillian. Brody listened and, like Miss Greeley, comprehended much more than Mr. Mallett uttered. He found himself liking Mr. Mallett as more than a good customer.

"Poor chap," he thought. "He's never had any fun in his life. It's a shame!"

He had bought tickets for a musical comedy of the average sort, full of catchy tunes, expert dancing, pretty girls not too nude but nude enough, wise cracks that varied from plain foolery to subtle lewdness, a comic lead and a sweet soubrette, a high barytone with slick hair for the love songs, and so on, and so on. Mr. Brody chose this show as suiting any taste, and because Teresa Lance, his wife's cousin, was in it and he had found that such acquaintance impressed out-of-town customers and made him seem the perfect sophisticate. His wife's cousin was not young, her part was merely the chaperon of the soubrette, but she had one song which she put over pretty well. And she liked to have Giles bring his friends around and take her to supper.

So after the intermission, Brody, who had been waiting to spring it, said, "The woman who's playing Mrs. Passedall is a relative of mine. What say we send her a note and ask if she'd care to go out for a bite to eat after the show?"

Mr. Mallett thought it would be great. He was enjoying himself hugely, the singing and dancing entranced him, the pretty girls dazzled him. Brody's remark centered his interest on Teresa Lance, who now came out for her song—done before the drop curtain while the scenery was being changed for the garden-flower scene.

Mr. Mallett saw a fair-haired and blue-eyed woman whose legs still looked very young but whose face had lost the facile promise of youth and whose figure was somewhat overcurved. She had on a white dress spangled in lavish silver, and she carried an enormous scarlet ostrich fan. Her song was a plaintive moron ballad to the effect that Somebody Wants Somebody, But Nobody Wants Me, one of the "I sit at home, all, all alone waiting for the ring of the telephone" sort of things. It so fitted Mr. Mallett's own state of mind—except that he certainly didn't wait for the ring of the telephone—that he was infinitely touched. Tears sprang to his eyes.

"Your cousin is a true artist," he whispered to Mr. Brody.

"Tess isn't bad. She's a very nice woman off the stage, too—not tough and gay like a lot of these theatrical wrens."

Mr. Mallett felt sure of it. He applauded the song violently, and Miss Lance came back and sang the chorus again.

"She sees us," said Mr. Brody, and Mr. Mallett's blood rushed to his head as he saw her smile directly toward them.

After the show the two men hurried around to the stage door, and presently Miss Lance came down that bleak and whiffy alley and they went to supper. She looked older without her stage make-up, harder and more worn, but she had a dashing green-feather toque and a coat with fur which gave her quite an air. She ate a rarebit, drank what was left of Mr. Brody's Scotch, and carried the conversation along without a pause. Mr. Mallett had never seen a woman who could laugh and joke and tease the way Tessie Lance did. He tingled all over with the joy of it. He Herbert Mallett actually out at supper with an actress! If Eva and Lillian, Eddie and Bob could but have seen him! He threw back his shoulders and told the only funny story

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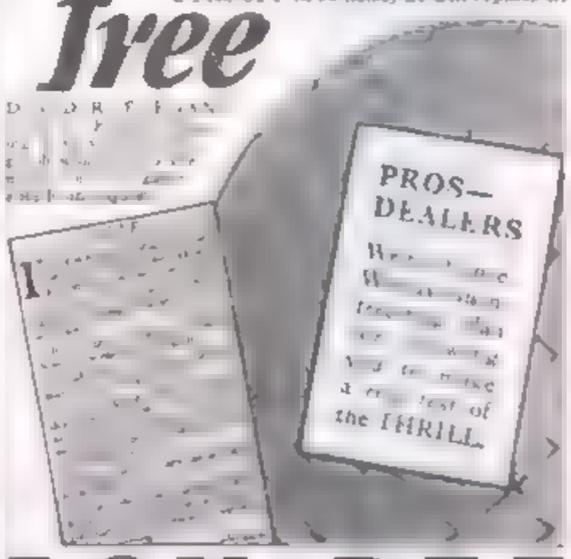

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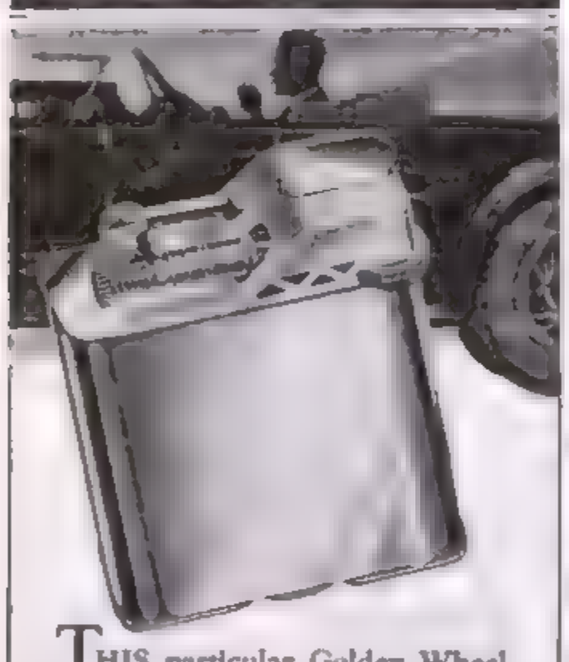

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he knew, and Tessie Lance rocked with laughter. She was really laughing to think that anyone would have the nerve to spring such an ancient bewhiskered wheeze, but Mr. Mallett thought she was enjoying it.

After the supper Brody suggested that Mr. Mallett take Tessie home, because there was only one more train before three o'clock out to the suburban town where he lived. And he gave Tessie a meaningful look which meant "He's a good sort."

Tessie got the look and accordingly joked and jollied Mr. Mallett all the way to her apartment, and without the least difficulty extracted a luncheon engagement out of him for the next day. Then she shook hands cordially and told him good night.

Mr. Mallett went off in a whirl. Tessie did not look old and hard to him. He only saw her yellow hair, her blue eyes, the dimple in her chin, her plump shoulders. He did not catch the professional gayety of her voice; he only thought what fine company she was, how merry, how kind. He liked her green toque, her light green dress with its rhinestone straps. He hoped she would wear the toque at lunch tomorrow. For a long time that night he lay awake thinking of her. Her arm had touched his in the taxi—it was soft and round and warm! He patted his own arm where that touch had been. Poor Ella had been very angular.

Tessie, on her side, had felt a genuine liking for him. Though she had made him ask her to luncheon, that was merely part of her plan never to pay for her own meals if anyone else would. Tessie's looks and voice were waning and she knew it. The time was drawing near when she would not be able to get any sort of engagement, and she saved desperately every penny she could spare from "putting up a front." Enough clothes to look prosperous she must have. Beyond that she scrimped and pinched and squeezed. She lived in two tiny rooms, and cooked most of her meals on a gas ring. The house was old, run-down, and there was no elevator, so rent was cheap; and the two rooms were not an extravagance, for they permitted her to refer grandly to her apartment—that was part of her front.

The Brodys were kind to her and it was understood that she was to help Giles entertain visiting customers whenever he wished it. Usually she got nothing from it but a meal or so, and an hour of boredom. But Herbert Mallett, even with his ancient funny story, did not bore her. And she started out to lunch with him in agreeable anticipation.

The luncheon was very pleasant, and afterward they took a walk up the Avenue and through the Park. Tessie did most of the talking, and she put on a lot of dog. She told of the splendid parts she'd had, the hit she'd made with this song and that, how rival managers fought for her, the great stage people she knew, of course very intimately, until Mr. Mallett was more in a whirl than ever. Too marvelous to think that such a popular figure, a star almost, a beautiful and sophisticated woman, should be his companion! He couldn't believe his good luck.

For the next few days Herbert Mallett lunched with Tessie Lance, tea-ed with her, went to hear her sing her song each night, and took her to supper afterward. She arranged all that, though he thought he was doing it. She seemed to him exactly what he had dreamed of—a materialization of his fondest hopes. He was treading an enchanted way.

Tessie was so pretty, so animated, so smart, so droll, so appealing. And so kind to him! It all made him bewilderingly happy. This was the way to fall in love, this was idyllic. He was having such a delicious bask and gloat that he was more than content to drift along. He did not move to make it permanent. That could wait a little—it would surely come later. He had never had a beautiful romantic love affair before, and he wanted to drain every second of it. That Tessie cared for him he did not doubt. It was a glorious intoxicating situation, and so he dallied and delayed, finding it sublimely sweet after his pinched and acid past.

But to Tessie his behavior was disappointing. Mr. Mallett was, she thought, hanging back and, not knowing why, she fretted. Tessie wanted the matter clinched. Her show would soon end its run and go out on the road, and Tessie dreaded the road. Mr. Mallett looked the perfect meal ticket to Tessie. Giles Brody had told her that he was a widower with a paying business, a house of his own, no children. She could ask for no better refuge, no better guaranty against a desolate old age. Yet he didn't come on!

She racked her brains to understand his reluctance. He was too dazzled, she decided at last. He couldn't imagine that a great sought-after artist, as she'd made herself out to be, would give up a magnificent career for him. Doubtless he also feared that she'd find domesticity flat and tame, that she was too much the actress, too little the woman. Perhaps he considered her extravagant and felt he could not afford a wife *de luxe*. Well, then, she determined to reveal her real self to him, to throw down her pretentious front and show him the plain hard truth of her life. That would get him, if anything would.

She made a plan and gave it a push. "We'll go up to my apartment and have a bite there instead of going to a restaurant tonight. You've never seen my apartment." She had, in fact, firmly kept him out of it.

Mr. Mallett's heart beat faster at the invitation. He, too, made a plan. Tonight, in her own apartment, he would tell her that he loved her, adored her, and wanted her for his wife. The moment had come when he could delay no longer. Over the intimacy of a little supper for two, in the charming environment which he was sure must be hers, he would reveal his affection, they would pledge their solemn troth.

They walked over from the theater after the show, for the apartment was only a few blocks away. Mr. Mallett was silent, absorbed, intent. And so was Tessie. He followed her up many flights of dark stuffy stairs, but at last she said "Here we are" and put her latchkey in the door.

"Sit down and make yourself at home," she said, switching on the lights, "while I get things going." She went on into the bedroom, took off her hat and coat and came back with a big apron, which she put on over her dress. The apron caught Mr. Mallett's attention—brought him out of his trance. It was an ample gingham, not too clean, and it was for all the world exactly like the aprons with which poor Ella used to protect her frocks when she was housekeeping bent. Mr. Mallett looked and looked at the apron. It made him feel very queer. It covered all of Tessie except her head and arms, so that it seemed as if poor Ella was once more before him, only turned oddly blond and fattish.

Tessie was talking gayly as she set out a few mismatched dishes on the bare table. "We'll have something very plain and nourishing—a cup of cocoa, some arrowroot crackers. We've been eating a lot of rich things every night lately, and they're not good for the digestion. I don't want you to think that I'm like the chorus girls in the comic papers, who're supposed to live on lobster and champagne."

Cocoa! Cocoa and arrowroot! Plain and nourishing! The words fell on Mr. Mallett's ears with the accent of doom. If there were any two things in the dietary which poor Ella doted on, they were cocoa and arrowroot, and she was always saying that food must be plain and nourishing. That, and then—the apron! Mr. Mallett grew numb all over. He could scarcely breathe.

Tessie went on speaking about health and the need of a quiet sane life, and the awful strain of a stage career and why she felt that those who had, like herself, won to the pinnacle, ought to retire in their heyday and give place to the younger generation. Mr. Mallett did not hear her. He had torn his eyes from the apron and was gazing at the rigid bareness, the ugliness of the room. The furniture, thriftily bought by Tessie at secondhand shops, reminded him in every knobby contour of the bedroom where poor Ella -yes, it might have come from there! His numbness increased

"Just a second now and everything'll be ready," said Tessie. "I keep the sugar locked in my trunk—the maid steals it. Excuse me."

She went into the bedroom, leaving the door open. Mr. Mallett's stare followed her and he saw -he saw—no, it could not be yes, it was -it was -a black and gray blanket négligé hanging on the foot of the bed. Dingy, doleful, draped with its attenuated rope girdle, it was a twin to the négligé which had been the bane of his wedded life. And this was hers – Tessie's. With a horrible constriction all over his body, Mr. Mallett felt sure that there were kid curlers lying on Tessie's dresser.

That thought stampeded him. He got silently to his feet, picked up his coat and hat, opened the door with a noiseless hand, stepped like a cat into the hall. Down the flights of stairs he fled, down, down, to the open street. He jumped panting into the first taxicab. Arrived at his hotel, he packed his bag and paid his bill almost as one gesture. As he left his room the telephone rang, but he did not pause.

On the midnight express, bound for home, he lay sleepless, torn by his sensibilities. How close capture had been! How nearly had he been sold down the river into a slavery like to his first. He thought bitterly of Tessie. She had deceived him with her green toque, her jingling bracelets, her appetite for Welsh rarebits—deceived and well-nigh trapped him. He remembered how poor Ella, when he was courting her, had worn the blue ribbon in her hair. Women were all the same!

It was a sad and disheveled Mr. Mallett who arrived at his own home in time for a breakfast from Janie Terrace's skilled hands—a breakfast that contained nothing hygienic but ramped and reveled in hot indigestibles. As he ate he looked over his accumulated letters, and presently found a note from Miss Greeley thanking him for the supplies sent to the hospital from time to time.

"Miss Greeley's written to thank me for the things you carried over to her, Janie," he said, as the maid bounced in with a relay of griddlecakes.

"Oh, that nice young lady!" exclaimed Janie. "What do you think but that she's had an accident, Mr. Mallett. Somebody run into that little car of hers and she got a busted ankle. I told her she was lucky it wasn't the spine of her backbone."

"Why, did you go to see her?" asked Mr. Mallett in surprise.

"I should think I did, what with being in and out of her office for the whole year, as you might say, like an inmate. And a treat it was to look at her out of them dark work duds, all dolled up in a cutie pink silk jacket with ribbons and lace, pretty enough to eat with a spoon."

"What!" cried Mr. Mallett, suddenly alert and attentive. "Pink silk?"

"Sure, I'm telling you. Some days pink silk, some days blue silk with little teeny rosebuds, just as cutie as the pink ones."

Mr. Mallett looked at the clear handwriting of the note; he lifted the paper to his nose and detected a faint fresh odor of violets. He remembered Miss Greeley's smile. This must be investigated.

"I'm sorry to hear she was hurt, Janie. I wonder if she'd think it was odd if I stopped in to see her, with a few flowers."

"She'd like it, Mr. Mallett. She's crazy about flowers. She asked for you. She thinks you're won-der-ful!"

The blood sang in his head, his pulses leaped. She'd asked for him! Pink and blue négligés! Violet scent! Won-der-ful!

"The longest way round, Janie," he said, with happy irrelevance, "is sometimes the shortest way home."

"Ain't it the truth," agreed Janie. "Wait, I'm going to bring more griddlecakes."

"No," said Mr. Mallett, "I've waited long enough."

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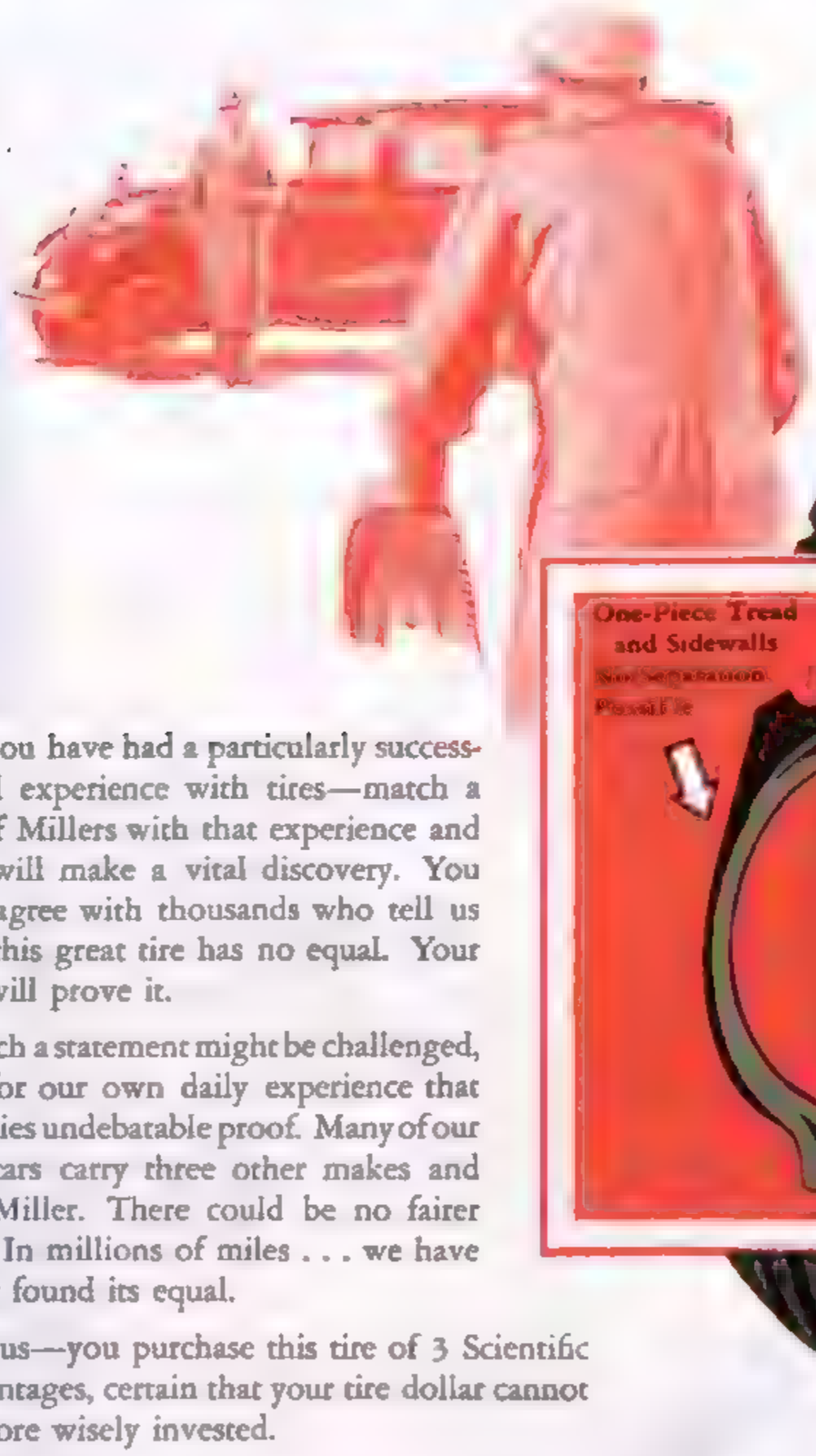

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"ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'"

(Continued from Page 40)

my lot. Almost without a halt this United States Steel Common went to something like ninety dollars, and every day for months after I sold out I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

It was the same with Marconi shares. A very knowledgeable magnate whom I was friendly with during an Atlantic voyage spoke about little else than Marconis throughout the trip and prognosticated for them a most wonderful rise in value. I bought a tidy little packet at thirteen shillings and sixpence the day after I landed in England. Soon they began to move in the right direction, and when they got to the price of seventeen shillings and sixpence I again decided that the margin of profit was ample for any man who was not of a grasping disposition. I consulted my banker on the matter of these Marconis before parting with them. Cautious Scot that he was, he strongly urged me to sell and leave any additional profit to the man who bought them.

"Never object, Harry, to the other chap getting a slice of the melon as well as yourself," was how he put it.

I sold. The other man, whoever he was, got something over four pounds a share for his "slice of the melon," where I got four shillings, and once more I started to count up the money I had lost. These were the only two actual transactions I ever had on the Stock Exchange and I don't suppose I shall ever have another. It's too nerve-racking when you don't win as much as you ought to have won.

At Rangoon, where I have several very dear personal friends, I remained for ten days during my tour of the Orient. This city of the golden pagodas is the capital of Burma and rich, not only in everything that pertains to the East but in commerce and industry. While at Rangoon I had a cordial invitation to visit the palace of Ling Sing, a Chinese gentleman who is known all over India as the Sugar King. He has many business interests and is reputed to be one of the richest Chinamen in the world. Judging by his home on the outskirts of Rangoon, I can easily believe it. It is the last word in Eastern splendor.

A Scotchman From the Orient

Mr. Ling Sing—I sincerely hope I am spelling his name correctly—completely knocked the wind out of my sails, when I was introduced to him, by breaking out with "Man, Harry, it's a braw, bricht moonlicht nicht, the nicht, is it no? Hooch, aye!" He spoke the Scottish dialect like a native of Stirling. I am not readily stumped, but I confess that on this occasion I stood and stared "like ony gumph," scarcely crediting the evidence of my ears. Thoroughly enjoying my discomfiture, Ling Sing started to laugh, and added further to my bewilderment by remarking, "Say, Harry, ma cock, hoo wad ye like me to gie ye a blaw on the pipes—the Seventy-ninth's Farewell or the Haughs o' Cromdale?" And without more ado he proceeded to take a set of bagpipes from a table in the corner of the room and tune up.

I was spellbound. Sure enough, this extraordinary Chinaman started to play the famous air he had first mentioned. Not only so but he began the waggle walk of the real Scottish piper. What could I do but jump in behind him and march round, chest expanded, eye flashing, and droning out the melody familiar to me since childhood? Afterward Ling Sing explained the apparently insoluble mystery. He was not a MacDonald posing as a Chinaman but a genuine native of the Flowery Land. But his father, the original Sugar King, had always had a great admiration for Scots people and when Ling was yet a little boy he was sent to Dollar Academy, in Clackmannanshire, where he remained for several years and absorbed the customs, the language and the characteristics of his schoolmates so thoroughly that he was more Scot than anything else by the time his education was finished and he had—almost regretfully—to return to the East. I asked him where he had learned to play the pipes.

"Oh," he replied, "I was so good at them that they made me pipe major of the academy pipeband." And then we sat down to bird's-nest soup and started to eat rice and chicken with chopsticks! On leaving the palace, Ling Sing slapped me on the back and remarked, in impeccable Scottish accent: "Well, well, Harry, guid nicht an' joy be wi' ye! It's been like a breath o' the purple heather to hae ye here. Haste ye back again, laddie! Here's to us! Wha's like us? Damn the yin!" So saying, he handed me a *Deoch-an-Doris*, took one himself, and Harry Lauder and Ling Sing, grand Scots both, parted the best of friends and cronies.

Arranging the Main Bout

Once again I returned to America by the direct sea route—Sydney to San Francisco. I may as well take the opportunity—I shall not have another in these memoirs—to recall several of the more amusing experiences and incidents of my twenty years touring of a country which, to my mind—and quite apart from certain obvious reasons—never loses its interest and fascination. Only the fact that I am getting older, and thus not so keen on seeing new places and new faces, prevents me from bubbling over with enthusiasm at the start of each new American attack by the Lauder-Morris combination of gold diggers. But in the old days it was different. I was constantly breaking new ground. Every year I was up against fresh propositions and with no certainty that they would pan out successfully. There were whole vast tracts of the American continent where the name of Harry Lauder was unknown.

Take the case of the theater proprietor in a city in Illinois. When our advance man went up there to book the theater for a matinée performance, he found the German owner very unwilling to come to any arrangement without a sum down as guaranty. He had been left in the cart so often, he explained, by these new guys with a New York reputation only. The advance man laughed his fears to scorn and said that "Harry Lauder was the greatest thing that had struck the American continent since Columbus." This line of tall talk settled the doubts of the German proprietor, who didn't like to admit that he had never heard of Columbus, and sharing terms were fixed up forthwith.

Just as our man was leaving the theater the proprietor turned to him and remarked, "Say, young feller, you ain't never told me the name of the feller this Lauder guy's gonna fight."

Tom himself went down from Richmond, Virginia, to fix up a flying matinée in a little town forty or fifty miles away. The arrangements were completed satisfactorily and Tom thought he might as well give the dressing rooms the once-over. He found the accommodation consisted of one large room underneath the stage.

"But what about the lady artists?" asked Tom. "You know we have several women performers. How do you keep them apart from the gentlemen?"

"Apart?" said the other in a puzzled way. "Why—don't they speak? Are they not friends?"

It was at Richmond, by the way, that I laughed heartily at a notice stuck up near the stage door. It read: "To Artists: Don't send out your washing until the management sees your act." At a theater in Rochester, New York, I saw posted up above the mail rack this frank notice: "If there's no mail here for you, don't ask. You have been forgotten by everybody who ever knew you."

When I first went to Butte, Montana, the principal means of transport from the station to the town, about a mile away, was an old cab driven by an aged negro. There may have been other vehicles, but at all events this aged jehu drove us both to and from the town. On the return journey I asked him irritably why it was they had built the station so far from the town.

"I don't jes know, boss," he replied; "unless it was to have the depot near the railroad." And if you can beat that as a smart answer to a stupid question you have my full permission.

At Denver one evening the demand for admission was so heavy that the management arranged some dozens of seats round the stage. The seat nearest the orchestra on the prompt side was occupied by an elderly gentleman with a long beard and a pair of chilly blue eyes, and I could not help noticing that he never allowed his stern features to relax for an instant. All my patter, jokes and prancings around left him stone-cold. So when I came to sing A Wee Deoch-an-Doris I determined to have one smile out of the guy even if I had to throw a double somersault or bat the conductor one on the bean with my crooked stick. An idea occurred to me—why not get him to join in the chorus?

So at the end of the opening verse I went over to him, first holding up my hand to the audience for silence, and genially remarked:

"Now, faither, throw oot yer chest and join me in this chorus."

The old man got up from his seat, poked a threatening forefinger in my face and observed, in a high-pitched voice audible all over the theater:

"See here, Lauder, I ain't none o' yer damn chorus. I paid for my seat up here. Get on with yer own job yourself!"

How to Say Farewell

My palpable amazement at the old man's gall made the house rock with amusement, and the laughter was renewed when he rose from his seat and stalked off the stage in high dudgeon.

And now I must face the difficult task of drawing these Roamin's in the Gloamin' of my life to a close. When I was a wee boy attending church every Sunday in Arbroath I used to think the minister's "Lastly, my brethren" the most wearisome part of the whole service. How I wished he would hurry up and get it over! I should hate to think that any of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST readers who have followed me thus far might feel the same way about my final paragraphs. From a stage point of view an exit is much more important than an entrance, and personally I have always tried to leave the stage with the audience wanting just a little bit more. I have an idea that it should be the same way now. Yet how am I to plan it? I am about to say farewell to the greatest and most critical audience before which I have ever appeared in my life and I am anxious not to make a mistake. Because there will be no "next show" to provide me with an opportunity of rectifying any error.

In this respect I am like the Aberdeen man who was walking down Union Street in company with the only Jew who ever managed to earn a living in the northern capital of Scotland. All at once the Jew bent down and picked up a half crown from the pavement in front of the Aberdonian's feet. The latter said nothing—but hurried off to have his eyesight tested at an oculist's. Afterward he explained to his friends that he couldn't afford to make the same mistake twice!

So, rehearsals in leave taking being out of the question, how shall I end these memories and stories of a career which often astonishes myself when I fall into reflective mood at "ma ain fireside," in my bed, in

(Continued on Page 130)

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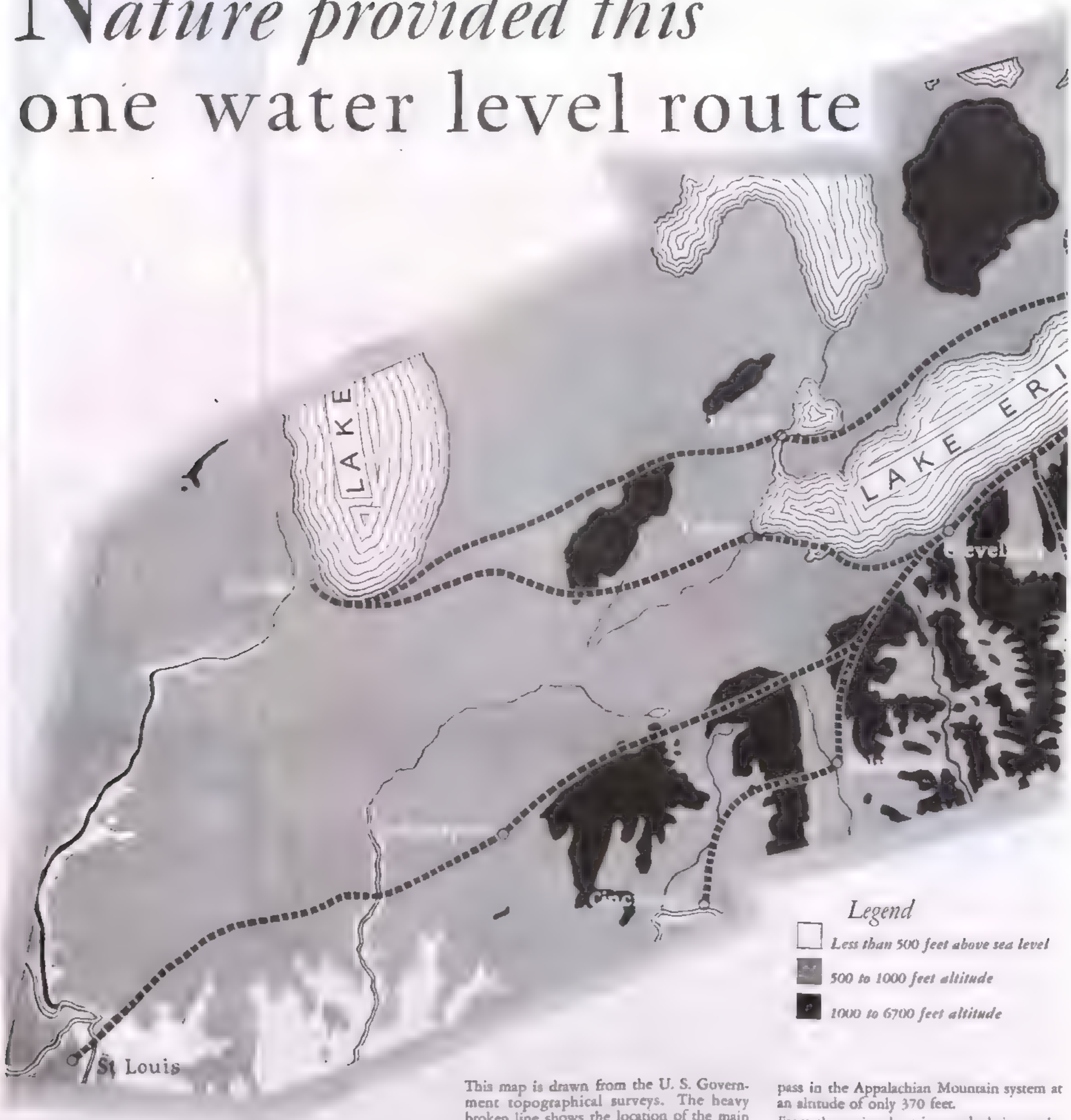


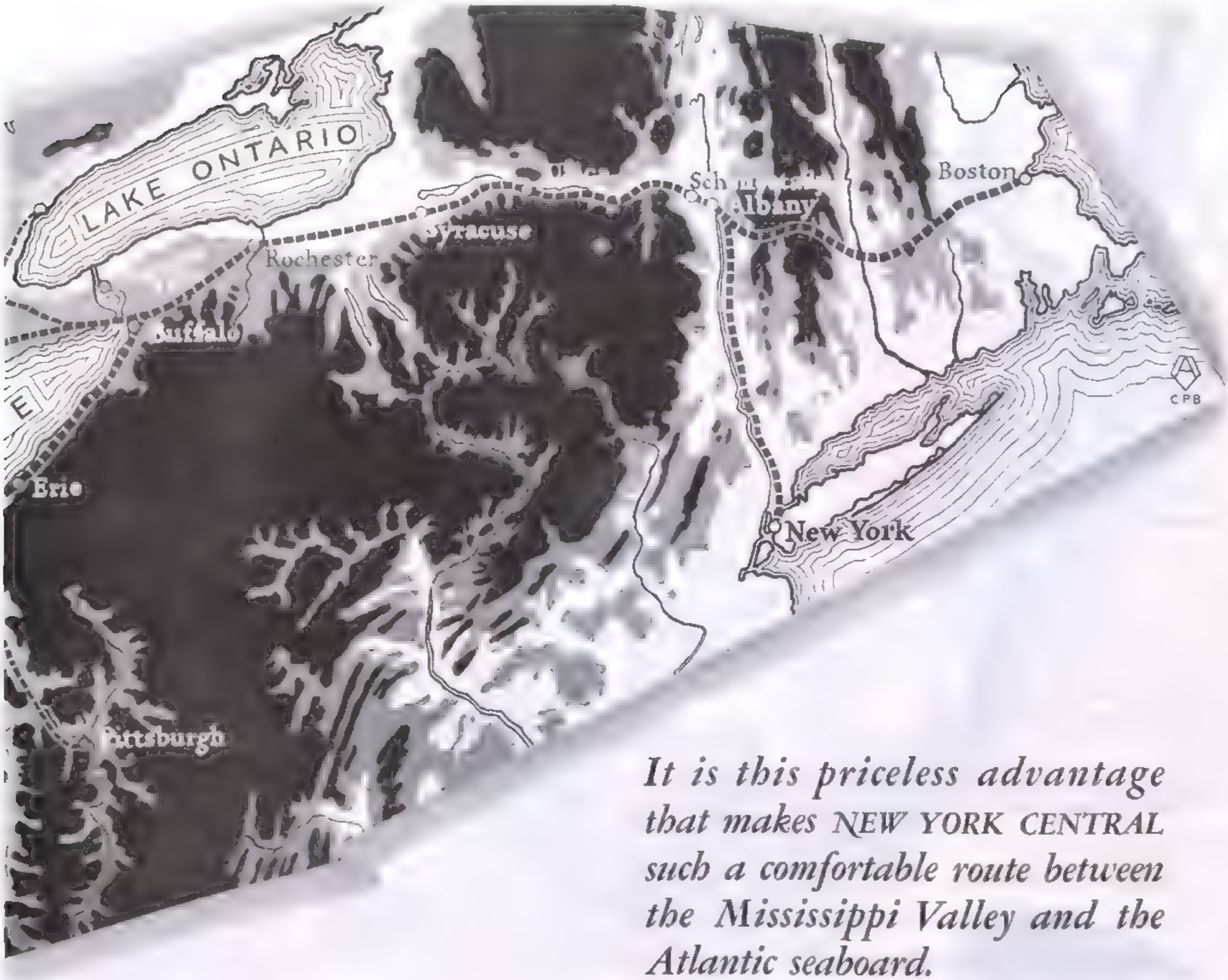
This map is drawn from the U. S. Government topographical surveys. The heavy broken line shows the location of the main trunk lines of the New York Central between New York and the West, occupying the only low-level pass in the entire Appalachian Mountain system.

From New York Harbor the New York Central water level route follows the east bank of the Hudson River at sea level to Albany, where it is joined by the line from Boston, and then crosses the Hudson to follow the Mohawk River nearly to its source in central New York.

In this valley it cuts through the Little Falls pass in the Appalachian Mountain system at an altitude of only 370 feet.

From this point there is a gradual rise to the summit elevation of 920 feet in western New York, an altitude above sea level no greater than the length of a ship like the *Majestic* or the *Leviathan*.

From Buffalo westward two main lines of the New York Central system traverse the level country in the Great Lakes Region to Chicago on the shore of Lake Michigan, where the altitude is 590 feet. Another main line reaches across the Mississippi Valley basin from Cleveland to Cincinnati and St. Louis.



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If railroads were new, and engineers set out to survey the best route between the Atlantic coast and the Mississippi Valley, one glance at the topographic map of the Eastern United States would determine where the rails should be laid.

From the St. Lawrence Valley nearly to the Gulf of Mexico the Appalachian Mountains extend for a thousand miles, setting up a barrier for railroad builders to conquer.

Throughout the length of this mountain range there is only one low-level pass. This is where the Mohawk River cuts through from west to east in central New York, on its way to join the Hudson River and the sea.

The pioneer railroad builders, when they were adventuring westward with the Iron Horse, simply followed the easy trail of the early explorers, up the Hudson and Mohawk valleys, and then along the Great Lakes That was the beginning of the New York Central Lines.

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(Continued from Page 127)

the train or on the ocean liner, at home or abroad? Perhaps I may be able to convey something of what is in my mind if I say that, had I to live my life all over again, there is really little in it from a purely personal standpoint that I would like to alter. God knows the difference it would have made to me had my only boy been spared from the ravages of war, but the mysterious workings of Providence ought not to be taken into consideration when a man is weighing up his own life and actions.

All such regrets and longings put aside, however, I cannot see where I would have had the course of my life changed in any way. Certainly not the early poverty and hardships, the bitter fight for bread as a mill boy and a miner; certainly not the dawning ambitions and the determined strivings after their attainment; most assuredly not the years of clash, clamor and conflict, with their gradual building up of what people call "fame and fortune." No, these are the real things in any man's life—up to a point. They are the things truly worth living and fighting for—up to a point. Then comes the point. And it is here that every man must answer certain questions for himself. There is no compulsion upon me publicly to answer all the questions that occasionally arise in my own mind, and I do not propose to do so.

A Clear Conscience

But one or two reflections I shall not hesitate to mention. Perhaps I ask myself if I have always been scrupulously honest and straightforward in my dealings with my fellow men, if my word has been as good as my bond, if I have ever let a friend down, if I have ever owed one penny piece, if I have in all my life willfully done an unkind or a cruel act—and I tell myself that my conscience is clear on all these things. Have I forgiven much of insult, opprobrium, of injustice, of false report, of malicious lies, of many thousands of pounds lent and never returned, and I reply: "Yes; freely."

Have I raised by my own efforts and downright hard work great funds for war and charitable purposes all over the world, and again I say to myself: "Yes, Harry, that is so." Am I entitled to all the money I have earned? Surely I am as much entitled to it as the managers and proprietors who made thousands and thousands off me when they were paying me a very small part of what I was worth to them. In any case, I argue to myself, the socialists can have no possible quarrel with me, for I never compelled people to pay to hear me; all that I have today has been a free-will offering on the altar of any talent I may possess or any pleasure I may have been able to bestow.

But have I done all that I might have done? Have any of us done all that we might have done? Have I been as sympathetic, as gracious, as kindly, as ready to open my purse to all comers as a man of my income ought to be, according to popular belief? Have I not hardened my heart to the needs and the claims of others just a bit too much? Have I carried the totally undeserved reputation for Scottish carefulness to a line bordering on the excessive? Have I failed to realize, in fact, that money was made to go round? Well, perhaps I have. But will you let me make a confession? Money, purely as money, has meant very little indeed to me all my life. My wants are small; they have always been small and will continue to be small. It's the fighting for it that has intrigued me, the pulling of it into the house, the knowledge that white, black, brown and yellow men have been willing to pay it out to hear me and see me and cheer me. And after that, the cozy feeling that there's enough in the bank for all eventualities is not to be sneezed at. There I am—joking when I really meant to be serious.

To the End of the Road

What remains to be said? Very little, I think. I am not going to retire yet a while; I would only be miserable if I had no work to do, and at the moment Will Morris and I are planning still another farewell tour of America. After that I shall settle down at Dunoon for a bit and then, perhaps about 1929, make a long summer trip to all the Scottish towns in which I established the basis of my reputation thirty years ago. This is a project I have long had in mind and already I am looking forward to it with great joy and keen anticipation for the memories it will revive. Still plotting and planning and saving!—you will say. I cannot help it. It's in my blood and will, I suppose, be there till the End of the Road.

Keep right on to the end of the road;
Keep right on to the end.
If the way be rough, let your heart be strong;
Keep right on round the bend.
Though you're tired and weary, still journey on,
Till you come to that happy abode
Where all you've loved and been longing for
Will be there—at the End of the Road.

Editor's Note—This is the eighth and last of a series of articles by Sir Harry Lauder.

THE SPRINTING PRESS

(Continued from Page 21)

It was with difficulty that he held his pace down to theirs. They were not runners. It seemed to him that they regarded the forthcoming race as an endurance contest merely. But he plugged along, running on his toes, hardening his leg muscles and improving his wind. One thing he knew when he came in that evening was that if this was the type of opposition he was to receive, the affair would develop into a one-man race.

He reported this to Semore Mashby that night. Mr. Mashby was enthusiastic. "You is abolutely shuah?"

"Positivel, Mistuh Mashby."

Semore's eyes narrowed. "Is you gwine bet on yo'se'f?"

"I ain't got no money to do such."

"H'm! Reckon Mistuh Pole an' me could bet a li'l'."

"Honest, Mistuh Mashby, I don't see how I could lose. These fellers must of had snails fo' their papas."

Semore was thinking of other things. He was engaged in the profession of making a dollar grow where only four bits had bloomed before and was not minded to take chances. He was considering the ever-present human equation and the danger of moral frailty. "You woul'n't double-cross us, would you?"

Bromide frowned. "You know dawggone good an' well I woul'n't. Double-crossin' is the most thing I hates."

"Well, I di'n't say you would. On'y I was just mentionin' it fo' yo' sake."

"What you mean— fo' my sake?"

Semore affected to be casual. "Did you happen to notice Mistuh Pole's physic?"

"Yeh, he's a big man."

"An' he's 'bout two times as bad as he is big. Honest, Bromide, when that feller starts in on somebody which has th'owed him down he nachelly makes a meal offen him. He's terrible. It's on account of that fightin' quality of hian that his bes' frien' is Keefe Gaines, the undertaker."

"Yeh. But what I got to do with that?"

"Nothin'. Just happened to mention it. Co'se if he was to bet on you an' you let them other fellers beat you in the race—you understan'."

Bromide grinned cheerfully. "Lessn I breaks a leg, they coul'n't beat me, was five of 'em to run mile relays."

Much cheered, Semore went out to the track the next day to watch the training. He carried with him a large bank roll of his own and considerable cash which belonged to Jim Pole. As chairman of the Marathon committee, Mr. Pole felt it was unbecoming to be known as a better.

A knot of enthusiasts sat in the grand stand. In the center of the group were Florian Slappey and Jasper De Void; the former a blazing example of the haberdasher's art: the latter long and lean and lanky, and with a touch of the old farm near Dothan still clinging to his spare frame. Semore joined the group and eyed the earnest runners.

"That li'l' feller looks pretty good to me," he vouchsafed.

Florian laughed. "Him? Gosh, you had oughter been heah a few minutes ago, Semore, an' watched Brutus Herring step away fum him."

Semore shook his head. "Brutus can run; but that li'l' feller seems like he's got fawm."

"Fawm ain't so good as speed."

"Hmph!" Semore was sneery. "Always when somethin' happens, Florian, you takes on like you know all about it. Where at did you learn about Marathum runnin'?"

"I reckon I know a runner when I see one, an' Doc Herring is him."

Semore was struggling to conceal his elation. He had dug a yawning pit and Florian was stepping right into it. He proceeded to taunt the debonair gentleman.

"Foolishment what you utters."

"'Struth! He's got the mos' speed, an' "

"You talks so big with yo' mouf. I reckon you craves to bet that Doc Herring wins the race."

Florian laughed derisively. "Tha's the fust time I ever knowed I look like a fool. Where at did you git the hunch I was such a idjit as to bet on one man against a field?"

"If you was a sport ——"

"I guess you is a sport, eh?"

"Ise a better sport than what you is."

"Well, le's see yo' sportin' blood," rasped Mr. Slappey angrily. "If you think yo' li'l' feller is so good, le's see you bet on him to come fust."

"Hmph! Guess I ain't crazy."

"You was just sayin' ——"

"That he looks like he can run. Matter of fack," finished Semore, "I think he's gwine win."

"But you ain't willin' to bet on such."

"Who says I ain't?"

"I do."

"I ain't said it."

Florian was all heated up. "Well, I asks you. Is you is or is you ain't?"

Mr. Mashby appeared to do some considering. Florian, mistaking his triumphant deliberation for doubt, proceeded to taunt him. Finally Semore looked up.

"I bet one to two on that li'l' feller—Williams is his name—against the field."

"Even money!"

"Don't be a fool. One to two is long odds an' shows what a sport I is."

Frankly, Florian agreed with him. All around him friends were digging in their trousers pockets and producing bills of large and small denomination. Odds of one to two; the diminutive stranger against the field. It looked as though the usually canny Semore had been hoist by the petard of his own enthusiasm. Why, there might be twelve or fifteen runners in the race. Entries did not close until twenty-four hours before the race, and anything could happen. Even admitting that the stranger was better than they thought—and certainly he had given no such indication in practice—it was a cinch that one of the other contestants could beat him. Florian's friends urged him to make a pool. Florian waved the cash back at them.

"Put yo' money to sleep, boys. Mistuh Mashby talks big but bets little. You ain't

(Continued on Page 133)

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QUAKER STATE TRADE MARK OILS AND GREASES

(Continued from Page 130)

never sawn him risk nothin' in his life. Chances are he ain't aimin' to bet mo'n ten dollars."

"No?" Semore was tight-lipped. "I reckon I has stood all the low-ratin' I aim to take offen such a tin-horn sport as you, Florian Slappey. Always you go aroun' blowin' 'bout what a gamblin' fool you is. Now I asks you how much does you crave to bet?"

"Will you cover it?"

"Lemme know. Then see."

Heads were put together. Money was produced, counted and entered in a notebook. Mr. Slappey turned with a swagger and waved a bunch of bank notes under Semore's nose.

"We bets six hund'ed dollars against yo' three hund'ed. Now, Mistuh Piker, le's see you welsh!"

But Semore did not welsh. Instead he calmly produced a wallet and extracted therefrom three hundred dollars. "Over yonder is Lawyer Evans Chew," he said. "Us will make him stakeholder."

They gazed at Semore in amazement. But they did not back down. The nine hundred dollars was duly intrusted to Lawyer Chew. "Semore bets that Bromide Williams, yonder, wins the race, Lawyer Chew."

Semore was filled with happiness and expectation. It had been easier than anticipated. But if he was happy, the group which gazed after his departing figure was filled with doubt. Florian tried to encourage himself.

"Well, us sholy drave Semore into a bad bet, di'n't we?"

There was no particular enthusiasm. Jasper De Void spoke in a somewhat sepulchral tone. "Did we?"

"Why, shuah! . . . I reckon so."

"Hmph! One thing I tell you, Florian: Maybe Semore made a bad bet, but he sho' don't think so."

"Co'se not. Men don't make bets they think is bad."

"It's mo' than that," persisted Jasper.

"You mean," questioned Mr. Slappey, knowing he was touching the truth, "that Semore has got some inside inflamation?"

"Uh-huh. Looks thataway."

Mr. Slappey was inclined to agree. "Just the same," he maintained stoutly, "Bromide Williams don't look like no runner."

Their agreement on this point was small solace. The day's training ended and the group dissolved. Florian and Jasper mourned silently toward town. And the following afternoon they were again at the track, watching Bromide trail the field in the daily workout.

News of the betting had been bruited about and several colored citizens were present with money in their pockets. Before the afternoon had ended three of these had cornered Semore and that canny gentleman bet another hundred dollars against two hundred that Bromide would finish first. Mr. Mashby, on behalf of himself and Mr. Pole, had now wagered four hundred dollars against eight hundred. He was very well pleased.

But this vital eagerness crystallized the suspicion which had been born in the brains of Messrs. Slappey and De Void. And that night they met in the latter's room at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored and considered the matter.

"Semore Mashby is fixin' to clean up," vouchsafed Florian.

"Ain't you sayin' it?"

"'Twant just madness what got him to bet with us yestiddy."

"Nos-suh. Or he woul'n't of bet none today with them other fellers."

Florian lighted a cigarette. "This heah Bromide Williams mus' be some runner."

"Regular, sho nuff."

"H'm. Funny-lookin' young feller. Kinder pleasant." Mr. Slappey stared through the window at the blinking lights of Eighteenth Street. "I reckon that if anybody wanted to bet a real heap of money against Semore, he'd be willin' to cover, don't you?"

"Uh-huh. But who's gwine be that big a fool?"

"I dunno, Jasper Leasn it's you an' me."

Mr. De Void scrutinized his friend through narrowed lids "Has you schum a scheme, Florian?"

"Well, kind of. I was jus' reflectin', Jasper, that fellers can enter this heah race up to one day befo' it starts. Now sposin' you an' I happened to know positive that somebody was gwine run in that race which could beat Bromide to death?"

Jasper's eyes twinkled. "Sort of go Semore one better, huh?"

"Ezackly. What says you?"

"Ise with you, Florian. Le's git busy."

The following morning at seven o'clock Mr. Slappey left Birmingham for Chattanooga and points unknown. He was gone for three days. When he returned, it was in the company of a lengthy and melancholy individual who slouched all over the place and seemed interested in nothing whatever.

"This," announced Florian, "is Mistuh Willie Wisp, of Knoxville. He's the cullud champeen Marathum runner of the world."

Jasper was not particularly impressed. The stranger appeared entirely too languid "I wonder ——" he started.

"Mistuh Wisp has ran fo' times against Bromide Williams at cullud fairs, an' has beat him ev'y time."

"Bromide's a good runner," interjected Willie in a bored voice, "but he cain't sprint against me."

That night they took Mr. Wisp far out into the country and timed him over a five-mile course. He moved with a lurching stride which ate space. He seemed tireless. Florian and Jasper glanced at their watches and grinned broadly.

"It'd take a bullet to beat that feller," they agreed. "I reckon us is gwine assept a li'l' mo' of Semore Mashby's loose change."

They ordered their importation under cover and the following afternoon set out to wager additional money against Semore.

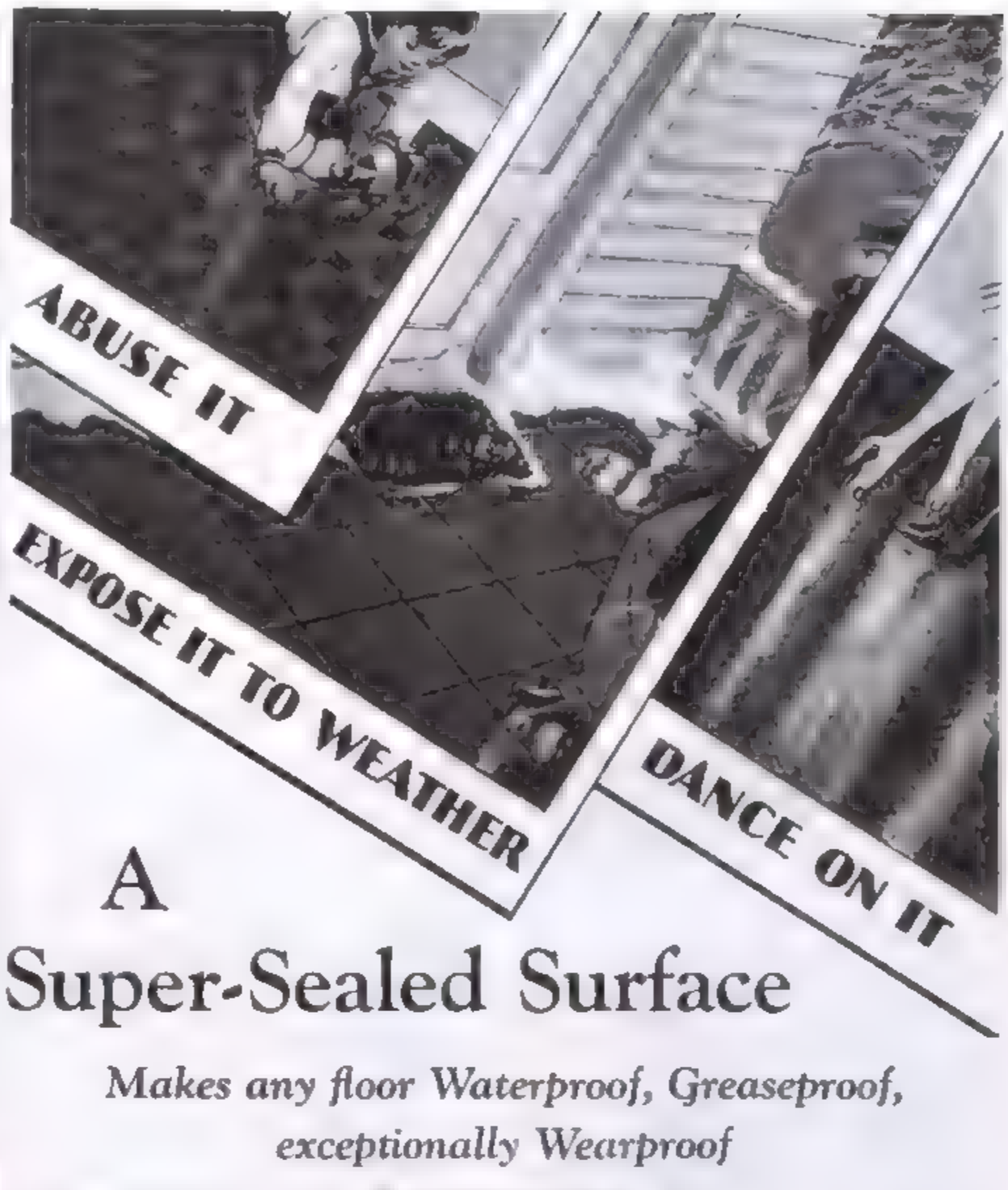
After all, the equities of the situation were entirely on their side. Jim Pole had received certain information in his capacity as chairman of the Marathon Committee. He had sought to divert this information to his own ends and had enlisted the financial backing of Semore Mashby. Florian and Jasper, originally trapped, were merely fighting fire with fire.

In the grand stand at Blue Lake Park they now watched Bromide and the other contestants swinging around the track, and they commenced a scientific baiting of Semore Mashby. Semore was deliciously ready to be baited. Before the end of the afternoon Florian and Jasper had wagered eight hundred additional dollars against four hundred of Semore's—Mr. Mashby still betting Bromide against the field. Semore and Jim Pole were now interested to the extent of eight hundred dollars. If nothing went wrong with their scheme they stood to draw down sixteen hundred in winnings.

News of the heavy betting spread through Darktown like wildfire. Semore Mashby wagering against Florian Slappey and Jasper De Void! At last the irresistible force had clashed with the immovable body, and colored society was agog to see what was going to happen. None of the parties to the betting were known to play anything short of a sure thing. And yet ——

With the race eight days off, Semore tended Bromide as though he were a baby. He personally supervised every mouthful Bromide ate and every step he took. Just at present the lithe, cheerful little fellow represented a huge investment and was to be treated with proper respect. Bromide himself was quite happy. As for the race, it wasn't even going to be interesting. In all his track career Bromide had never before encountered such a field of dubs.

But one night as Semore and Bromide were leaving the Champion Theater, where they had seen—among other things—a preview of the latest Midnight comedy, starring Opus Randall and Welford Potts,



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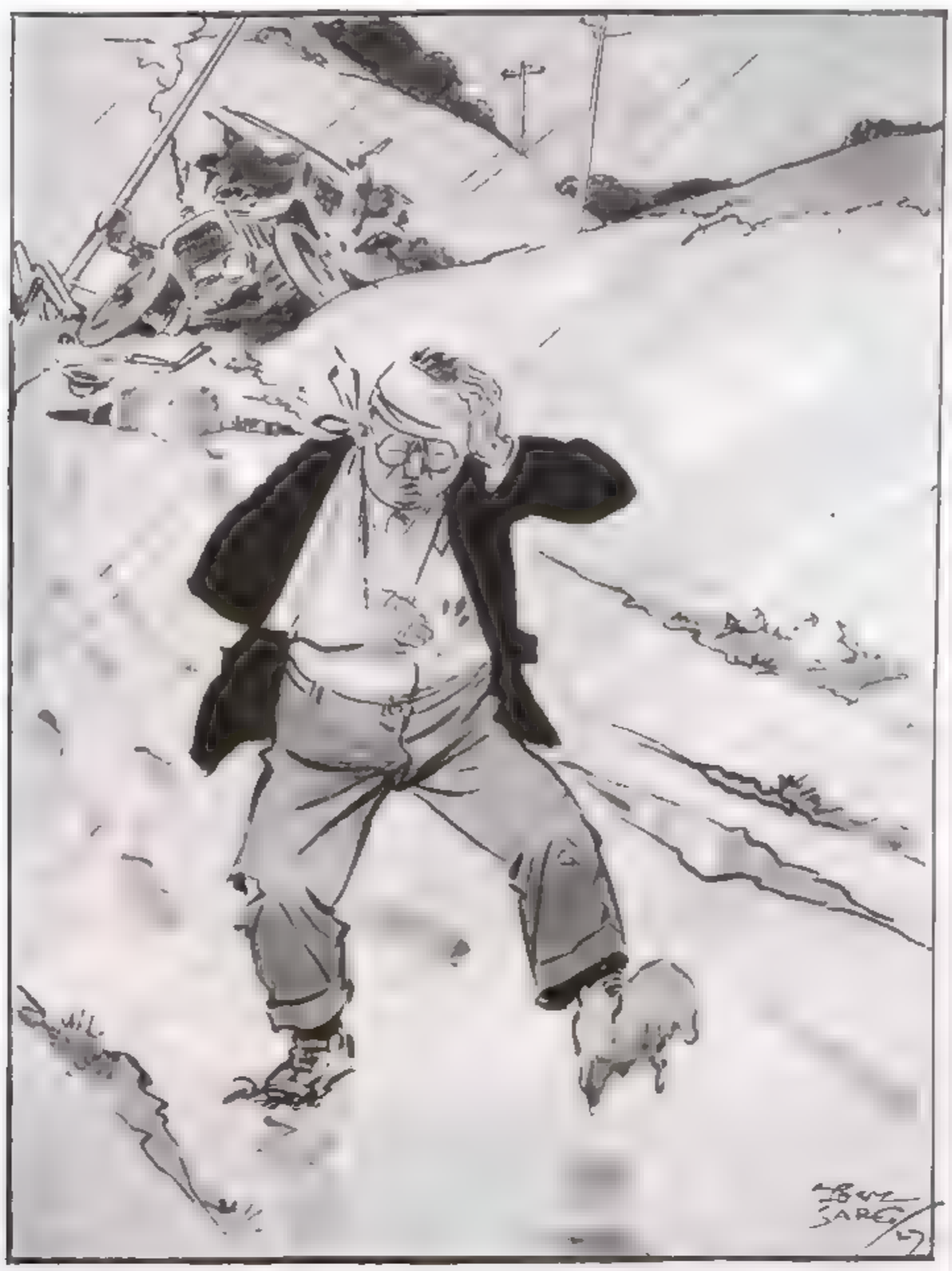

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Bromide's eyes lighted and he started forward with hand outstretched. Semore followed his friend and saw that the person whom Bromide greeted so cheerfully was a very tall and lanky individual who seemed about to pass into slumberland.

"Well, dawg-gone my hide, if it ain't Willie Wisp."

Mr. Wisp seemed glad to meet Bromide, but not surprised. "Howdy, Bromide."

Semore frowned—not because he didn't like the stranger, but because his keen eye had noted that Willie Wisp was accompanied by Florian Slappey and Jasper De Void. There was something sinister ——

"What you doin' in Bumminham, Willie?"

"Oh, nothin' much. Just thought I'd drop in an' win that hund'ed dollar Marathum race. Tha's all!"

Semore had heard aplenty. He wrapped skinny fingers around Bromide's arm and hurried him away from the dusky civic center. They went straight to Semore's room, where Mr. Mashby questioned Mr. Williams

"Who was that tall feller, Bromide?"

"Willie Wisp"

"I don't mean his name. I mean who is he?"

Bromide was quite frank. "He's the best cullud distance runner in the United States."

Mr. Mashby's eyes were distended. "B-b-b-but I thought you said ——"

"I said I could beat any of them other fellers, Mistuh Mashby. I has ran against Willie a lot of times an' he always beats me."

And now Semore realized most poignantly that he was about to happen to a disaster. He quizzed his protégé: "Y-you—you shuah he's gwine beat you?"

"If he runs."

"I thought you was so good."

"I is," explained Bromide modestly, "but not so good as him."

"How bad does he beat you?"

"Jus' a li'l'. But he does it constant. Us usually runs step fo' step until the las' quarter mile an' then he outsprints me."

"Oh! Jus' that?"

"Tha's all. Sometimes they ain't on'y a few yards separatin' us. I guess he's got me jinxed, 'cause no matter how hahd I sprint, he does it faster. I reckon I ain't such a good sprinter nohow."

"An'—an' they ain't no mo' diff'ence than jus' a few yards?"

"Tha's 'bout all."

Semore Mashby repaired immediately to the home of Jim Pole. He informed that tremendous gentleman what sort of a cataclysm they were facing. Mr. Pole was perturbed. He immediately suggested extincting Willie Wisp or spiriting him away, but Semore shook his head sadly.

"You know dawg-gone well, Jim, that Florian Slappey an' Jasper De Void would figger us to think of that an' they's gwine keep this tall feller tho'oughly protected."

"That's true. Sho' is. But, dog bite it, Semore, us cain't lose all that money."

"We sho' cain't," groaned Mr. Mashby. He calculated rapidly: "It's like th'owin' away twenty-fo' hund'ed dollars."

Jim Pole thought furiously. "It's just that li'l' sprint. If on'y somethin' could occur to Bromide jus' befo' the end of that race—somethin' that would make him run like he never run befo' ——"

"Uh-huh. But what?"

"You reckon if he was good an' scairt he could outsprint Mistuh Wisp?"

"Fum what he said, I reckon yes. Mos' fellers when they is scairt runs like rabbits. An' if a feller is a nachelly good runner to start with ——"

Jim paced the room. And finally his face broke into a grin. "I got it!" he announced triumphantly.

"What?"

"A scheme to scare Bromide. If it works he's gwine run so fas' that if somebody han's him one feather he'll fly!"

Semore was all attention. "'Splain it to me," he pleaded, "an' 'splain tho'ough."

Mr. Pole went into details. It was a shameless scheme which he had concocted. Shameless and ungentlemanly, since it involved the exploitation of Miss Ethyl Watling, of whom he was enamored. But Mr. Pole was not afflicted with scruples. If Ethyl could be used to serve Jim's ends, just so much the better. The fact that he was doing something not at all in keeping with the affection he professed to entertain for the young lady didn't bother him at all.

All that he knew was that circumstances dovetailed. He had taken Ethyl to Blue Lake Park one day to watch the runners working out. She had glimpsed the lithe figure and friendly countenance of Bromide Williams and been mightily impressed. Later Bromide had mentioned casually that he sholy did love wimmin, only he was too embarrassed to make satisfactory progress with them. Everything seemed perfect.

"You straduce Bromide to Ethyl," he explained to Semore. "She's all fixed to like him a heap. An' she bein' a swell gal, he's gwine be wile 'bout her. Then on the mawnin' of the race you come to Bromide all excited an' tell him that he better look out. Tell him that I has jus' discovered 'bout him runnin' roun' with my gal. Tell him that if I ever set eyes on him Ise gwine splatter him all over the place. Co'se you got to 'splain to him that the safest place he can be is in the race, 'cause I woul'n't dare to do nothin' out in public thataway. An' you can tell him that you is gwine have frien's at the finish to take care of him. Foller me?"

"Go ahaid, Jim. I shuah does."

"Well, when they git tord's the finish, Ise gwine be hidin' at the corner of Maple Avenue. Ise gwine be on a bicycle. They come along all ready to sprint, an' just then I come ridin' out, whoopin' like hell an' promisin' to exterminate Bromide as soon as I git my han's on him. An' if that works, Semore, I ask you what is Bromide gwine do?"

Mr. Mashby was chuckling. "He's gwine skate ahead of Willie Wisp," he prophesied. "Reckon nobody coul'n't catch him lessn it was a motorcycle."

"You think you can git him good an' scared?"

"Fo' twenty-fo' hund'ed dollars," said Semore positively, "I can do anything!"

And so the next day, apparently by accident, Mr. Mashby introduced Bromide to Ethyl Watling. He was vastly amused by the obvious show of mutual interest. Ethyl declared that she had watched Bromide in training and thought he was perfectly grand. Bromide blushed and stammered and almost succeeded in telling her that she was the most beautiful colored girl he had ever set eyes upon. It was Semore who suggested that they take in the movies together, and he gazed after them happily as they moved toward the center of the city, arm in arm.

That was the beginning of a delirious week for Bromide. All his life he had been afflicted with inconquerable shyness—a self-effacement which somehow vanished before the open adoration of Ethyl. Jim Pole had figured keenly. Here indeed was an instant attraction; a perfect love affair.

Of course Bromide was no swift worker. But his shy, wistful personality impressed itself mightily on Ethyl. Perhaps it was because he was the very antithesis of Jim Pole, whom she detested. And as for Bromide, he found Ethyl ravishing, beautiful and utterly desirable.

Save for the hours given to his training, Bromide devoted every spare moment to the girl. Jim Pole was never mentioned between them. Ethyl refrained because she felt a sense of embarrassment. She had accepted valuable presents from Mr. Pole and the chances were that he considered her obligated to him. As for Bromide, it simply never struck him that there was any connection between Jim and this glorious creature who filled his life with radiant sunshine and delicious promise.

During that week Jim absented himself from Ethyl's life, giving the alchemy of propinquity full chance to get in its best

Continued on Page 136

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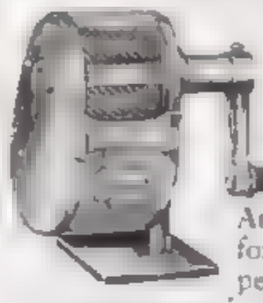

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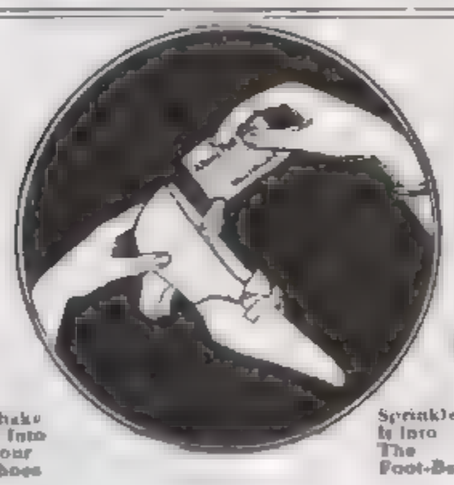

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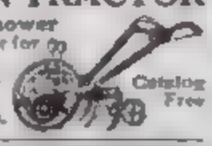

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(Continued from Page 134)

licks. And if Semore, watching closely, saw that the affair was working out even more fervently than Mr. Pole could possibly have suspected, he kept that knowledge to himself. After all, it had been Jim's unethical idea from the first. Besides, the more deeply Bromide fell in love with Ethyl, the more certain it was that he would believe tales of Jim Pole's manslaughterish jealousy.

And so matters rocked along until the day of the race. Florian and Jasper taunted Semore about his bets and tried to inveigle him into making others. But Semore refused. He was already involved more deeply than he desired. Until the last moment he had prayed that something would prevent Willie Wisp from entering, but that forlorn hope now had been dissipated.

Colored Birmingham was wildly excited. The management of Blue Lake Park was delighted. Every seat in the grand stand had been sold. From that vantage point spectators could see the start and finish; the latter an event to anticipate with much joy—the tired, staggering runners lurching through the gates and once around the track.

For the past three days Bromide had been rooming with Semore. At ten o'clock on the morning of the great day Mr. Mashby burst into the room wild-eyed with excitement. Grimly, graphically and gruesomely he informed Bromide that this gave every appearance of being his final day on earth.

Bromide's eyes widened and he asked, "How come?"

"On account of Jim Pole," answered Semore. "He's r'arin' to chaw you up."

"Why?"

"'Cause you stole his gal!"

"Who stole whiches gal?"

"You hisn. Ethyl Watling!"

Bromide was victim to a queer admixture of feeling. He had absolutely no ambition to be chawed up, but it was truly delicious to feel that he had intrigued Ethyl to the point where her gentleman friend could become homicidally inclined.

"I—I never knowed Jim Pole was even 'quainted with her."

"Foolish what you is. Him an' her has been keepin' comp'ny fo' ever so long."

Mr. Mashby then proceeded to paint a ghastly picture of what usually happened to persons whom Jim desired to dismember. Bromide listened patiently. Then he reached for his hat.

"G'by, Mistuh Mashby."

"What you mean—g'by?"

"Ise gwine."

"Where?"

"Away. Far away."

"Whaffo'?"

"'Cause the on'y thing I craves between I an' Mistuh Pole is distance an' lots of it."

It was with difficulty that Semore prevailed upon the slim person to reconsider. He used all arts of cajolery and sentiment. He made it quite clear that if Bromide attempted to leave Birmingham now he would be intercepted by Jim Pole, and he explained that on the five-mile course that afternoon Bromide would be safe.

Bromide was skeptical, but he also doubted his chances of getting away in safety. Besides, he was a loyal, friendly little man, and so he agreed to fulfill his contract; winning if he could and trusting the perfidious Semore Mashby to save him from extinction at the hands of the terrible Jim Pole.

But Bromide was frightened. He was plumb scared. He was fond of life and hated to divorce himself from it. That afternoon Semore took him to Blue Lake Park in a closed car and deposited him in front of the grand stand. Bromide's eyes probed into the crowd, seeking his Nemesis. He wondered vaguely whether Jim would shoot or if he was partial to carving. He hoped the latter; he could outrun a knife more easily than a bullet.

He hated the race, and was not particularly interested in it. In the first place, he knew that Willie Wisp held over him that infinitesimal advantage which marks the difference between winning and losing; in the second place, he felt that he was foolish thus to expose himself to public gaze. But Semore had argued so adroitly and earnestly that Bromide was running. It seemed that whatever he decided to do was wrong, and this perhaps the least of evils.

The success of the race was assured. The grand stand was packed. The infield had been scarred with barbecue pits in preparation for the Lucullan feast which was to follow the road race.

The contestants were called to their marks. Lawyer Evans Chew delivered an oration and then fired a gun. Twenty-one ebony runners loped off. Almost from the first stride Willie Wisp and Bromide Williams took the lead. Even before they reached the gates and passed out of the park, it was apparent that they outclassed the field. Both men ran with easy, space-eating grace. The others struggled.

Within the first half mile it narrowed down to a two-man contest. A few cars followed the leaders as they swung through the city streets. It was an old story to these men; stride for stride until the last quarter mile. Then the sprint to a heartbreaking finish with Willie Wisp always slightly in the lead.

Bromide's heart was not in the race. His eyes shifted from one side of the street to the other. He kept pace with Willie, sometimes even was a stride or two in front of him, but none of the competitive thrill was present. He was doing a job, and a fearsome one. His eyes quested for the menacing figure of Jim Pole.

One mile passed—two. By that time Willie and Bromide were so far ahead of the others that the field had been forgotten. Two motorcycles piloted them and they were running without particular effort. Semore Mashby, from the driver's seat of his asthmatic flivver, was impressed. Bromide seemed the better runner. If only the scheme worked.

They completed the fourth mile and then another half. They swung into Eighth Avenue and settled themselves for the half-mile finish to the park. Bromide was more easy in mind, and he found that he was less tired than usual at this stage of a race. A trifle more than a quarter mile to go. Bromide felt the pace increasing. Willie was starting to sprint!

And then the quiet of a perfect afternoon was shattered by a shout: "Now I got you!"

The voice was unmistakable. It was the deep, throaty roar of Jim Pole! Stark terror struck at Bromide's heart. He gave a wild glance over his shoulder. The sight that greeted his eyes caused him to shake with a violent chill.

Out of an alley came an apparition. It was Jim Pole, and he was mounted on a bicycle! Moreover, his eyes were glued balefully on the figure of Bromide Williams, and the lips of Mr. Pole were parted so that weird and terrifying sounds escaped from between them.

A Picturesque Spot in North Carolina

Bromide acted on instinct. His only chance of safety lay in Blue Lake Park, where large crowds were gathered. He did not believe that a group of racing enthusiasts would permit Jim Pole to exterminate him. Therefore, he set out to reach that haven in the quickest possible time.

Willie Wisp, running swiftly and easily, was amazed to see a skinny figure fly past him. It was Bromide Williams, and he was moving as though propelled by the wind. The satisfied smile departed from Willie's face and he settled himself to a real grind But despite Willie's best efforts—and he was running as he never had before—the distance between himself and his opponent widened.

Riding his bicycle, and taking care to keep well in the rear of the flying Bromide, Jim Pole continued his yelling. Semore Mashby grinned at his confederate and Jim Pole grinned back. Their little plan was bearing fruit. It was a certainty that Bromide would finish far ahead of the gasping Willie Wisp and so win for them the sum of sixteen hundred dollars, plus the eight hundred which they had wagered.

But Bromide had forgotten about the race. All he knew was that he was fleeing from a sudden introduction to the angel Gabriel. He forgot Willie Wisp. He did not even know he was tired. All he sensed was that he must run faster than Jim Pole could pedal a bicycle. He fairly flew down the street toward the park. The voice of Mr. Pole rang hideously in his ears. Four blocks away the gates of Blue Lake Park yawned their message of possible safety.

And then Bromide's eye lighted on something. It was a shiny new sedan parked at the curb. In that sedan was the delectable figure of Miss Ethyl Watling. Bromide did some quick thinking. There was little hope that he could outdistance a man on a wheel. But an automobile offered sanctuary. Jim Pole's girl or not—at least he was sure Ethyl did not dislike him. Certainly she would not wish to witness his demise. With three wild hops he flung himself on the running board of Ethyl's car. The motor was purring—it having been Miss Watling's intention to follow the runners into the park.

In quick gasps he explained to Ethyl that Jim Pole was chasing him with the avowed intention of separating him from his earthly breath. He called upon her to save him. Ethyl did not hesitate. She advanced the gas arc and the car leaped ahead. She swung down a paved side street while the speedometer crept from ten to twenty and then to forty miles an hour. Gratefully Bromide collapsed beside her.

At the corner near the park entrance two conspirators stood petrified. Both Semore Mashby and Jim Pole wore sickly smiles as they watched Willie Wisp lurch alone into the park and stagger victoriously across the finish line amid the enthusiastic cheers of the crowd. Their money had flown in the car with Ethyl and Bromide. Willie Wisp was the winner. And Jim Pole's unscrupulous scheme which involved the exploitation of the lady of his choice had taken a boomerangish turn.

Meanwhile in that car Miss Watling and Mr. Bromide Williams were speeding to safety. Bromide explained the situation to Ethyl and her ire was aroused. So, too, was her pity. She gazed with genuine affection upon the man at her side. She regarded him coyly out of the corner of her eye, and it dawned upon her that she must let him understand that she was not Jim Pole's girl.

At length he looked at her. "Where is us goin', Ethyl?"

She blushed. Then with maidenly courage she reached out and imprisoned one of his hands.

"Bromide, honey," she whispered insinuatingly, "Jim Pole hisse'f suggested that this would be a swell car for me to take a honeymoon in."

Bromide understood. His fingers closed warmly about hers.

"Mistuh Pole suttinly is suggestive," he said enthusiastically. "Let's go!"

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APOTHEOSIS

(Continued from Page 15)

woman knows when some man is after her, which is as little true, lamb, as that the moon's made of green cheese. Don't be alarmed about it, sister."

"But he's sent me the same flowers as Adam, and he says if I wear them at the dance he'll be at the nine o'clock train in the morning!"

"My gee, but that's an inconvenient hour to be seducted! Don't you be scared, lamb."

"But Dammy must have seen that there were two boxes from Prentiss'!"

"Sister, there's advantages in bein' only twenty-four years of age, an' then there ain't. Take it easy. I once had to get an extremely am'rous gentleman down the front steps—he was full of brandy—when Mr. Egg was comin' in through the kitchen. I know, Benjie, that to have a husband which weighs two hundred ten pounds without an ounce of fat on him, an' pos'tively skinny at the waist, is kind of alarmin' when you think what he might do to another boy, but Dammy wouldn't hit a man smaller than himself. You know that."

"I'll have to tell him."

Mrs. Egg's cushioned little hands were ice. She said, "To be too conscientious, sister, is just as bad as not to be enough. What you really mean is that you don't want Dammy to think you've encouraged this jackass. You leave this be. Put his flowers in water an' tell him they're too pretty to spoil by gettin' 'em wilted at the dance. An' gimme those others. An' throw me my fur coat, sister. An' forget it. You give Johnny his bath an' go lie down some."

"But ——"

"Do like I say, lamb. I'm fifty-one years of age. Get my coat out of the closet an' —— My, what pretty things white roses are!"

Mrs. Egg ate two peppermints at a blow and went down the corridor to the small bedroom in which Sanderson Patch Watson was nursing his eye. Her favorite grandson looked dolorously around a wet towel at the great lady.

"Honey, you're an extremely sensible kid for your age."

"Yes," said Sanderson, with melancholy, "but my eye feels kind of lousy."

"An' it was very intelligent of you not to tell your Uncle Dammy what that pup of a Malcolm said about Aunt Benj'mina."

"Grandmamma, if Uncle Adam got sore on Mr. Hoffman he could make him into hash!"

She thought, "I was right." She said, "That's extremely true, Sandy. To've been heavyweight champion wrestler of the Navy for two years was real nice for Dammy, but I've often thought of his compet'tors with sadness, kind of. . . . You're gettin' near thirteen years old, lamb. Your Aunt Pansy an' your Aunt Vi'let both have got ambitions to be known as cult'vated and extremely elegant females. To have Adam marry anything so extremely literary an' with a nose off a class'cal statue like Benjamina into the fam'ly upset them considerably. They're nice girls, but pretty spiteful, an' Benjie don't take 'em as serious as they should like to be took. As you get older, kid, you'll find that a fam'ly has these little things wrong with its insides an' ——"

"I know. Mamma was tellin' Aunt Pansy and Violet they talk like hell about Aunt Benjamina."

"Fern," said Mrs. Egg, "has much more sense than the rest of the girls. . . . You get a bath, sweetheart, an' put on your evenin' suit. You got to escort me to this revelry, lamb, because Mr. Egg would go to bed at ten if the heavens fell. . . . An' there'll be lemon-meringue pie for dinner."

She descended the stairs carefully and was glad to find her box of candied ginger on the stand of the telephone in the still sitting room. After a brief wrestling with Mrs. Thyreus Egg's French maid, she got her husband's nephew in Ilium to the other end of this machinery.

"Fat angel, when you get Thérèse on the wire, all you have to do is say, '*Est-ce que monsieur est rentré?*' or sounds suggestin' that."

"Thy, I couldn't manage any such stuff. Tell Gladys to train the cook to answer the phone. . . . What time you comin' to the party?"

"Ha-ha! Merciful Providence has intervened, Aunt Myrtle. The doctor's put Gladys to bed. Her cold's worse. I'm not comin'."

"You'll be in the lobby at eight, you worthless, lazy animal!"

"Plump paragon, at the time of your apotheosis, the ——"

"My what?"

"Your apotheosis. They'll eventually make you into a goddess, darlin', and paint you on ceilings like Minerva an' the Spirit of '76. You'll be represented on a throne of chocolate layer cake, dispensin' roast duck an' gingerbread to the multitudes. But the cherubim an' amorini on circumambient clouds will all be males. You tell me to be at the Town Hall at eight and I'll be there. . . . What's wrong, Aunt Myrtle?"

"Thyreus, I don't hang dirty wash on telephone lines. I'll just ask you one thing. Have you heard any stuff an' swill connectin' the name of a pers'nality with red kind of hair an' extremely nice around the nose to a thing which has vi'let eyes too big for his face an' brags a lot about how drunk he an' his gang get in MacSeem's an' other gin mills in Paris?"

The lazy poet did not answer for a moment. Then he said, "As he's sailing on the first of March, darlin', why worry about it? In fact the worthy youth is leavin' town tomorrow."

"I'll see you at eight, Thyreus."

"Certainly. . . . Oh, did you give old Mrs. Applejohn that fur coat? She's been washin' here today. It hangs on her like a tent. She rolled her eyes to heaven when I told her she looked like a successful actress and allowed that virtue had one friend on earth."

"It had got too tight for me. . . . I'll see you at eight sharp."

In the kitchen, she told the cook: "Matilda, you'll have to compose two lemon meringues for dinner, please, because I'm occupied, an' some spiced peaches wouldn't be bad for a side dish, an' some ripe olives. Dammy always likes somethin' substantial before a dance. If you got time for some biscuit, it wouldn't be a bad idea, neither. I'll be back directly."

She went down the yards of nasty iced walk to the roadway and got gingerly among puddles—February was certainly the nastiest month of the year—across the clay into Aloysius Coogan's little place.

Aloysius put his pink hair and some of a naked shoulder around the front door and said shyly, "I been takin' a bath, ma'am."

"I s'pected it, Loy. . . . These roses are for Minna, an' how's the baby?"

"Aw, she's fine. . . . Thanks. . . . Mamma's went down town to buy some stuff. Minna sat up some today."

"I'm glad to notice you've had your hair cut. You was lookin' very wild last week. But a first baby's kind of excitin'."

Aloysius giggled: "Minna wants me to go to the masquerade. Jim Hollis gimme a ticket. She wants to know what everybody had on. I got dad's Roughrider uniform, which fits me pretty good. Mis' Egg, you hadn't ought to've paid Doctor Curdy's bill on me."

"Shut your face," said Mrs. Egg. "Mr. Egg an' me encouraged you to get married, an' a kid of your age on rented land needs some help. Besides your mamma bein' the best cook I ever had in the kitchen an' a present help in time of trouble when Matilda gets a spell of rheumatism. . . . The kid's cryin'. I'll see you at the party."

"You're awful kind, Mis' Egg. I ——"

"Go an' mind your k d."

Mrs. Egg found a piece of crumbled ginger in a pocket of her coat and delightedly ate it getting into the middle of the road. It was the most encouraging substance known to her and it wasn't very fattening either. And if Charlie Hoffman was leaving Ilium tomorrow, this would probably work out all right. The trouble with Benjamina was that she had a Scotch conscience and she was timid. Timidity was not one of Mrs. Egg's favored virtues except in cooks. She dragged a heel out of a mud puddle and navigated around a fluid reach of clay briskly because a car was coming. The car politely slowed so as not to splash her and then stopped. She beamed at Charles Hoffman with her chins quivering and her heart suddenly in rotation. He lay in his machine with furs buttoned high under his white face and his pale hair blown every which way by the new wind coming down from Canada.

"Mercy, but you look like your mamma, Charlie!"

"Thanks, more or less."

"It's a compliment, Charles."

"Of a kind. . . . Believe in ghosts, Mrs. Egg?"

"My gee, no!"

Hoffman looked up at the sky and said abstractedly, "You wouldn't. . . . I saw mother this morning, at the toilet table in her bedroom, putting some pink on her lips. Clear as daylight. Effect of bad brandy and soda. . . . Pretty, she was."

"Awful pretty, sonny. You oughtn't to stay in that house by yourself."

"Leaving tomorrow. Sail on the first of March."

"You ain't been home but two months."

"Selling the house."

"Oh, Charlie!"

"Want to know why?" He went on looking at the sky.

"It's a dumb kind of town," said Mrs. Egg. "I ain't patriotic about Ilium."

"Too many ghosts, Mrs. Egg. Every time I go up Vine Street I see dad out walking in that ice storm so he'd get pneumonia and die so that she could marry Randy Hatcher. And she didn't marry him. Matter of fact it's a nice little town, if I was worth a damn. Only, you know, I'm not. Ilium's all right, Mrs. Egg. I'm not. . . . Do something for me?"

"Anything I could, Charlie."

He patted the wheel with his gloved palm slowly, still looking at the sky.

"I was drunk this morning. Struck me it'd be a brilliant idea to elope with Mrs. Adam. Sent her some roses and a card. Invited her to run off to Paris with me. Pretty thought. Don't even like the girl, matter of fact. Been coming out to the house so much to see you and Adam. Only—brandy. You see?"

"Mercy, Charlie, I ain't a teetotaler, but if you're getting that bad, you'd better do somethin' about it!"

"What'll I do? You fix it up, will you? Tell her it was ——"

"Charlie, you go home and take three cold showers, or four or five, and come to the dance and tell Benj'mina you're sorry. An' for the Lord's sake, lamb, get a job in Paris or wherever!"

"Have to. I'm broke. Sold this car to Thyreus yesterday. Dad—good old solid German dad—left me and mother a hundred thousand. *Où sont les neiges d'antan?* I can get a job. Haven't got myself dramatized into a lost soul yet. I'm moderately intelligent."

"Of course you are, sonny. More than that. Now try and behave yourself. An' tell Benjie real nice you're sorry. She's a timid kind of girl an' she's prob'ly scared stiff. An' I'll send a boy down to the train with some lunch for you, because the grub on that nine o'clock is just," said Mrs. Egg, "simply swill."

(Continued on Page 140

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(Continued from Page 138)

"Gingerbread, please."

He looked at her for a minute and then his car went somehow softly down the wet road.

She thought, "So there was somethin' in it about her and Randy Hatcher, after all!" And then she thought "The poor pup!" And her eyes filled. She had to sniffle twice getting slowly up the walk toward the porch. Adam appeared as a towering vagueness.

"Mercy, baby, but you scared me! I didn't see you. The wind's gettin' bad again, an' my eyes ——"

"Never saw you scared, mamma."

Mrs. Egg gurgled "Dammy! You've seen me scared plenty. . . . Now what's this costume you got in Cleveland?"

Adam stopped eating an apple and said, "Hell of a thing, mamma."

"Yes?"

"Pansy made a crack about you not taking any care of your clothes. Said you'd come to the party in a rag bag or somethin'. Dress up, mamma."

"Get out!"

The giant said "You dress up," urgently, jamming a cigarette in one end of his mouth.

"Baby, if you want me to."

"Yeh, please," said Adam, and put his thumb under her first chin.

"Dammy, for a boy that's got three kids an' a very superior wife an' is near twenty-seven years of age, you're awful sent'mental about your fat old ——"

"Shut up!"

Mrs. Egg gurgled and held his dark fingers for a while. Then she went up the back stairs and ate three peppermints in her green bedroom, considering the door of her closet. Sanderson Patch Watson intruded in a bath robe with a button to be sewed on a pair of clean pants and she told him:

"Go an' get the comb'nation of the safe out of grandpoppa's desk, lamb, where he keeps it so's anybody could find it that looked for two seconds, an' fetch me a flat case which is marked Moran, Cleveland, Ohio, on top; an' there's a fashion magazine on the sittin'-room table which you can bring too. An' you'll find a big paper box in the hall closet on the top shelf, an' look out that tin box of maple sugar don't fall on you. The one I want's got a black lace dingus which Dammy sent up from Cuba in 1920. An' then you'd better ask Matilda for some beef from the stew for lunch tomorrow and hold it on your eye."

Mr. Egg came in presently and found her busy at the cutting board with a deal of silk and strings of silver cord that hadn't been needed for Benjamina's glorification. As he never talked, except on great occasions or to cows, he said nothing, but looked alarmed.

"Go down and get your dinner, Mr. Egg. I'm busy."

The owner of the Egg Dairy Products Company took his white hair and long legs out of there on this order.

At six Adam said through the door, "Dinner's on, mamma."

"Tell Matilda to keep some hot for me, baby. I'll be down directly. An' don't let Sandy get sick on spiced peaches, neither."

"What you doin', mamma?"

"Gettin' dressed. Run along, lamb."

At seven, Mrs. Egg shoved her little feet resolutely into silk stockings and brushed her black hair back from a wet forehead. At quarter after seven she came down the stairs, stopping to straighten out Adam's photograph in sailor clothes abreast of the newel post. Then she lumbered down the hall and her family looked at her in a stunned way for a second.

"Mother, you've made that dress since five o'clock!"

"Benj'mina, it's a shame if I couldn't, with no sleeves or much at the top to attend to. I feel extremely naked."

Sanderson Patch Watson politely rose and thrust her chair under Mrs. Egg. Her husband opened his blue eyes on the other side of the table and made three beginnings of a speech.

He said finally, "You're a good-lookin' woman, Myrtle," which was very much as if he had wallowed on the carpet and kissed her feet. Mrs. Egg blushed.

"Well, you needn't make a fuss about it. . . . My gee, I'm starved alive!"

"Are those diamonds, grandmamma?"

"Unless your grandpoppa got cheated in 1902, they are, Sandy, an' about as comfortable on a person's neck as a wet kitten. . . . Matilda, when you're done starin' at me, I'd be obliged for some grub, please," she said, reaching for a biscuit. "Dammy, you better hurry. You've to dress, lamb."

Adam leaned back in the folds of his red bath robe and lighted a cigarette. His small brown ears twitched on the black sides of his head. He was entertained, she knew.

"Lots of time, mamma."

"Remember, Matilda, to lay out some bread and butter and some of that cold chicken from yesterday, and a couple of bottles of pear cider in the ice chest, so's Adam can get a piece of real supper when this fandango is over."

"Yes'm. Mrs. Egg," said Matilda, "are you goin' to have a photograph took in them clothes?"

"Mercy and goodness, Matilda! I'm a married female and fifty-one years of age! I should hope not!"

But the strangest sensation began somewhere inside of Mrs. Egg, because her husband just kept looking at her and Sanderson ate only four peaches and Adam's ears wiggled while his black eyes watched her pink hands. This sensation increased, because three hired men, summoned by some means, appeared dimly in the kitchen and peered through the door. It increased in the machine headed for Ilium, because her grandson said nothing while she drove, and hopped down from the car in front of the Town Hall's lights to tell seven young gentlemen in sweaters, "Grandmamma's got her diamonds on. We'll be sittin' in the gallery."

And then old Widow Applejohn, pressed into service as a cloakroom attendant, screamed faintly when Mrs. Egg got her furs off, and said, on recovering, "I hain't never saw the beat of it, Myrtle!"

The cloakroom was empty. Mrs. Egg mentioned, hanging the black scarf of heavy lace around her shoulders: "Some silk which I bought off a Syrian peddler last summer and some stuff I didn't need for Benj'mina, Nanny. . . . You'll be out at the house Tuesday to start cleanin', like usual."

"You got your mamma's complexion, Myrtle, and to think you got grandchildren and her in the cem'tery after a life of trials and dressmakin' for a livin'! You don't look a day more than thirty."

"I feel like I was melted an' run into a biscuit mold, Nanny."

Mrs. Egg went forth into the big vestibule with her toes, she thought, turning to jelly, and a masked man in evening dress dropped his cigarette and said "My God!" in a low, reverent whisper.

"Thyreus, don't curse like that!"

"Aunt Myrtle, the late Mr. Rubens would have painted you with rapture."

"I'd ruther," she said, "be painted with some pie. I hate hustlin' through meals. Come in the corner. . . . This ——"

"It's all right, angel. The poor kid came around to our house to dinner. He's stone sober. He's had an ice-cold bath and a lot of coffee. Dammy hasn't heard anything?"

"Thyreus, the trouble is that Benjie might get conscientious around an' tell him. She's scared. She ain't flattered, like most girls would be. An' the time he hit Ralph Sanders for sayin' somethin' he didn't like, you know what happened! That's when he was sixteen an' ——"

"But the whole thing's nonsense, darlin'! Charlie was drunk and ——"

"I know. But I was scared stiff. An' ——"

The Reverend Ambrose Flaherty appeared at her side and said, "Mrs. Egg, this is the triumph of the evening. Are you

(Continued on Page 143)

Build a 40-year Edgwood roof—

The semi-thatched roof. To get this effect, the contractor or roofer merely uses a hand-saw and cuts in wave-like lines the butt ends of each bundle of Edgwood shingles before they are unbundled.

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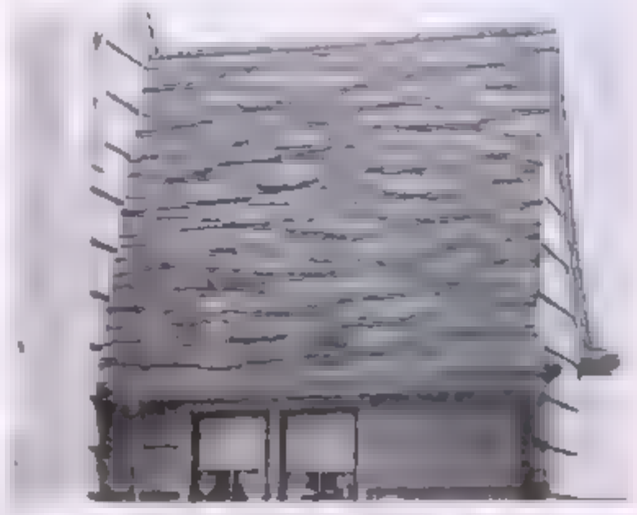

The latest roof—the butts of these Edgwood shingles are not sawn to create this effect—neither are the shingles of different lengths. It is done by varying the weather exposure as each individual shingle is laid—quite simple.

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Steel blue . . . green . . . mahogany . . . yellow . . .

coffee beans that look as different as they taste

Countless kinds and grades of coffee from over forty tropical lands

NOWADAYS few people know how widely they differ—both to look at and to taste. Few indeed have seen them all before they are roasted—the hundreds of kinds and grades of coffee brought to this country for our breakfast cup.

Like beads around the neck of a savage princess—of many colors, of many shapes. From steel blue to olive green—from pale yellow to mahogany—fragrant coffee beans that come from over forty tropical lands. Countless different natural flavors!

Yet of them all no single one has ever pleased the critical men and women throughout the United States.

The first real nation-wide fame has come to no single coffee grown, but to a rich mingling of many flavors—to a blend created years ago in the South.

Coffee blended with coffee

He was a Southerner of the old South, born with a genius for flavor. Joel Cheek, down in old Tennessee, dreaming of a special shade of richness, of a taste no single coffee grown could yield. Months of work—of combining and recombining—of testing and rejecting. Finally he achieved it—a blend of fine coffees that is today changing the habits of a nation.

Long ago that extra touch of mellow goodness in Joel Cheek's blend made it the first choice of the Southern States. Long ago Maxwell House Coffee became the favorite in all that land of good things to eat and drink.

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Known to the South alone a few years ago, Maxwell House is now by far the largest selling coffee throughout the entire United States. In a long list of our great cities, it is by far the most popular of all coffees.

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* * * * *

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For years Joel Cheek's blend was served at the most famous hotel in the old South—the Maxwell House in Nashville

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

"Good to the last drop"

(Continued from Page 140)

representing eternal youth or have you just undertaken to send our young women home in a fit of jealousy?"

"I hope I don't end in a fit of influenza an' that's all."

"Before you do anything so foolish," the old priest told her, "I've my usual troubles. Bernard Vincente's out of a job, of course, and which one of his boys can come to work for your husband until we find something for Bernard again?"

"I'll speak to Mr. Egg."

"The dissimulation of the woman! You'll command Mr. Egg to take on Paul or Peter for a week or two and you'll be obeyed. I'll send Paul out on principle, being the tidier of the two. . . . I'll be watching your effect on the community all the night."

He turned away past a thin mandarin who stumbled up to Mrs. Egg and said wretchedly, "Hey, can't you talk to mamma some about lettin' me go to West Point, Mrs. Egg? She's coming tonight and ——"

"Henry, your mamma wants you to go to college."

"But I don't want to! Father was an officer and ——"

"Oh, shut up," said Mrs. Egg. "I'm busy. . . . Yes, I'll speak to her."

Thyreus grunted under his mask: "In your apotheosis, fat angel, it will be stated on a purple cloud behind your right ear that you barked harshly at your suppliants an' granted their prayers with a snort. Go up in the gallery and don't worry. I'll ride herd on Charlie. Some of the men'll have flasks."

"You see I get some ice cream as soon as there is any, Thyreus. My gee! What's a party on an empty ——"

"Mamma," said a tall shepherdess in blue, lunging at her, "how perfectly gorgeous! Is it from Cleveland?"

"Fern Egg Watson, did you ever know me to get duds from any place but my own sewin' machine? Come here! Have those two fools been puttin' it around that Charlie Hoffman's been runnin' after Benj'mina?"

"Mother, you know perfectly well that Pansy and Violet never mean a thing by ——"

"All I know is they'll have a time settlin' it with Adam if any of this trash gets to him," said Mrs. Egg in a bawling whisper. She hesitated a second and then said: "You can tell those two dumb goats that the poor fool's been comin' out to the place to see me an' not her. I'm the only person in this town which stood up for his mamma when there was talk about her an' a long-legged smart Ellick named Hatcher. He asked me to send him some gingerbread to the train in the mornin'. Tell 'em that."

"You do have the most remarkable hold on boys, mother!"

Thyreus drawled "An X ray would show you the reason, Fern. Organs of solid metal aren't translucent. . . . What's Dammy dressed as, Aunt Benevolence?"

"I dunno, Thy. I'm all excited about it. But Benjamina's Queen Elizabeth. . . . Vi'let," she said to a mass of spangles, "I hate to say it, but a girl of your height with one stockin' comin' down is pretty conspicuous. Run in the dressin' room, lamb, and have it tightened or you might lose your reputation; an' think, Vi'let, how awful it'd be if you heard it said a married girl with three kids was tryin' to excite attentions from men!"

Mrs. Preble stopped approaching and said nervously through her mask, "You needn't be so loud about it, mamma!"

"I guess it's from me you an' Pansy inherit your loudness of conversation about fam'ly affairs, Vi'let. . . . I'm goin' upstairs now, an' I hope you have a pleasant evening."

She then ascended out of the white lobby and felt eyes from the increasing crowd below her. Let 'em look! This sensation of power and—somehow—of youth welled in Mrs. Egg and she beamed at a French soldier who came trotting up beside her and she said, "You look mighty nice, whoever you are."

"Had a cold bath," Hoffman said, twitching his mask.

"That's nice. Now just dance once with Benjie and say it was a joke, lamb. An' don't drink nothin'."

"Been hearin' two nice old ladies talk about me on the steps. Didn't know my name was such a fine grade of mud in town. Sorry."

"You mean they made mention of "

"Yes. Too bad. No good going to call on an old friend and her son when her son's got a pretty wife. Motives supplied by the kindness of humanity. 'Nough to make a man drink varnish. Square me with Dammy if he hears anything. Don't forget my gingerbread. . . . Good-by."

"Charlie, you get a job."

"Try to," he said, and ran down the steps.

But it wasn't much to worry about, as he was leaving tomorrow. Mrs. Egg found Sanderson Patch Watson spread on three camp chairs at a corner of the wide gallery and sank comfortably into two of them. The bandsmen, tuning their instruments, gazed at her respectfully across vacancy from the other side of the hall draped in flags, and probably mistook her for an important person, because they were from Cleveland. Several matrons seated in chairs, however, stood up to look at her.

"See that box in the wall, grandmamma? That's the lights. You can turn 'em all out all over the building by just pulling down one switch."

"Well, don't let temptation take hold of you, kid. This is the biggest social event in the year and you'd better not spoil it."

"I wouldn't," said Sanderson with dignity. "It'd be a young kind of thing to do."

The floor was suddenly littered with people in costume. Doors had been opened from the lobby and here the town came.

Sanderson leaned out over the rails and said raptly: "That's Spike Saunders. You can tell his legs. And that's Aunt Pansy. I s'pose she thinks she looks all right in pants. I guess she thinks she's a Turk. . . . And that's the fella that teaches chemistry in high school, in the silver kind of armor. He looks lousy, I think. . . . There's a lot of pirates, isn't there?"

"All it takes to be a pirate is a bandanna an' a pair of brass curtain rings for your ears, an' a tough expression, Sandy. . . . Oh, Grace," she said to Mrs. Kirkpatrick, settling beside her, "don't your Henry look nice? It's a good thing he's got his shape off you, real slim and straight up. An' won't he look nice in his West Point cadet things? My gee! If he gets into the Point this spring ——"

"I don't want him to, Mrs. Egg. He's ——"

"Mercy, Grace, you ain't goin' to stand in the boy's way when he wants a thing an' it don't cost you a cent? Grace, I'm fifty-one years old an' I ain't ever seen any good come of tellin' a boy he can't have his wishes when there's no harm in 'em, or much when there ain't —— Oh, there's Benjamina!"

Numbers of women had closed in around Benjamina's glittering skirt, and fingers were brushing the lace of the high collar.

"I don't see Adam. . . . What a lovely dress. Where did she find it, Mrs. Egg?"

"Grandmamma made it," Sandy explained; "she can do anything she likes."

Mrs. Egg blushed a little. But the triumphant feeling puffed in her mind, because people glanced up, and it was a pretty dress, and Pansy's spangled Turkish trousers looked dim beside the cloth of gold.

"Benjie ain't any trouble to fit," she said.

"Oh, grandmamma!"

"Merciful goodness of Jerusalem," said Mrs. Egg, "look at him!"

Even some of the bandsmen looked down. It was Adam, of course. His shoulders gleamed suddenly between two hats of common men and she could see the amber hardness of his throat above a collar of dull fur. Fur rimmed the golden skullcap sewed with blue jewels and fur ran down his sleeves and his mad gown of some embroidered stuff which glowed.

"Ivan the Terrible," said little Mrs. Kirkpatrick.

"I expect it was the expense of keepin' the czars in clothes which upset their gov'ment. My gee! Ain't it nice to watch young people, Grace? I do like dancin'!"

It was such a good band, too, and Adam swept Benjamina around the floor, and Fern did look well in her bright shepherdess' frock, all flowers and powdered hair; and Aloysius Coogan's Roughrider hat flopped solemnly over his pink ears as he galumphed with one of his wife's six sisters, and a lad with excellent bare legs who was meant to be a Roman or something fell on top of Violet's partner at a corner and upset her dignity, and serve her right! All the little movements and the warm scents and the band made Mrs. Egg forget that she was hungry. It was a nice party, and Sanderson found some gumdrops in a pocket of his dinner jacket, and Adam grinned up at her, swirling past. And you could see the women give him an elbow when he went by. It was the nicest kind of a party.

"Is that Charlie Hoffman in the Chasseur Alpin clothes?"

"I guess it's just his French army stuff, Grace. He was in one of those regiments."

"Such a pity!"

"Oh, he'll come out all right, Grace. Too much money and not enough to do."

"But a boy as clever as that ought to know better. He's been dreadfully drunk at one or two parties. I don't suppose he'd come out to see Adam," Mrs. Kirkpatrick said, as if she wasn't saying anything, "when he's had too much."

"Wouldn't he? We had to put him to bed last week once. An' Benj'mina don't approve of him an' it was kind of embarrassin'."

Mrs. Kirkpatrick loudly said nothing at all, her eyes following Benjamina in the arms of a Colonial soldier. . . . Oh, of course, the town was talking! As the music stopped after the fourth dance, Mrs. Egg caught a thin voice in the chairs behind her, saying, "—— out there every day and his best friend used to be young Egg and ——" The voice slowed out into a whisper. Of course the town was talking! Mrs. Egg's spirit sank. She thought of sending Sandy for some hot chocolate, but the music began again and Dammy was dancing with one of the Pultney girls whose legs ended just about at his knees, and it was wonderful to see him shorten his step for the little thing. And Jim Hollis came and stood below the gallery and begged her to come and dance with him.

"Not by a hundred pounds, Jimmy. . . . I hear you're puttin' in asparagus beds this spring. I bet you have a fine time with the darn stuff. Mr. Egg ripped ours out last year —— Huh?"

"Come and dance once," he bawled through the music.

"Will if you'll carry me down, Jimmy. I ——" Something funny happened to the trombone. Mrs. Egg glanced at the bandsmen and saw them craning. "Hey, what d'you suppose all that is?"

All at once a blue uniform plunged through the dancers, spinning and spinning until the man went flat on the floor with his knees doubled at the feet of a girl in red, and the music really stopped. A woman yelled, high and flat, and men were shoving something back under the gallery and Benjamina cried out "Adam!" dreadfully, and Thyreus Egg came running, ripping off his mask.

"Good heavens, Mrs. Egg," said Mrs. Kirkpatrick, "what ——"

"Kid, get out the lights! Fast! Hurry!"

A showering kind of howl rose as the hall was black and a scared man let his stick fall on the bass drum with a spreading bang. Mrs. Egg felt her heart change to an iced orange on the bottom of the world. Adam would kill him! Adam would kill him! But

(Continued on Page 145)

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He frequently appears in court, as a witness for the people, to give expert testimony that will assure the protection of life, limb and property against further activities of one of these dangerous public enemies.

For the natural tendency of fire to communicate itself to anything combustible means that a most disastrous conflagration may ensue from any incendiary action.

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In a number of states the legal penalties for arson have recently been increased; and, where the wording of old laws made conviction difficult in even some of the most flagrant cases, revised laws have been enacted that stop all technical loopholes.

The Loss-Prevention Service rendered by the White Fireman includes the inspection of property, with recommendations for the elimination or reduction of fire-hazard; and the testing of various building materials to determine their degree of fire-resistance.

Also the practical proving of efficacy and reliability in fire-extinguishers and other protective equipment; the examination of electrical apparatus and current-carrying materials for fire-safety; and other technical assistance to the end of reducing fire-waste.

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write practically every form of insurance except life

The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792

Property Owners may Secure Loss-prevention Service through Responsible Insurance Agents

(Continued from Page 143)

men were shouting and a match broke out in the middle of this hell and showed a white wig.

Then there were more matches. Gold-and-red flecks and glitters. Her eyes began to water.

"Adam, please take charge of Aloysius. Aloysius," said the Reverend Ambrose Flaherty, "will you behave yourself? Be still now! You hold him, Adam. . . . Where's Mr. Hoffman? Is he hurt bad?" the priest asked, with all Ireland in his voice. "And you in the red pants, don't hold him up by his feet! . . . Get me some water. Are you all right, Mr. Hoffman?"

Hoffman said, after a little, "Moderately," and a jerky laugh went up.

"I'm gonna wipe the nose off his face!"

"Shut up, fella," Adam said, under the gallery.

"I'm gonna ——"

"Aloysius," said the Reverend Ambrose Flaherty, "hold your tongue now! Whatever made you do that, in this world, and to a man three inches shorter than yourself, and don't stand there like a dumb calf when I tell you to answer me!"

"Aw, father, he was speakin' against Mrs. Egg! Am I gonna stand and have that little bar fly say that she's gonna run off to Paris with him, when she's got—" Aloysius Coogan panted—"'leven grandchildren?"

"It's some kind of joke, Aloysius. You've no more humor in you than a torn dollar bill."

"He says he loves her, an' her with 'leven ——"

"Be still a minute! . . . I tell you to be still. . . . Mr. Hoffman, how does your nose feel?"

"Wet," said Hoffman.

Someone had brought a candle from somewhere. The light showed Hoffman sitting cross-legged on the smooth lake of the bright floor with a handkerchief red at his nose.

"Your parishioner seems to be annoyed about somethin', Doctor Flaherty."

"There's no harm in Aloysius, Mr. Hoffman. He conceives you've been speaking lightly of a lady who's been more than kind to him and his mother."

"He says ——"

"Quiet, guy," Adam said.

"Yeh, but, Adam, this ape says he wants your mamma to elope with him to Paris, France!"

"What I said," Hoffman drawled, somehow very loudly, "was that I wanted Mrs. Egg to come back to Paris with me and show the French how to cook. Sent her some flowers this mornin' and invited her to come along. . . . Lord, Dammy, I hope your wife didn't get those flowers! Just ordered 'em sent to Mrs. Egg. . . . Didn't think about her. . . . Did she?"

"Dunno, Charlie."

"I got your flowers, Charles," called Mrs. Egg, and heard herself say it without any excitement. "But if you'll tell me who's to look after my folks when I'm showin' the French how to cook! You ain't practical. Besides, I'd be seasick."

A titter ran off into a guffaw. The shadowed faces turned to the gallery.

"Yeh, but he was sayin' he loves ——"

"You've made a fair fool out of yourself, Aloysius!"

"Yeh, but, father ——"

"There's more than one meaning to the word 'love,' you know," Hoffman said, sitting still on the floor. "Only thing I come home for is to see Mrs. Egg. Oldest friend I've got. Friend of my family. Worth the whole rest of the town, and then some. . . . This is supposed to be a Washington's Birthday dance. Not a coroner's inquest. Why the sepulchral gloom? Let's have some light. A lot of light would cheer us all up. Or is that gallant hero going to thrash me for saying I'm fond of the nicest woman in the county?"

Some man said in a deep voice, "Hear! Hear!" and the most curious sound began, made of many people laughing and many hands clapping together. It came up out of the shadow at Mrs. Egg and turned her face red and set her grabbing at her scarf. It scared her badly, and she hardly felt Mrs. Kirkpatrick patting her arm or knew that she had got halfway down the stairs before the lights rose on her flight and a tune commenced in the hall. It scared her clean into her warm car, with Adam buttoning her coat on and Thyreus grinning to himself and Sanderson Patch Watson regally shoving people away from the door. She knew that she was crying and scared and hungry, but mostly that everything was all right, and she absently kissed Charlie Hoffman on his battered nose when his face came close to her.

"You're an extremely sweet boy when sober, Charlie, an' smart as paint. An' it was nice of you, an' excuse me for leavin' so early."

Hoffman lighted a cigarette and turned on Adam with a jerk of his bloody face. He said, under his breath, "Here! Apologize to Mrs. Adam for me. Got drunk this mornin' and sent her ——"

"Yeh, she told me. 'S all right."

"Tell her, please, that I didn't mean a word of it. What else I've said, I meant —— Done what I could—all that. . . . Damn that fool. Nose like a balloon. . . . Been very offensive."

Adam hung a cigarette in his mouth and said, "Guy, think a fella don't like to have his women appreciated?"

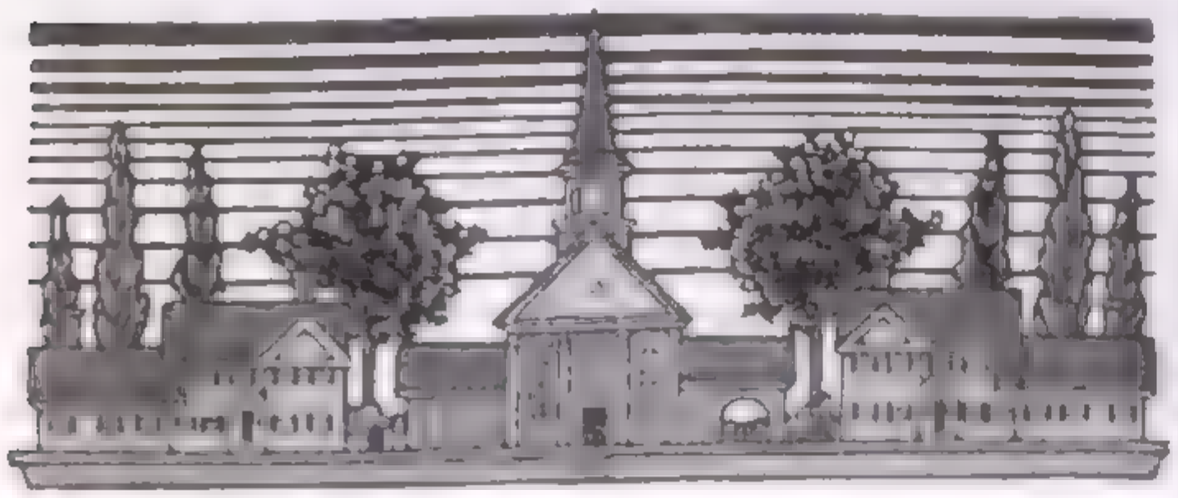
"The man's a philosopher," Hoffman said. "All right. . . . Good-by. . . . A lot of gingerbread at the train, Mrs. Egg—promised."

"You'll get it, lamb. . . . Thyreus, get him straight to the doctor's. Adam, you go and dance some more. . . . Goodness, I was scared! . . . And I'll make some sandwiches for when you come home, and you look sweet in those clothes. Drive along, Sandy!"

"Don't you like bein' a famous person, grandmamma?"

"No," said Mrs. Egg; "not on an empty stummick! Here, stop at the drug store an' we can get some hot chocolate an' see if they've any chicken-salad sandwiches left, an' did you see your Aunt Pansy lookin' at this dress? An' thank the Lord it ain't so cold. It's nearly spring! An' the cream'll be thicker an' Adam's so fond of new vegetables an' it's good for the babies to be out-of-doors, an', Sandy, there's always some strawberries in the bed behind the dairy real early in May. My gee, I'm glad that spring's comin'!"

"You're a very interesting woman," said Sanderson, "and lots different from anybody else. I think I like you better than anybody. If you'll lean over I'll kiss you."



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Physicians are using it more and more, not only as a health-builder, but as a protection against winter and spring colds and their tearing-down effects.

Scientists now know that these building-up substances in which cod-liver oil is so rich are Vitamins A and D. And they know that the value of any cod-liver oil depends solely upon the amounts of these two health-protecting vitamins which it contains.

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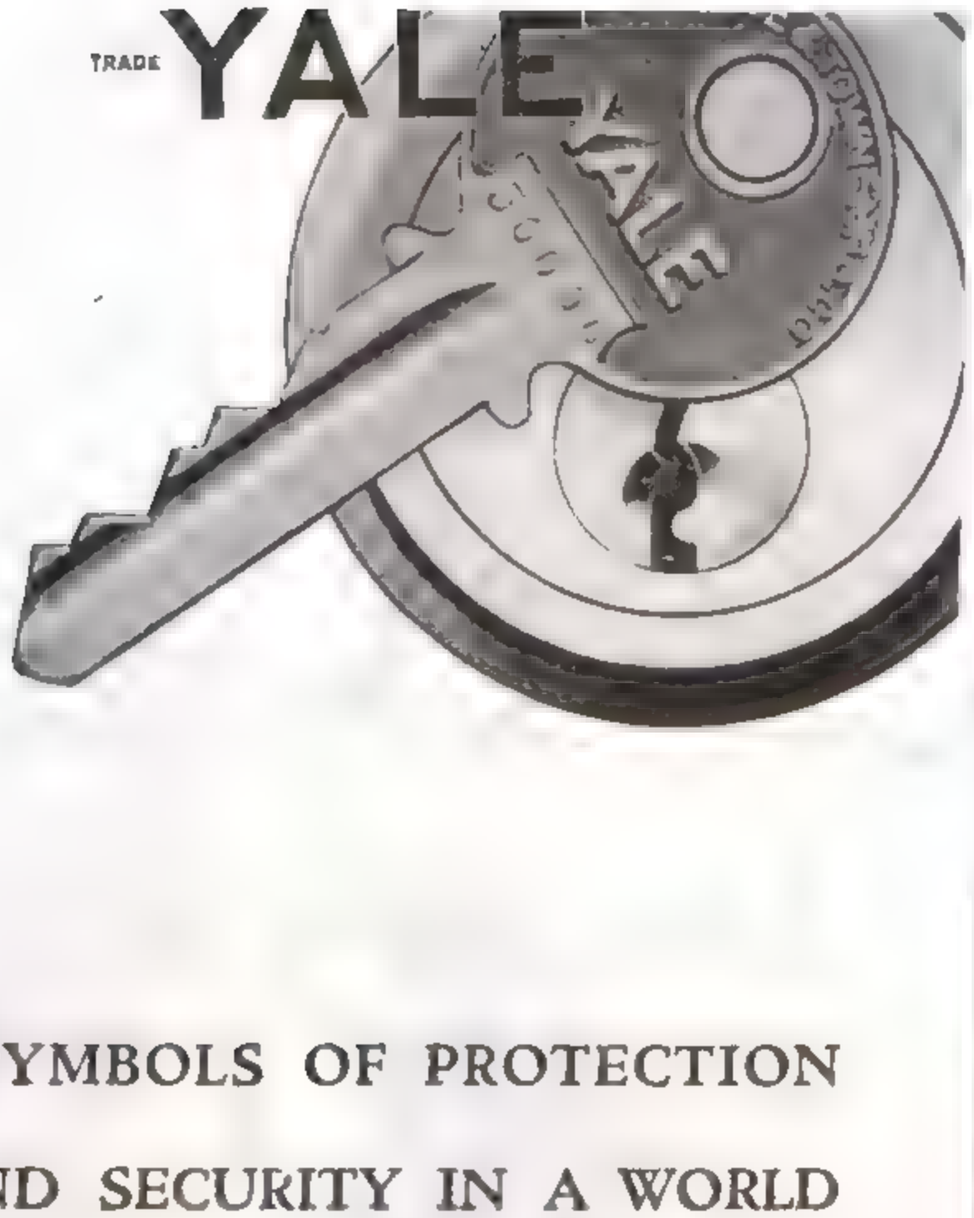
Ask your physician about Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil as a "builder-up" and a safeguard against troublesome colds. The medical profession recognizes its dependability. You can get it at all reliable drug stores. For your protection insist on Squibb's.



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AFTER PETROLEUM—WHAT?

(Continued from Page 23)

most of the gas coming out of oil wells was permitted to escape unused. In recent years the building of natural gasoline plants to take care of the gas has become an integral part of operations throughout the country.

Natural gas is an increasingly important source of gasoline, supplementing the supply from petroleum. In 1926 the production of natural gasoline amounted to 32,000,000 barrels, as against 7,000,000 barrels in 1918. The development of this source of supply ranks second only to cracked gasoline, derived from fuel oil and gas oil, in its importance in supplying the voracious appetite of the motor car and forestalling a shortage.

The gas from petroleum and natural gas wells is treated by two principal methods—absorption and compression. The raw gasoline derived is a very volatile product. New methods of rectification have been developed which make it possible to produce natural gasoline suitable for high-compression airplane engines. The major portion of the natural gasoline is employed for blending with petroleum gasoline of low volatility. It thus makes available for motor use a quantity of fuel in excess of its production from crude.

Mining for Oil

The air lift uses compressed air instead of gas. It was originally devised to clear water out of flooded mines. The presence of so much gas in oil fields, however, makes its service preferable to air.

The mining process has been developed to restore semidepleted oil fields. It is considered operable in the majority of older areas in the United States and has been practically demonstrated in Texas. Engineers believe that it should recover two to three times the oil already obtained from the wells, and at much lower cost.

Because this operation is the latest innovation in oil recovery and is likely to have wide employment in the future, it is well worth explaining in some detail. A shaft is sunk as in metal mining to a point ten or fifteen feet below the oil sands. At this depth tunnels seven feet high are dug from the bottom of the shaft out under the sand. Cross tunnels are then excavated, so that an underground picture of the workings would resemble the streets of a city. Tunnels are never driven in the oil sand itself, so gas is not a serious fire hazard. Along these tunnels small wells are drilled upward into the bottom of the oil sand, one well every ten feet. A pipe is placed in the mouth of each mine well and connected to the main pipe line in each tunnel. More than 500 of these little mine wells are drilled for each forty acres. Oil flows from the bottom of the sand through the mine wells to a pump at the bottom of the shaft, whence it is lifted by pressure to the surface.

A different mining method is used at Pechelbronn in Alsace. There the tunnels are dug within the oil sand and the oil allowed to seep from the roof, walls and floor of the tunnels. The oil then collects in pools and is pumped to the surface. Approximately 350,000 barrels are recovered a year by this method. The Pechelbronn field was first drilled in the usual manner and 16 per cent of the oil obtained. Mining salvages approximately 50 per cent of the remaining crude. Gravity is the principal expulsive force of the Pechelbronn method.

This reference to mining projects a serious situation with regard to an essential raw material that is seldom discussed because it does not figure in the spotlight like oil. I refer to the depletion of the copper reserve. Amazing as it will seem to people not directly connected with the business, we have only a twenty-year supply remaining in the United States. At the present rate of exhaustion it is even doubtful if there is a store sufficient to cover this period. The reason is interesting.

The vast army of gold seekers attracted by the superficial gold deposits in the Far West during the thirty years succeeding the discovery of gold in California in 1849 became miners by occupation and prospectors by inclination. Never had such a pursuit been so favored. A great undeveloped country with temperate climatic conditions, abundance of water, ample timber, adequate lines of communication accessible to supply bases, combined to advance their adventurous explorations. What attracted them to ravine and canyon were the fabulously rich placer deposits containing gold that had been washed down by erosion from the mother lodes in the mountains.

When these superficial deposits became exhausted it was natural that the miner should turn his attention to the discovery and development of the sources of the mineralization that had yielded such profitable results. Silver, next to gold, was most eagerly sought. Except in a few cases, these ores were found associated with the baser metals. The development of our complex mines of gold, silver, copper, lead and zinc followed in natural sequence. Coincident with this intensive search for minerals was the rapid expansion of the country, offering an extraordinary market for all metal products. During this time the United States became the chief source of supply of the mineral wealth of the world. Oil vied with copper for premier place.

When the period of pioneering had passed and the mineral districts of the United States had been thoroughly surveyed, developed and finally coördinated into corporate ownership and management, it became necessary to prospect outside our confines. The modern copper developments in Mexico, Chile, Peru and other countries followed. Happily, we have a big share of these alien domains. Here you have another parallel with oil, as you will presently see. The Latin-American countries, however, were not so favorably conditioned for mine-prospecting enterprises as was the United States. Transport was difficult, progress slower and much more capital necessary.

It follows that the copper-ore reserves of the United States have been far more heavily drawn upon than the more recently developed stores of other countries. They will have an abundant supply when we shall be obliged to depend upon the imported commodity. Again you have a kinship with oil. Persia, Russia and South America will be flush when we are depending upon the synthetic product.

From Biblical Days

What a diminished supply of copper might mean to us, both from the industrial and political standpoint, is obvious. Copper is indispensable to civilization, forming an essential element in communication and electrical development. It is likewise a vital requisite to national defense. During the World War it was regarded by all governments involved as important as TNT. In the matter of substitution oil scores on copper. When the petroleum reserve is eventually finished, we shall be able to manufacture a substitute from coal, lignite or shale. Science so far has found no understudy for copper.

Resuming the oil narrative, we can proceed to the most fascinating phase of the subject. It is the new science of petroleum. Through what is known as geophysics—that is, the study of the physics of the earth—the search for crude is becoming easier and the results more certain. Applied geology has largely contributed to the existing disastrous overproduction.

Oil occupies a paradoxical position among minerals in that new researches and developments have tended to increase rather

(Continued on Page 149)

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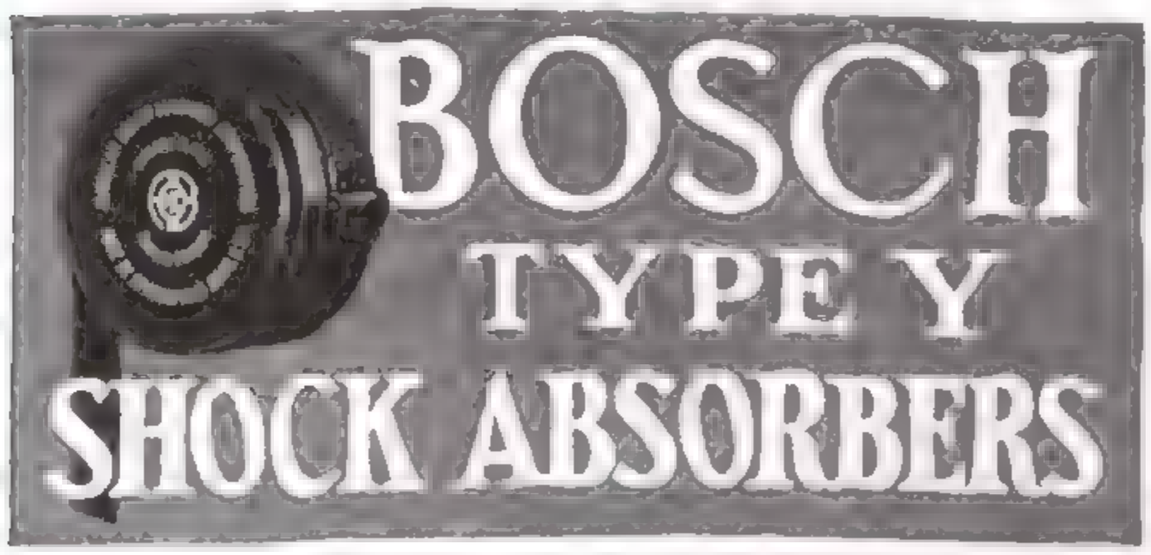

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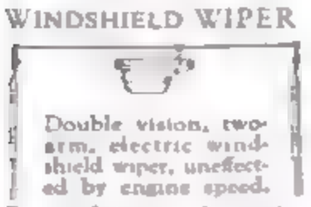

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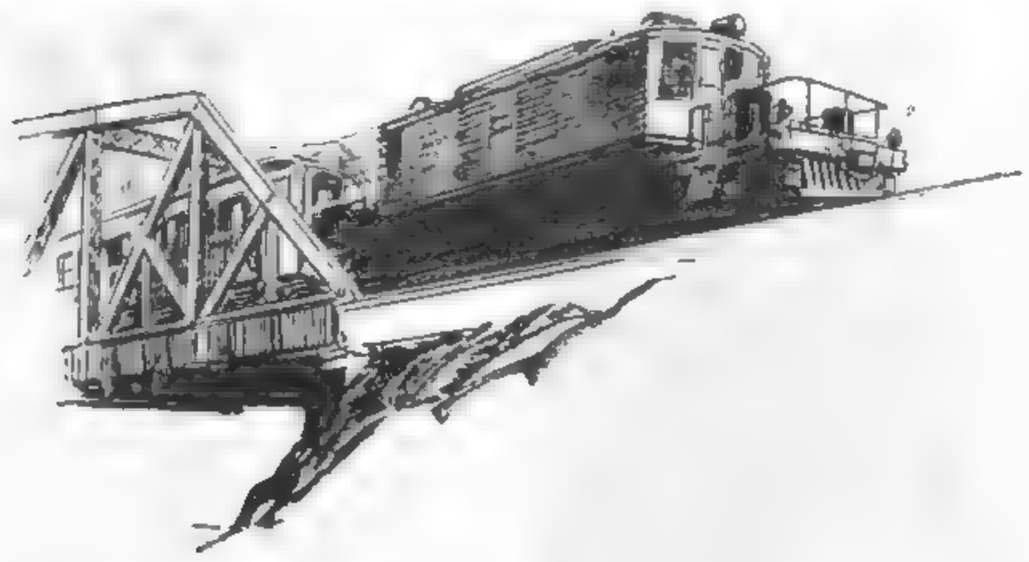

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MILLIONS of freight cars in constant operation, marking the pulse of the nation's commerce—swift passenger trains, uniting a wide-scattered people—difficulties overcome—obstacles removed—tracks cleared ahead. That is the brilliant accomplishment of American railroading.

In 1927, shippers demanded a miracle. They called for the loading and dispatching of a million freight cars a week. It was done, because the railroads had the cars ready and so were able to set new records of efficiency. There were enough cars to make up six solid trains extending from New York to San Francisco. They traveled a distance equal to 143 round trips to the sun—on enough miles of track to encircle the world more than six times.

Electricity has contributed an important page to the railroad record. Electrical engineers have helped the railroads to conquer formidable main-line difficulties—difficulties of mountain range and bitter weather. Long tunnels have been made possible, and terminal facilities have been improved beyond human expectations.

General Electric has contributed its manifold resources to the advance of every industry. It is working hand in hand with the railroads—planning for wider applications of electricity—helping to clear the track for a new era of progress whose history will be written largely in terms of electrical improvements.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Continued from Page 146

than decrease the possibilities of discovery. It is now known that petroleum occurs in sedimentary rocks of any age and in any structural position. The greater part of the earth's surface is composed of sedimentary rocks, but not all formations of this character contain oil. The aggregate acreage of all the producing areas in the United States is insignificant compared with the total area of sedimentary rock. There are numerous examples in the past history of the industry where regions, once drilled and abandoned, have been redrilled and found to contain valuable deposits. Hence the pursuit of oil has been a great adventure. Cold science is now taking the thrill out of it.

For ages oil finding was a haphazard proposition. There was no incentive for organized research, because petroleum figured only incidentally in daily life. No geologist, for example, was required to locate the pitch that tightened the seams of boats back in Biblical days. This material, by the way, was used to waterproof the historic little basket in which the infant Moses was found in those well-known bulrushes. Nor did a scientist discover the Indian oil springs in Northwestern New York which first introduced petroleum as a lubricant and liniment in the United States. The usual indication of a deposit such as this was through seepage.

The application of science to oil location was slow. This means that it barely covers two decades. The pioneers worked on a hunch, or used a divining rod made of the forked branches of a hazel tree. When the geologist first appeared he was placed in the same category as the oil witches or the oil smellers, who literally smelled out oil. The first scientists in the business were dubbed rock hounds, pebble pups and wrinkle chasers. The last-mentioned appellation developed from the fact that those early geologists based some of their estimates on earth wrinkles. Even after the geologist—or the geolog, as he is called—became a fixture, he was looked upon with scorn and akepticism by the old-timers.

Allied With Science

What practically amounted to a new science had to be developed. The accumulated geologic lore of a generation ago was a totally inadequate basis for an intelligent search for new oil fields. Many things had to be learned and as many unlearned. The old hunch gave way to definite formulas based on incessant probing into the bosom of the earth. Geology could not serve the petroleum industry with the greatest efficiency, however, until it literally became a part of the business.

In this respect an important advance has been registered. The original petroleum geologists were long-haired and high-browed. They acted as consultants and sat apart, dispensing their academic lore in guarded and jealous fashion. They directed operations, but did not condescend to become part of the searching expedition. Moreover, they spoke a totally different language from that of the lowly driller. Neither understood the other. The big objective could not be gained until these two—the geologist and the driller—actually joined forces in a coöperative effort to locate oil.

Today this alliance has been effected. The geologist is an active oil finder and most oil producers have become geologists of parts. Geologists have invaded every branch of oil-search endeavor and become drillers, lease men, oil-field scouts and even production-department executives. Every company has a highly organized geological staff. In consequence the discovery rate has been accelerated tenfold since 1917, with only a 25 per cent increase in the number of wells drilled.

The first aspect of this new activity had to do with surface geology. More recently has come subsurface geology, carried on principally through the study of logs of wells. A complete record of every well drilled is made. The samples of rock taken out are analyzed in laboratories and producing areas charted. An oil bed is distinguished by the presence of fossils and sometimes by the general appearance of rock particles. A diamond core drill is used in research work. It is hollow and brings up samples, or cuttings, of the formations penetrated. This type of drill was responsible for the discovery of the famous Tonkawa field in Oklahoma.

With the growing demand on the geologist to find more and more oil, it became necessary to know in advance of drilling the general character of the rocks to a depth of several thousand feet. In consequence he has had to appropriate and adapt various devices which are almost uncanny in their operation. Chief among them is the seismograph, which deciphers the nature of deeply buried rocks.

Artificial Earthquakes

As most people are aware, the seismograph is commonly employed to detect and register earthquake tremors. It was made portable and adapted to determining rock character and geologic structure by the Germans during the World War, although its use for this purpose had long been anticipated and discussed.

Knowing the geology of the French battlefields and the general character of the rocks beneath the terrain, they were able to record the vibrations which artillery fire set up in the earth and in the air. From this they were frequently able to locate Allied batteries. The seismograph became a range finder.

Baron Mintrop, a German nobleman, is largely responsible for the development of the standard oil-field apparatus now in use. His war experiences equipped him to employ it in geological formation. He made the first survey in this country, with his own staff of operators and instruments. Thus indirectly the great conflict has made a valuable contribution to the petroleum industry.

The use of the seismograph in oil finding has created a picturesque activity. Earthquake waves are transmitted through various classes of rock at different speeds, depending upon the elasticity of the rocks encountered. One important type of oil field in America is always associated with a highly elastic rock—namely, rock salt. To find such an oil field it is necessary first to locate the buried mass of rock salt with which it is connected. If one could observe the passage of an earthquake wave through such a rock-salt mass, it would be possible to detect its presence by reason of the accelerated velocity through the highly elastic salt.

The geologist cannot sit down and wait for an obliging earthquake to come along to the particular area he is attempting to explore. Nature's ordinary quota of destructive shocks is fully adequate at all times. It is not sufficient, however, for the oil industry in its current hectic search for new areas. For this purpose earthquakes must be created artificially, at a zero hour, timed to the second and of a carefully calculated intensity.

The oil business therefore has become the focus and source of an earthquake epidemic of amazing proportions. It literally moves the earth in the frantic hunt for more oil. Synthetic earthquakes have become one of the most finished accomplishments of the scientific end of the game. These are produced by burying and exploding large charges of dynamite. The instant of each explosion and the arrival of the resulting wave, or shock, are recorded accurately by a number of portable seismographs distributed around the charge at known distances. The size of the dynamite charge varies from 50 to 500 pounds and the distance from charge to seismograph ranges from two to five miles.

There results from this work a dynamite barrage over prospective petroleum lands reminiscent of World War bombardments. The wildcatter has become one of the best

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So much for the technical explanation of a performance unique in practical investigation. Now for the results. Earthquake waves move through ordinary rocks at a speed of something like one mile a second, whereas through rock salt they hurry along at more than three miles a second. The rock-salt masses, with which salt-dome oil fields are associated, are usually a mile or more in horizontal dimensions. Therefore if a rock-salt mass occurs beneath the surface between the dynamite charge and any of the seismographs, its presence will be proclaimed by the velocity record which the apparatus makes.

The seismograph crew moves about over the country, sending out earthquake waves over a closely intersecting pattern so that no buried salt dome or any other mass of elastic rocks with which oil might be associated can escape it. Once a salt dome is found in this fashion, the drill is set to work to determine if there is any oil around it.

The seismograph is peculiarly useful in the search for salt domes on the Gulf Coast. Before geophysical methods were introduced, there were seventy-five known domes in the region, every one a possible oil field. Of this number a dozen were already prolific producers. By the use of the geophysical instruments six more have been discovered and the search has only started. Of the new domes already located, 85 per cent are credited to the seismograph.

The Gulf Coast region lends itself to seismographic investigation because of the elasticity of the rock. Elsewhere this elasticity is less differentiated, as the scientist expresses it. In such areas seismic work is more complex and difficult. For these regions the apparatus known to the physicist as the torsion balance is employed. This brings us to the second of the modern divining rods.

The Modern Divining Rod

A torsion balance is a precise instrument for measuring the strength of the ordinary force of gravity. It will be recalled that gravity is the form of attraction which every bit of matter in the universe exerts on every other. If an ordinary pendulum is set swinging, it will eventually come to rest at the central or lowest part of the path of its swing, because the force of gravity alone finally holds it as close as possible to the earth.

The torsion balance is a pendulum which swings in a horizontal plane instead of in a vertical plane. In its simplest form it is a metal rod or bar with weighted ends, suspended at the center by a wire from a fixed support. As the bar swings around, the wire is twisted until its resistance finally swings it in the other direction. It goes back and forth until it finally comes to rest.

The application to oil finding is made in this way: It has been observed that the rocks in which petroleum is found are often denser or more compact than the surrounding rocks at the same depth. By moving a torsion balance from point to point over the surface it is possible to detect the presence of very heavy rocks beneath and thus locate points at which it may be worth while to drill a well.

The third geophysical method involves measuring the strength of the earth's magnetic field from place to place with a delicately balanced magnetic needle. The earth's magnetism is often abnormal in oil fields. By magnetometric survey it is possible to locate an area of abnormal magnetic force, thus giving a possible clew to a buried pool.

A fourth rather widely used apparatus utilizes the property of petroleum which makes it impermeable to the flow of an electric or magnetic force. Oil is well known as an electric insulator and offers great resistance to the passage of electric currents. Recently developed portable generators permit the sending of small electrical currents, and the induced magnetic lines of force, to great depths in the earth and measuring or following their paths. If these paths encounter a body of oil-saturated sand, they will depart from their usual arrangement and so reveal the presence and position of the oil barrier.

These aids have not only proved their efficacy but their use and value are likely to be enhanced. An intensive scientific study of petroleum has just been inaugurated under the auspices of the Central Petroleum Committee of the National Research Council through the generosity of John D. Rockefeller and the Universal Oil Products Company. Each gave $250,000 for the purpose.

Twenty-one subjects for fundamental research have been outlined. Five are along geographical lines, seven deal with physics and the rest with chemical problems in the industry.

An Oil-Insurance Policy

The first phase will be a study of the generation of petroleum, seeking to discover the process by which and the source from which it accumulates in the earth. This embraces studies of fossil organic matter to determine what is really the mother substance of oil. Once this is learned, geologists will be better equipped to locate pools. You cannot wonder at the uncertainty of the oil business when you are told that its very origin is in doubt. One theory is that it is inorganic—that is, the development from chemical action on rocks forming part of the earth's crust. Another holds that oil is organic, resulting from the decay of animal and vegetable matter, both land and marine.

Another line of investigation covers oil structures. Sometimes when apparently promising structures are found, efforts to locate oil prove fruitless. With better knowledge of the mother substance, drilling of favorable formations which do not contain the proper source rocks, would be avoided.

More important to our future oil needs is a forthcoming survey of shale deposits, because out of shale may be distilled the motor fuel of tomorrow.

Science is being mobilized not only to increase the petroleum supply but to make it go farther. This is being done in two ways. One is by means of improved refining processes, principally cracking, which have steadily increased the yield of gasoline, now the major product of petroleum. Twenty years ago only 4.5 gallons of gasoline were derived from a forty-two-gallon barrel of crude. Now nearly fifteen gallons are obtained. It is possible that through further refining advance such complete use will be made of fuel oil that it will cease to compete with coal.

The other economy is being achieved through structural mechanical changes in the automobile so that more mileage will be gotten from gasoline than is obtained today. This saving in fuel comes from reduction in the size of the engine, less horse power and more flexibility of operation.

All this scientific advance has a distinct virtue. At the same time it embodies what might be construed as something of a defect. Geology makes oil discovery easier, to be sure, but it also accelerates the drain on the reserve. This store must find reënforcement if the age of substitutes is to be deferred.

Long before the present overproduction conjured up the vision of scarcity, the American oil industry began to write an insurance policy in the shape of producing lands abroad. We are now intrenched in practically every great petroleum domain overseas, notably Latin America, and are increasing our holdings every year. The sun never sets upon the Yankee driller operating on Yankee-owned properties.

(Continued on Page 163)

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Accuracy in a watch is a quality built into the movement; it is not a matter of chance. Our sixty years of experience with fine watches has taught us that certain features of watch design are necessary for complete and satisfactory performance. When all these features are present, we know a watch is right. All of them are embodied in Ollendorff Watches. We list a few of these features. The ruby jewels are of the finest quality, the principal ones shaped Bombé and holed Olivé. These special jewels reduce friction on vital parts to a minimum and provide a larger reservoir for the vitally important lubricating oil. The balance wheels are temperature-compensating. Two metals, which react differently to heat and cold, are fused in the wheel rims. As a result, when the watch is subjected to quick changes of temperature, the circumference weight of the wheel remains constant, insuring a uniform balance wheel speed-weight under all conditions. Train wheels—a series of wheels for transmitting motion to the escapement and balance wheel — are non-corroding so that no speck of corrosion will ever interfere with the operation of this essential part. The watch is carefully adjusted to isochronism. This provides for uniform pulsations of the escapement and balance wheel, whether the watch is fully wound or practically run-down. These are but a part of the many important features we have learned must be built into a watch for accuracy.* The sum total, the consummation of Ollendorff's sixty years of experience, is offered to you in the Ollendorff Watch . . . a watch you can buy with a thorough conviction of built-in worth . . . beauty . . style.

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*Other built-in features of merit will be given in future issues of The Saturday Evening Post

Ollendorff
Watches

(Continued from Page 150)

First let us visualize the world output, because it will show how we dominate the situation. In 1900 the entire production from all sources was less than 150,000,000 barrels. In sixteen years it had grown to only 457,500,000 barrels. The motor car had not become the factor in consumption that it is today. By 1926 it reached 1,095,934,000 barrels. To this the United States contributed 70 per cent. Mexico was second with 8.3 per cent, Russia third with 5.74 per cent, Venezuela fourth with 3.41 per cent and Persia fifth with 3.27 per cent. These were the big five. Last year the total world output expanded to 1,243,000,000 barrels and our share was again 70 per cent. Russia moved up to second place and Mexico dropped to third because of governmental interference with operation. Venezuela and Persia remained fourth and fifth respectively.

The fact that Russia now ranks second in output justifies comment for a variety of reasons. From the late 90's until 1901 she led the world in petroleum production, producing a little more than 50 per cent of the total. Her two great fields—Baku on the Caspian Sea, which is the oldest in the world, and Grozny in the Northern Caucasus—were regarded as the greatest of all reserves. The decline to less than 6 per cent of the world output shows how her oil prestige is dimmed. We supplanted her and have led for twenty-six years.

We have—or rather had—a definite stake in Russian oil and it unfolds a sad tale of expropriation and loss. When the Bolsheviks came into power they seized all private property and nationalized every industry, with disastrous results for the victims. In most cases the business also suffered. Oil furnishes perhaps the one exception, because during last October production was brought to the prewar level for the first time.

Before sovietism became confiscation, the Standard of New Jersey bought a half interest in the Nobel oil concern, which had extensive holdings in all the Russian areas. These included wells, pipe lines, refineries and marketing facilities. The total investment involved was not less than $50,000,000. These immense interests were commandeered by Moscow and placed in charge of what is called the Naphtha Syndicate. In Russia every industrial undertaking is operated through a syndicate which the government both owns and operates.

Trouble in Oil

The net result is that the Standard and the Nobels have lost their properties. Meanwhile the Bolsheviks are producing and selling the oil throughout the world and the rightful owners do not receive any compensation. It is just one more commentary on the economic injustice—I use the most amiable expression—of the Bolshevik business creed.

The recent experiences of American oil producers in Mexico show how complications pursue operation abroad as well as at home. We own 65 per cent of the Mexican oil fields, representing an investment of $600,000,000. American capital and initiative made the republic at one time the second most important productive area in the world. Tampico emerged from a small town into a thriving city as a direct result of the oil effort. More than 60 per cent of the national revenue was derived from the petroleum taxes.

There is no need of rehearsing the Mexican oil muddle save to say that the Supreme Court decision, ostensibly favorable to the American interests, handed down late in November, did not solve the fundamental problem involved. The alien landowner is still obliged to exchange his actual ownership rights for a concession. Thus the retroactive and confiscatory feature of the constitution of 1917 remains effective. It is likely to continue so long as Calles and his type of government persist.

The decline in Mexican output constitutes the strongest possible indictment of communistic meddling in big industry. In 1922 the yield was 182,278,000 barrels. In 1927 it had shrunk to 65,000,000 barrels. Though intrusion of salt water had depreciated some of the older fields, the output would have been much bigger if socialistic adventuring had not well-nigh paralyzed operation and begot uncertainty of actual ownership.

In still another Latin-American field the American oil man is booked for possible trouble. We own practically the entire productive area of Colombia, which last year added 15,000,000 barrels to the world supply. Legislation is now pending in the Colombian congress to nationalize the oil industry. The effect is not, however, so far-reaching or destructive as the Mexican program.

The American Group

A refreshing exception is Venezuela. Here American interests control nearly 40 per cent of the fields, where output in 1927 was 62,000,000 barrels. The oil offensive radiates from Maracaibo, once the haunt and rendezvous of pirates like Morgan and Lafitte, who infested the Spanish Main.

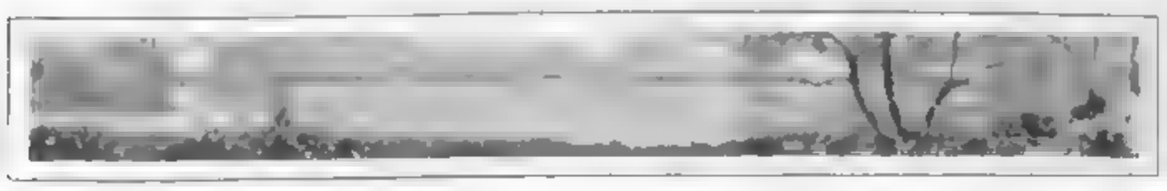
Political and legal conditions in Venezuela are much more favorable to industrial development than in Mexico. Dictator Gomez is a shrewd business man and has given every possible aid to alien enterprises. Oil has become the foremost meal ticket of the country. Moreover, it is changing the face of the country, because it means good highways, increased wages and a higher standard of living for the natives.

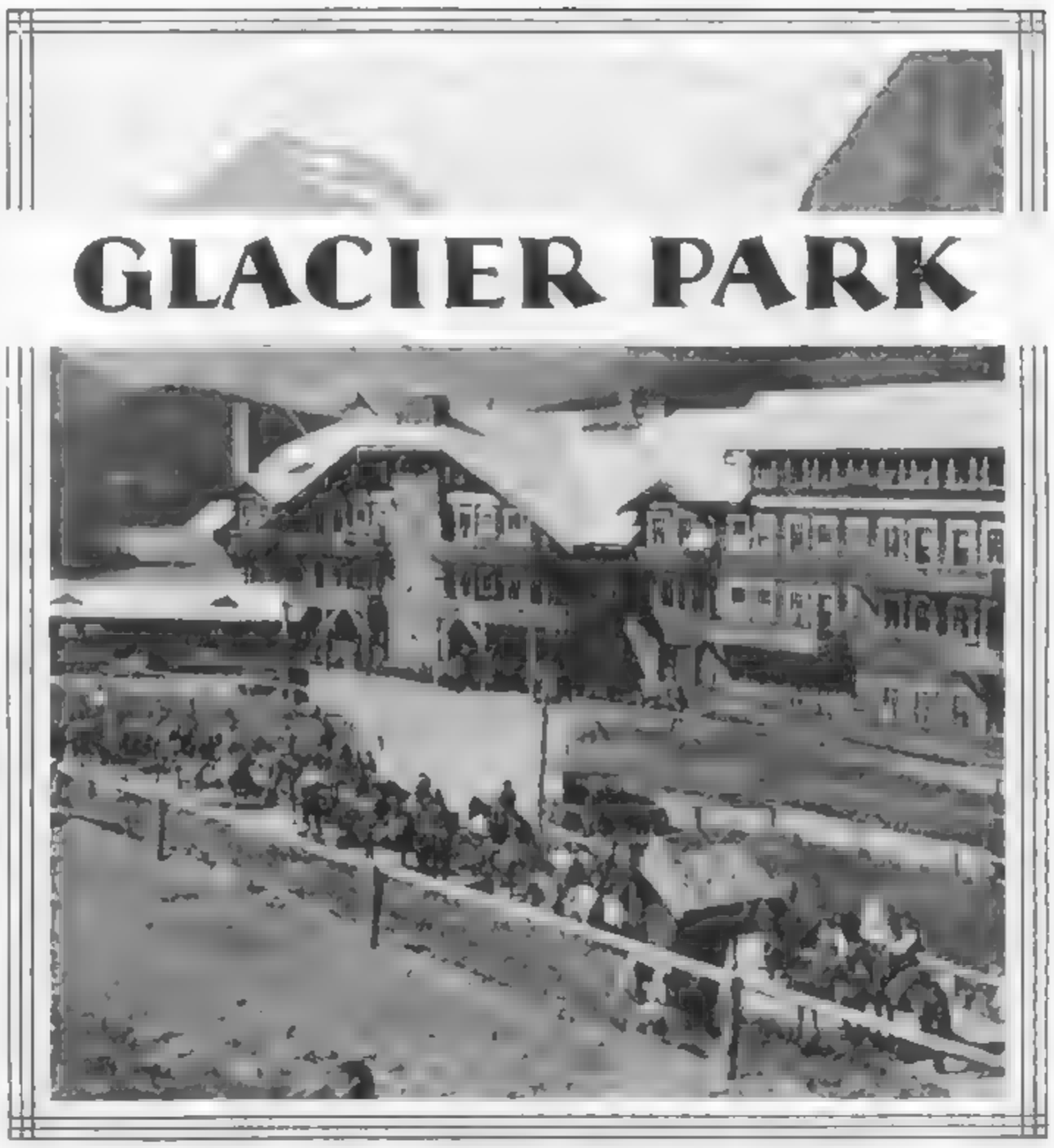
Conditions similar to those in Venezuela prevail in Peru. Here American companies own 81.16 per cent of the oil area. Like Gomez, the Peruvian president, who is the masterful little Leguia, encourages the foreigner. American-controlled development has redeemed the Talara region from the desert and given it an annual production of more than 10,000,000 barrels.

Our oil exploitation extends from Canada, where it affects 59.13 per cent of the business, by way of Rumania, with holdings of nearly 7 per cent, to Poland, with 6.58 per cent. It has a share in the Trinidad output and a small foothold in Argentina. The Dutch Indies, preëminently the home of the vast Royal Dutch combine, have also been invaded by the Yankee.

One American oil interest overseas is in a class by itself. It involves the participation of what is known as the American group in the Turkish Petroleum Company, which has begun an extensive development in Irak, the one-time Mesopotamia. The concession is more bound up with romance and political adventure than any similar modern undertaking. It has survived two empires—the German and the Turkish—and was originally linked with the departed Teutonic ambition to rule the East. I have already told the story of this enterprise in detail in these columns. A brief summary is necessary to bring it up to date.

In the early days of the twentieth century the Germans discovered oil in the Mosul area, which was then a part of Turkey. They wanted an economic foothold there, because the German-conceived Berlin-to-Bagdad Railway ran through the Sultan's domain and was part of the Hohenzollern spearhead aimed at British rule in India. The British and Dutch also aspired to control the area, with the result that in 1912 the late Sir Ernest Cassel, who owned





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the National Bank of Turkey, a British institution, coördinated all the conflicting elements and organized the Turkish Petroleum Company. This same name had been used by the original German prospectors. The Anglo-Persian Oil Company got 50 per cent of the stock and the Dutch-Shell and the Deutsche Bank, which represented the Germans, 25 per cent each.

Because of the vagaries of Turkish rule the validity of the concession was more or less in doubt. The World War galvanized it into new life and integrity, but not without almost endless complications. For one thing the Turks lost a great deal of their territory, including Mosul. It became part of Mesopotamia, which, in turn, emerged as the independent country of Irak under British mandate.

It was not until the San Remo Conference in 1920 that the Turkish Petroleum concession once more became a live international issue. At this meeting of the Allied Supreme Council the oil spoils of war were distributed. The German interest of 25 per cent in the Turkish Petroleum Company was given to a French group in consideration of the right to build a pipe line across Syria, where France has a mandate, to the Mediterranean. This left the Anglo-Persian with 50 per cent and the Dutch with the remainder.

The United States suddenly woke up to the fact that it had been left out in the cold. After diplomatic representations by the State Department, the Anglo-Persian turned over half its share to what is known as the American group, composed of the Standard of New Jersey, the Standard of New York, the Gulf Refining Company, the Atlantic Refining Company and the Pan-American Petroleum Company. American entrance meant the open door in Irak on an equitable basis for everybody concerned. We performed the same operation, by the way, for trade in China.

The Turkish Petroleum Company was not able to drill until last year. Many obstacles intervened. First the Mosul territorial problem had to be settled by the League of Nations and Irak stabilized as a functioning country. A formal agreement between the Irak Government and the company was then necessary. It was signed in 1925. There was still a difficulty. A picturesque Armenian, C. S. Gulbenkian, who had been financial adviser to Abdul Hamid, last of the Turkish Sultans, owned a 5 per cent interest in the company. When his claim was adjudicated in 1926 with a royalty arrangement, the way was finally open to exploitation.

A Gusher Blows In

Late in September, 1926, it was decided to drill ten wells in an area including five districts. Four are in the wild country of the Kurds, which lies toward the eastern border of Irak, adjacent to the Persian frontier. It is a hilly region, merging gradually into the Kurdish mountains which overlook the ancient Tigris River. The Kurds are descendants of the Saracens, whose gallant and warlike leader, Saladin, was the implacable foe of Richard the Lion-Hearted in the days of the Crusades.

The remaining district to be developed is on the west bank of the Tigris, forty miles south of Nineveh, renowned in history as the scene of the great Assyrian battle raid. This section differs from Kurdistan in that it is flat desert and sand. The oil seepage is so rich that it can be smelled miles away.

The Kurdistan area has produced the first big strike. In October last a great gusher, which flows 92,000 barrels a day, was discovered. On the night of the fourteenth work was suspended at a depth of 1500 feet. The camp was in repose and no sound was heard save the challenges of the sentries. This land is still so primitive that armed guards must be maintained. At three o'clock in the morning the place was awakened by a crack followed by a terrific roar. The monster well had blown itself in. For six days it defied all efforts to shut it. In consequence the entire countryside was awash with oil. Two American drillers were fatally gassed. This spectacular discovery temporarily focused world oil attention on the Mosul area.

Irak is now added to the list of petroleum fields. Other wells have been brought in and there is promise of a huge production. The country is so isolated that expansion is invested with hardship as well as great expense. Among other things, a pipe line 700 miles in length will have to be built across Syria to link Irak with the Mediterranean. What has often been called the cradle of the world, where stalked the figures of an immortal age, will soon be harnessed up to modern industrial needs.

Oil has become a world issue of vital and increasing interest, because essential raw materials are the new incentives for governmental control everywhere. The association of the American group in the Turkish Petroleum venture therefore means much more than a quarter share in a new flush field. It signifies that we are part and parcel of a petroleum internationale, which can only make for political and economic amity between the four countries involved. With kindred interests, they will be disposed to keep the peace.

The Shortage Solution

At this point the question arises: How can the existing American machinery of oil transport be adapted to a foreign supply? Several years ago I put this query to the head of one of the greatest oil companies in the United States. His reply, as applicable today as then, was as follows:

"If the source of a considerable part of the American people's crude oil requirements be transferred from domestic to foreign fields, the American petroleum machine can go into reverse without much more effort than throwing out the clutch. It was built to do that.

"The trunk pipe lines from the interior to Atlantic and Gulf ports will carry crude as cheaply to the interior as away from it. Should the American producing field be changed into a consuming market, the problem of supplying the refineries dependent upon it would present no great difficulties, and the cost need not necessarily be much higher. Once afloat and in large bulk, crude oil can be transported in tankers at a surprisingly cheap rate as compared with any other method.

"The big tankers with which the industry has equipped itself, and which are now engaged in the movement of crude oil from California and Gulf ports to various seaboard refinery points, could be used for the movement of crude from, say, a Mediterranean port, which would be the terminus of a pipe line from Irak, at a lower cost than is now incurred in moving crude through the Panama Canal from California to a North Atlantic port. The longer the water route, the cheaper the cost per ton mile. It is as feasible to bring crude by water from foreign fields to be refined in the Atlantic, Gulf or Pacific Coast refineries, exporting the surplus, as to refine the crude at the point of origin and be under the necessity of exporting all the variety of finished products derived from it.

"Given access to foreign producing fields, the industry could protect American consumers of petroleum products against danger of shortages, and hold and increase its foreign trade. It would not matter in what remote corner of the globe the fields were situated if American tankers could tank them. Diminution of our native crude supply would not in the slightest degree mean the impairment of America's position as the greatest petroleum exporting country in the world."

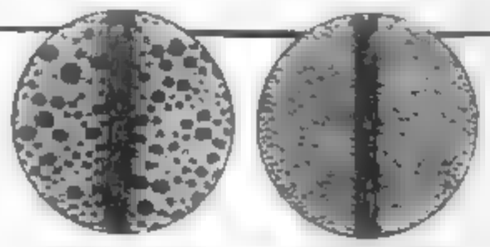
Despite imports from foreign fields and the salvaging of old areas, it is obvious that some day our petroleum supply will be inadequate. How are we to meet the deficiency?

The answer is simple. Foreign nations, especially Germany, have already solved

(Continued on Page 157)

Off . . come Whiskers *Smooth and Clean*

when beard is softened at the base Small Bubble Way



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of ordinary lather surrounding single hair. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard

COLGATE LATHER

Under identical conditions note the closely knit texture of Colgate lather. The small bubbles hold water instead of air against your beard

HERE'S a smoother shave, men! Here's speed and comfort too.

A new type of lather, that soaks whiskers soft in a strictly scientific way . . . a lather that makes shaving serene and comfortable without razor-pull, sting or smart.

The secret? Small bubbles. And oh, what a difference they make!

Your face feels clean . . . delightfully refreshed. You can sense the difference instantly . . . see it in your mirror. "Makes your skin feel smooth as velvet" . . that's what thousands tell us.

Now, to introduce this Colgate product to men who haven't tried it, a test is being offered. See complete details in coupon below.

You'll see the difference quick enough

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard.

Thus Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the whisker base, where the razor work is done.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.

A glance at the photographs at the left proves this better than words. Note how the large, air-filled bubbles of ordinary lather fail to settle close to the whisker.

Now contrast them with the closely knit, moisture-laden Colgate bubbles packed close around the whisker.

That's the reason for the unusual shaving results described below. Results millions are getting today.

Good-by, Razor-Pull!

That's the principle, men! Now here's what it does for you:

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

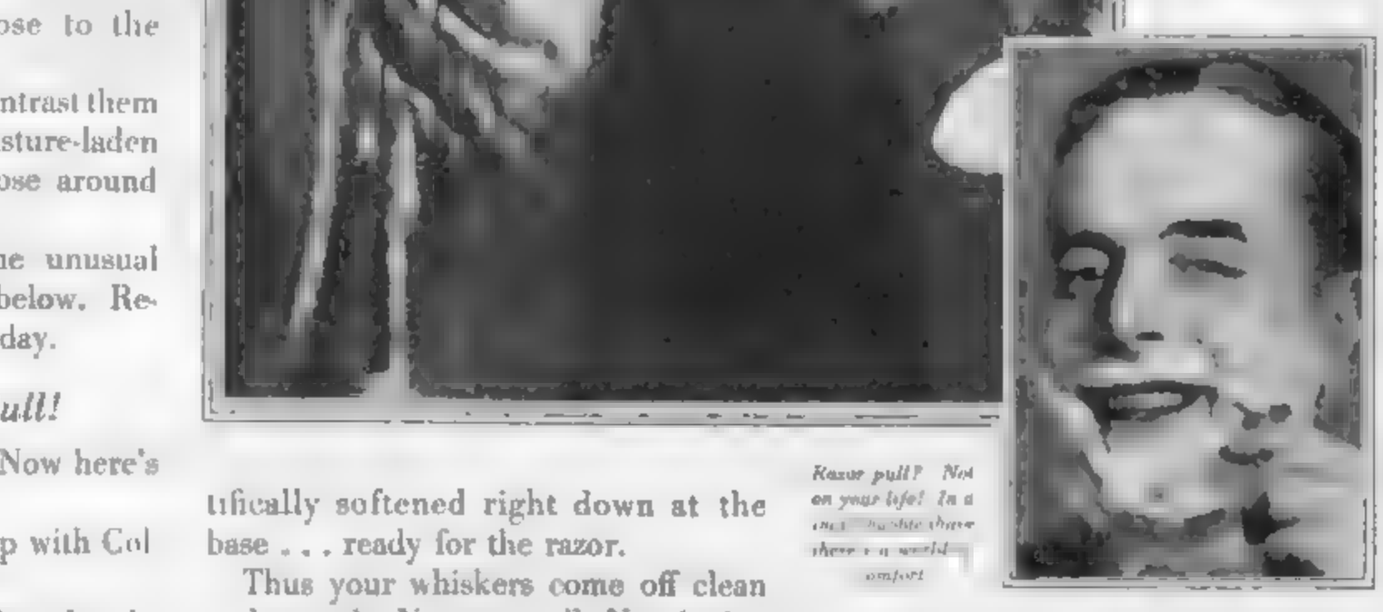
2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for the razor.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting. Twice-over shaves aren't needed now. Your face feels clean, fresh, smooth, invigorated.

Please don't confuse Colgate's with ordinary shave preparations. Once you try it, you'll see the improvement over old-fashioned methods. You've never had a shave like this before. You've never known such comfort . . . never known such smoothness in all your shaving days.

Bell Captain knew what he wanted! Asks for Small Bubble Shave Cream . . and he gets Colgate's in a hurry. Seems as though most men nowadays use this new type of lather



Razor pull? Not on your life! In a . . . there's a world of comfort

Every year thousands of men . . . a coupon just like this! Why not try it yourself? Get our trial tube free

You be the judge . . for seven days

These improvements are so easy to judge that we ask you to make a test.

We'll gladly send a seven-day trial tube of Colgate's to any fair-minded man. Compare it with the shaving cream in your bathroom now.

See how smooth it makes your face . . . how clean without dryness.

Do this, please, at our expense. Try it . . . we know you'll like it . . . and when you do, please tell your friends. For news like this is too good to keep. Colgate & Co., 595 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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As an extra dividend we will also send you a sample box of Colgate Talc for Men. Just try it after shaving!

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(Continued from Page 154)

the problem on a commercial basis at existing prices for oil products. We can duplicate their effort and on a bigger scale. We will make our oil and gasoline when it becomes worth while out of carbon and hydrogen, the same ingredients that Nature uses in her laboratories.

We possess these elements in literally inexhaustible quantities. They are the two fundamental constituents—in fact, the only essentials of petroleum and petroleum derivatives. By heat and pressure we can combine them to form our various necessary oil and liquid fuels. They occur throughout the earth and over as much of the universe as it is possible to observe with any degree of precision. The ocean—that is, water itself—is hydrogen in large part. Every woody plant is essentially carbon. Our coal, lignite and shale are carbon and hydrogen susceptible of conversion into fuel and lubricants in such quantities as to furnish gasoline in adequate volume for centuries to come.

It is not surprising that the Germans should have been the first to find the formula for synthetic oil. Their research in substitutes leads the world. Self-sufficiency in raw materials dictated an intensive drive during the war, when the country was under rigid Allied blockade. They were not pushed for oil, because the Rumanian supply was available.

Their chief anxiety, after food and copper, was for rubber, which was artificially produced during the last two years of the conflict. The product was especially useful on truck tires so long as they remained in a temperate climate. Exposed to the rigors of Russia and Poland, they failed to stand the strain. Besides, the process was highly expensive.

It is interesting to interpolate that during November the Chemical Trust—the famous I. G.—which is the biggest industrial aggregation in Germany, announced that its chemists had finally manufactured synthetic rubber that could be commercialized. No explanation was made save that a new catalyzer had been found uniting the elements of rubber contained in coal tar. If this discovery is practical it will mark an era in industrial life. For decades the conquest of artificial rubber has been the dream of chemists the world over.

All From Coal

The I. G. controls the Bergius patent for synthetic oil now being used in Germany. Under it bituminous or subbituminous coal is milled, or pulverized, to a fine powder, to which 30 per cent coal tar or oil residue is added, forming a thick paste. This mixture is heated to a temperature of not less than 400 degrees centigrade while terrific pressure is applied. This carbon in its pasty state takes up the hydrogen to create the oil. The first-run oil is then distilled.

According to official reports made to the Department of Commerce, a ton of coal with 6 per cent ash content yields 1000 pounds of oil. This, in turn, is productive of 300 pounds of gasoline, 400 pounds of Diesel and impregnated oils, 120 pounds of lubricants and 160 pounds of fuel oil. The rest is lost.

By this process the cost of a ton of oil products is from $20 to $23. The price of the natural article in Germany, with import tax, varies from $35 to $47.50. During this year the I. G. expects to produce 100,000 tons of synthetic oil, which will be an important contribution to the country's requirements.

Not only are the I. G. oil processes available for the Standard of New Jersey through an arrangement for interchange of patents made last summer by Walter Teagle, president of the company, but the American rights to the original Bergius patents, seized during the war, now repose in the archives of our Chemical Foundation. It will be necessary only for an American concern to get a license to use them. Meanwhile our chemical research will undoubtedly devise some new operation.

What concerns us is the date when we shall be obliged to turn to synthetic oil. Contrary to popular belief, it will arrive considerably before the exhaustion of our native petroleum supply. The artificial product is likely to compete with the real thing.

The general opinion among American oil men is that when gasoline sells from twelve to fifteen cents a gallon at the refinery—at this rate the cost at the filling station would range from twenty-five to thirty cents—it will be time to turn to the manufacture of oil out of coal, lignite or shale. The Germans are now trying to demonstrate that they can sell gasoline made from brown coal at the equivalent of twenty-five cents a gallon.

A Look Into the Future

The important point is that whenever the era of substitutes arrives we shall not only be equipped with formulas but have vast supplies of available raw material. It so happens that our great coal fields are adjacent to oil-producing areas. This is notably true in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Indiana, Illinois, Texas and Oklahoma. The value of this proximity is that the equipment for both transport and refining is near at hand. We possess immense deposits of shale in Colorado, Wyoming, Washington and elsewhere. Half the American states could easily become sources of oil.

This transition will work a tremendous change. For one thing, oil finding becomes a mining proposition. Coal, lignite and shale must be dug, requiring much more manual labor than the present drilling operation. It would mark the end of the landowner's hectic rush to have his holding exploited the moment oil is struck. Whatever the other economic consequences, the synthetic epoch will doom overproduction.

One final query remains. How can the existing refineries be adapted to an artificial product? This will offer no difficult problem. Since 1918 improvements in refining, notably to increase gasoline extraction, have been so constant that most of the big establishments are remade every few years. The conversion to coal or shale distilled oil would therefore be just another step in what has become a continuous evolution.

All this means that the motor car should be able to continue its triumphant march. The oil industry, which gave us a new world industrial supremacy, is equipping itself to meet the emergency of a depleted natural crude reserve and remain a dominant factor in our productive life.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the oil situation

The Reagan County Oil Field

IN ONE of Mr. Marcosson's articles in the present series he repeated a story about the location of the Big Lake Field in Reagan County which in some of its details is incorrect. According to Frank T. Pickerell, Vice President of the Texon Oil and Land Company, Dr. Hugh H. Tucker drove the stake at the present site of the Santa Rita, the discovery well of Reagan County, Texas, and it was upon his recommendation that this well was drilled.

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Whether you live in a small town or a large city; whether you are 18 years of age or 80; whether at one time you have days to spare or only an hour or so—we'd like to make you the same cash offer we made Mr. Wade.

Shall we send you all the interesting details? Then just get your scissors and clip the coupon above.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE

(Continued from Page 17)

roasting in the coals than the men began to talk and laugh and sing. First one and then another gave a ludicrous imitation of his difficulties coming through the forest. One thought he had stepped on a snake. Another had actually fallen into an old elephant pit, and still another had been attacked by bees, and in his effort to escape them, had blundered into a column of army ants that swarmed up his legs and dug their mandibles into his flesh. As each man gave a realistic rehearsal of his experiences the others held their sides and rocked with uncontrollable mirth.

Musical instruments, the most essential and conspicuous object of a black man's traveling equipment, were thumbed. Voices were raised in song, and before I realized it the men were dancing and the forest was echoing with their merriment. At my table, which was neatly laid with a white cloth, china dishes, and decorated with a lovely bouquet of mauve and purple orchids, I sat in my comfortable camp chair and enjoyed cold broiled chicken, corn on the cob, toast and fresh pineapple, and watched my jungle cabaret.

Exquisite butterflies, dragon flies, moths and bees came and fluttered and buzzed over my food. The gigantic spreading fig tree under which we camped was a favorite feeding ground for the birds. Unmindful of our presence, they came in pairs and flocks, and chirped and screeched as they hopped about on the branches and fed on the ripening fruit. Soon my tired muscles relaxed. Enthusiasm for the big adventure that lay before me was revived and I wouldn't have turned back for anything in the world.

The African natives can sleep under almost any conditions and in almost any posture. My Walese porters were no exception to this rule. After they had eaten until their protruding stomachs could hold no more, they lay on the ground, with the moldy leaves and the roots of trees for their mattresses, and slept, while the ants, flies and big granddaddy longlegs crawled over their inert bodies.

Presently a few stray shafts of sunlight found their way through the foliage into the forest and brought from their hiding places under the bark of trees and under the leaves many strange insects. Amused by my interest in the insect life, the alert little guide took a stick and pointed them out, even catching some of them in his hands and bringing them to me for closer inspection. We finally left the sleeping porters and explored the bush in the vicinity of the camp.

Prepared for a Warm Reception

I went to bed directly after dinner, hoping that my mosquito net would protect me from the onslaught of the hungry legions which came through the air and sang their battle cry over our heads. My net, however, was little protection. They crawled through the mesh and scored so many times that in the morning I looked as if I had met with an accident. My poor porters, who slept in the open around the fire, were so mercilessly bitten that they did nothing but scratch their bodies the whole of the time we were in the forest.

We were all glad to break camp and start, as soon as it was light enough to see the trail, for the Pygmy village. As on the previous day, the going was slow and difficult, and I tried to keep far enough ahead of the porters so that I could not hear them complain. But it was no easy task to struggle with the vines, hold my hat, carry my rifle, and keep track of the guide, who was constantly darting this way and that, gathering slugs, snails, caterpillars, and other Pygmy delicacies. Once we stopped to rob a bees' nest and the men devoured the honey, comb, sticks, grubs and all, and laughed heartily when I made a face and refused to accept a sticky handful proffered by the guide.

The first indication I had that we were approaching our destination and the crucial moment when I should stand before the czar of that dim wilderness and present my credentials—gifts of salt and tobacco—was a shrill penetrating whistle and the answering tattoo of a drum. The guide pointed to the limb of a tree close by and there, looking very much like an ants' nest, was the little dwarf who had blown the whistle to warn the villagers of our approach.

My arrival a few moments later did not seem to cause any particular excitement in anyone but myself. The sultan, whose fuzzy head and humped shoulders suggested the ape, was sitting on an ebony stool before the embers of a fire, drinking palm wine from a huge black pot. Although he saw me standing on the trail, he did nothing to indicate that he was aware of my close proximity.

It was quite evident, though, that he was prepared to give me a warm reception if my visit was not to his liking, for the whole village—numbering thirty-one, counting the women and children—stood in the background with weapons of defense in their hands.

With Kingly Dignity

The men were armed with elephant spears, the women had clubs, and the boys carried little bows covered with the tails of monkeys and heavily barbed steel-tipped arrows. As I gazed at the fearsome group of little dwarfs standing in the dim light under the towering trees, my inclination was to turn and run. It took real effort of will power to go forward to the fire.

The sultan, without rising, reached forth his well-shaped but hairy hand and touched my fingers. Then, with a rush of unintelligible words, he looked at me and smiled, showing his splendid white teeth, and pointed to the stool beside him. Without more palaver he filled a broken gourd with wine from the black pot, took a drink to let me know it wasn't poisoned, and passed it to me. I pretended to drink and then handed the cup to my boy, who drained it to the last drop and smacked his lips and rubbed his stomach to let me know I had missed a good thing.

The utter lack of servility in the manner of the Pygmy sultan struck me at once, and was a delightful contrast to the false, cringing attitude of the natives who have come under the white man's rule. He was not shy, nor was he bold, and his natural curiosity about his guest was concealed as cleverly as it would be in any well-bred and diplomatic host. Perhaps the reason for this nonchalant manner, however, was because my gun was not in evidence, and I had come among them with a following of only ten unarmed men.

While the porters cleared a place in the bush for my tent, I presented the sultan with his first cigarette. He watched me carefully to see what I did with mine, and then lit his own. While we sat and smoked I took stock of the village.

The huts, which were built close together around a cleared space, were of the usual beehive shape. As they are only temporary dwellings, they were crudely made by drawing a few saplings together and covering them with phrynium leaves and binding the whole together with pliable vines.

One can hardly call these huts homes, for they are only used to sleep in or to give shelter when it rains. The palaver ground, or cleared space, is where they sit and eat their food and hold their revels.

When the villagers saw their sultan and his guest sitting amicably side by side, smoking cigarettes, they lost their hostile attitude and came up for a closer inspection of me. When the sultan stood up to order them back, I was surprised to find that he looked taller than his measurements later

(Continued on Page 161)

"I'd like to wash my hands, please"

"WHERE," your guest asks, "is the bathroom?" . . . Perhaps a request like this embarrasses you a little. Perhaps your bathroom isn't quite all you'd want it to be. *Is* it attractive, well-appointed, as modern as it should be? The fixtures, of course, are made of porcelain. Clean . . . white . . . sanitary. But what about the toilet seat? . . .

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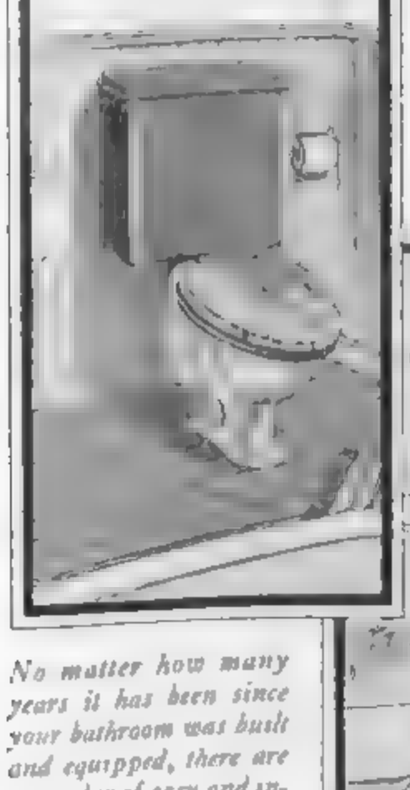

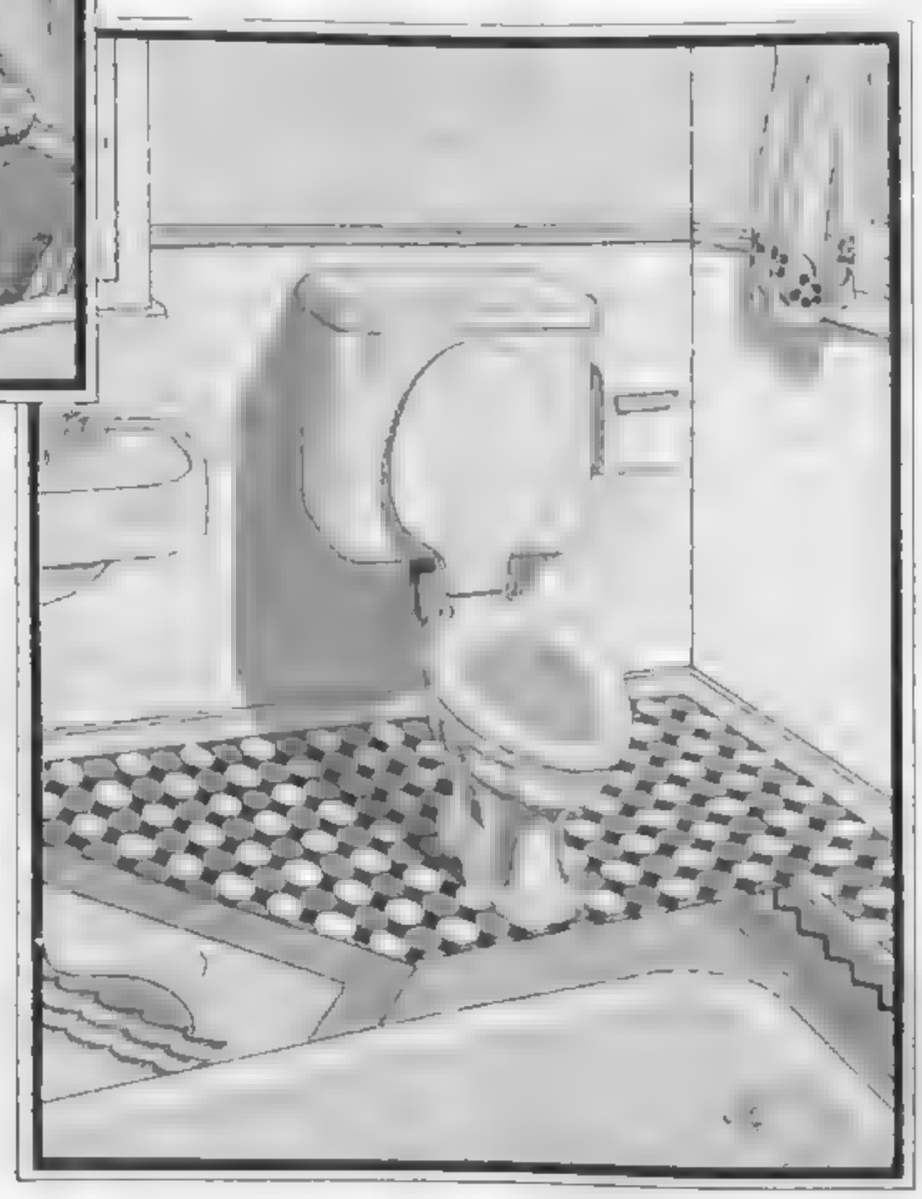

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Write for this illustrated, informative booklet!

The coupon below will bring you an interesting booklet, written by a nationally known authority on interior decoration. It describes Church Seats in detail. It contains valuable suggestions for making your bathroom more modern, more livable and more convenient. This booklet, of course, will be sent to you without charge and will place you under no obligation.

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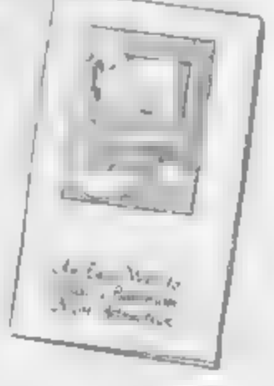

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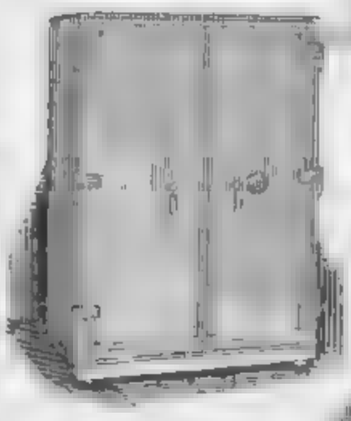

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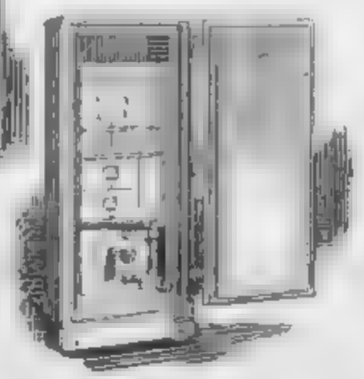

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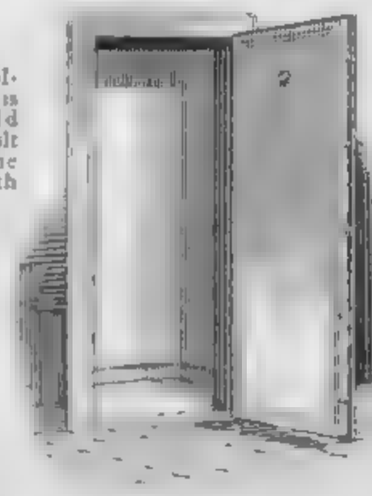
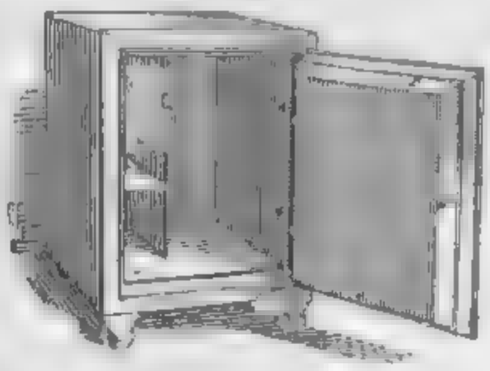


Where the volume of records is large, Diebold Fire-resistive Vault Doors combine protection with economy



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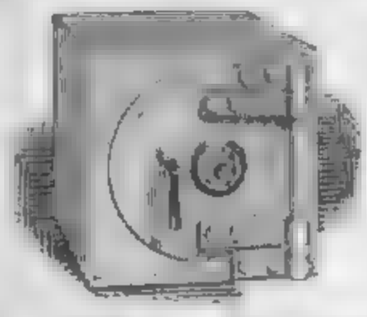

The lowest insurance rates [illegible] are [illegible] Money Chests

DIEBOLD SAFE

ASK YOUR BANKER

(Continued from Page 158)

proved him to be. I was also greatly impressed by his graceful gestures when speaking, and his dignified and authoritative manner

His short legs, heavy torso, and long arms did not disguise the fact that this unwashed, forest-dwelling savage, with habits lower than the wild beasts whose flesh he feeds upon, possessed that indefinable air of superiority which one finds among so many of the leaders of the African tribes.

I had not been in the Pygmy village long before I realized that instead of being the observer I was the observed. And the little people were as thorough as scientists in their efforts to solve this human riddle which had come so suddenly and mysteriously into their midst.

My long straight white hair, which I brushed frequently to impress them, was often the subject of warm debates. They also wanted to know if my body was the color of my hands and face. To convince them that it was, I rolled up my sleeves and exposed my bare arms. But this did not satisfy them, so they asked me to remove my clothes.

Their efforts to make an exhaustive inquiry in regard to my color left me no privacy. When I bathed, in spite of the vigilance of my boys, both the men and women crawled through the bush and poked their woolly heads under the canvas of my tent. The only way I could discourage them was to throw a pan of soapy water, which I always kept handy, in their faces. There was one, however—a wizened little old man who looked like a resurrected mummy—who refused to be discouraged, and early one morning before the camp was awake he stole up to my tent and cut a slit in the canvas. My mosquito net would have suffered the same fate had I not blinded him with the soapy water.

For about a week life went on in the Pygmy village very much as it might in any home where an uninvited stranger came to stay. They did not divulge any of their carefully guarded secrets, nor did the witch doctor perform for the stranger.

The Rôle of Peacemaker

When they felt like it, the women and girls went into the bush to search for edible roots, bulbs and insects for the evening meal. When the men felt energetic they would add variety to the menu by bringing in a few monkeys, birds, a buck or a few squirrels. And once they brought in a young chimpanzee, which looked so human that I fled in horror to my tent, and nothing could induce me to look upon the tragic sight again.

Sometime during the course of their lazy day the adult men would give instruction to the young boys in the art of throwing a spear and shooting an arrow. Although the Pygmies show remarkable skill in using these weapons when their target is stationary, it became very evident, when I threw objects into the air for them to shoot at and when they were shooting at fleeing monkeys, that they knew nothing about the science of judging speed and aiming ahead of a moving object.

The next thing that happened to break the monotony of our jungle existence nearly ended in a tragedy and taught me the folly of interfering with a primitive man when disciplining a wife. It all happened because the sultan was displeased with the careless manner in which his wife prepared his evening meal—a matter which has been the cause of more than one domestic upheaval in far more civilized households.

The lady was toasting a piece of fat on the end of a sharp stick, which she held over the fire, for her hungry and waiting lord, when by some chance move on her part the tidbit slipped off and blazed up in the flame so fiercely that she could not retrieve it. With a roar of rage the quick-tempered savage jumped to his feet and leaped across the space which separated them, striking the little woman in the face and knocking her flat on the ground. Shouts of laughter rose from the other Pygmies to greet this brutality, and this encouraged him. Then, just as he was about to pounce upon the screaming woman groveling at his feet, to inflict more punishment, I interfered.

Resorting to my best Kingwana, I shouted "Toka! Toka!" which means, "Get out! Get out!" and rushed around the camp fire toward him. With the rapidity with which these little people are capable of moving, he leaped over the form of his prostrate wife and, with rage-filled eyes and distorted features, stood facing me. Terrified, I halted in my tracks. Words cannot describe the diabolical expression of his face and humped shoulders. There was something about his long arms, which hung by his sides, and twitching fingers that suggested the wild beast ready to spring.

A Fortunate Sense of Humor

Suddenly, with a guttural yell that echoed strangely in the forest, he leaped into the air again, and stood threateningly before me. Then, rocking his heavy body from side to side, he waved his arms and beat upon his chest as if it were a drum. His eyes blazed and seemed ready to pop out of his head, and his broad flat nostrils quavered and dilated like those of a winded horse. His actions were exactly like those of a caged chimpanzee when in a towering rage.

Had I known that the next moment was to be my last I could not have helped laughing at that sizzling human bomb. My sense of humor never served me better, for, African fashion, the unexpected happened. As my laughter burst forth, the thing which we call a human being, but which for the moment was a wild beast, stopped rocking. And then, with a Jekyll and Hyde transformation that would rival John Barrymore's interpretation of that unlovely character, his mood changed; his rage subsided and his features relaxed. I imagined I could see the hair on his chest and shoulders lowering as it does on a dog calming down after a fit of anger.

It would have been a simple matter for those little savages to blot me and my little caravan off the map and shift their habitation to another part of that boundless forest where white men could not go. But it was not to be, for after staring hard at me for a moment, he turned and shouted a hoarse command to his people, who immediately fell back. Then, as he turned to walk around the camp fire and resume his seat, he glanced at me once or twice from under his protruding brows in a suspicious, hesitating way, as if he were doubting the wisdom of his own judgment in being so lenient with me. Although I was shaking like a leaf and had a queer sick feeling, I did my best to appear nonchalant; as if butting into the family affairs of Pygmy sultans were an everyday occurrence with me. I also followed his example and resumed my seat beside the fire and with a very shaky hand lit a cigarette and purposely blew the smoke in the sultan's direction. There was method in this maneuver, for the little rascal was passionately fond of tobacco and I had been a good provider since I arrived in his village. I wanted to make him beg for one, so I could appear magnanimous, but I was disappointed. Although he sniffed the smoke and stared at me, he held his peace.

Finally, as if I had just thought of him, I called my boy, and giving him a cigarette, told him to light it for the sultan. If the kind word that turneth away wrath held half the magic of that cigarette, human beings could perform miracles. He simply beamed upon me, and his mood became as pleasant as sunshine after a tropical storm. He talked loudly with his people and laughed over his own repartee. He even became garrulous and friendly with his chastened wife, and with a burst of Pygmy affection he gave her a resounding slap on her hip, and caught her leg and tripped her up when she humbly proffered him another piece of fat, which she had taken from one of the children and toasted without mishap.

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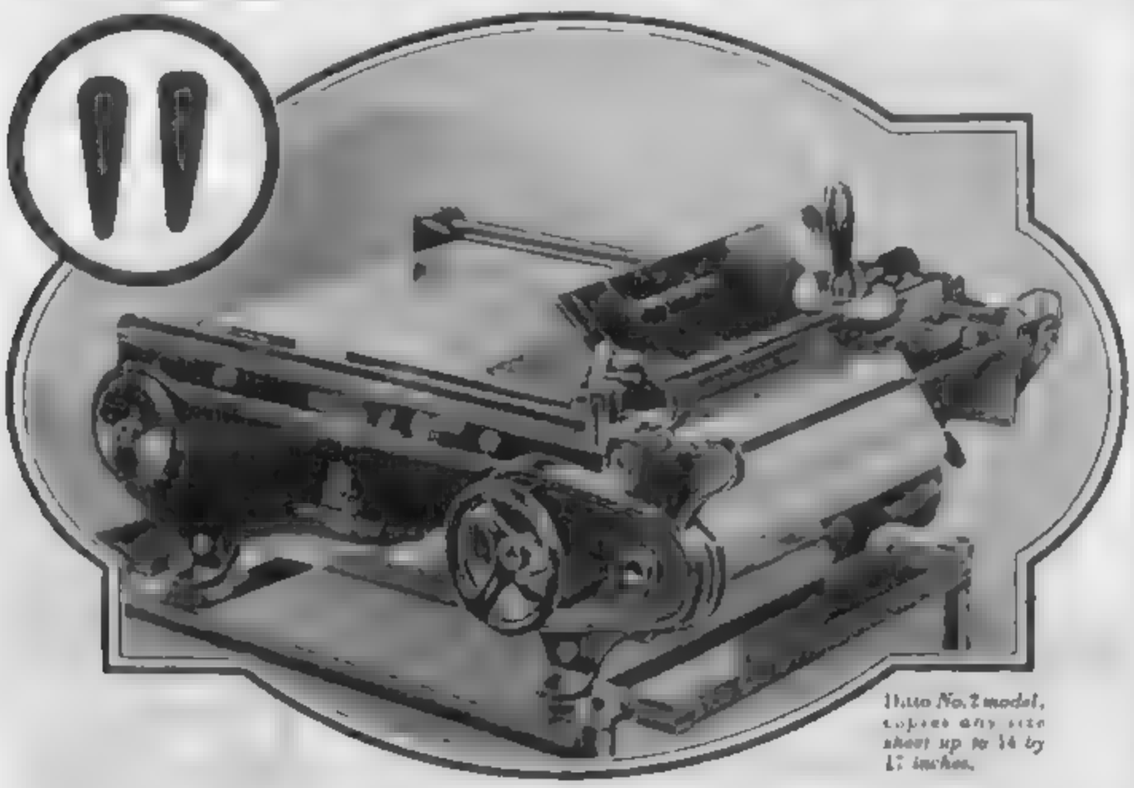

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The Pygmies are still in the Adamite stage of development, and the art of housekeeping among the women is as simple as it was when Eve kept house for Adam. There are no women in the world, perhaps, who marry and raise families with less domestic cares and worries than the Pygmy women of the Ituri Forest.

The household utensils in a well-established Pygmy ménage consist of a few broken gourds and one or two big black pots which some member of the community has borrowed or stolen from their more enlightened neighbors. These pots are often used as wine casks and they also serve as plate and platter for the whole community when a delectable Pygmy stew, composed of such ingredients as bush rats, lizards, grubs, snails, winged ants, monkeys, edible roots, leaves and long, black, hairy caterpillars, is on the menu.

Since my visit to the Pygmies, stew is taboo, for when I see it served, memory carries me back to my little friends dropping their contribution—whatever they found in the forest—into the yawning mouth of the black pot, where it remained until the odor roused their appetites.

Stews, however, are only a sort of hors d'œuvres with the Pygmies. Meat is their pièce de résistance, their entrée and their dessert. When a big animal, like an elephant, an okapi or a chimpanzee is killed, the housekeeper repairs with the rest of the villagers to the place where the animal was killed, and there the little people remain until not a vestige of it is left. They dance and consume quantities of palm wine at these feasts. The meat is eaten raw, half cooked, and in all stages of decay, with no apparent ill effect, unless it be in the abnormal distention of their stomachs. It was no unusual thing to see my little hosts and hostesses sitting around a dead animal with their teeth buried in a hunk of meat while they cut off huge mouthfuls with a spear or a rusty hunting knife. When a piece slipped out of their hands and fell to the ground, it was wiped off on the owner's head or bare leg. A trifling accident like this, however, did not interfere with their appetites or their smacking enjoyment of a feast.

When making an excursion to a neighboring tribe to barter meat for palm wine, the Pygmies usually don a piece of bark cloth. But when they are at home in the forest the only covering a woman has is a few flowers or a bunch of leaves plucked from a convenient bush.

Savage Charms

For dress-up parties, or an orgy when an elephant is killed, the whole community will spend days painting grotesque patterns on their faces and bodies with clay or soot mixed with fat. They do not mutilate their bodies as do the other Congo tribes.

Their only ornaments are charms made of the chopped eyelashes of elephants and the great goliath beetles. The men wear little wooden whistles, suspended by a piece of leather from their necks, which have a great carrying power. Their charms, weapons and whistles are anointed with the blood of chickens by the witch doctor, who guarantees that they will protect the owner from illness and all the death-dealing demons of the forest.

Not once during my visit to the Pygmies did I see a child punished, although they quarrel among themselves like children the world over.

An infant is never left alone. If a mother wishes to go to another hut to gossip with her neighbor, or take part in a dance, or go into the forest in search of food, her child goes with her. Her hip is his cradle, her soft brown arm his pillow, and a leaf or the warmth of her body is its only protection from the rain and the cold.

Though the women take good care of their babies, it is the men who are demonstrative and affectionate with them. The children are all pot-bellied, and when old enough they run about the forest with nothing more cumbersome to hamper their movements than the inevitable goliath-beetle charm. The change in temperature on rainy days does not seem to affect them, for I saw no evidence of coughs or colds among them.

It was a great surprise to me to find that at birth a Pygmy baby is the size of any normal child. Then for a few years they seem to grow tall and thin like the sun-starved vegetation around them. At a certain age Nature checks their upward climb and they broaden out and develop tremendously heavy shoulders and torsos for their size.

The average height of the Pygmies I met was about four feet. There was, however, great diversity in individuals, some being several inches below this measurement and others above. In color they ranged from a brownish-yellow to coal-black, and this variation was very pronounced in members of the same family.

The Pygmy women appeared very dull and stupid by comparison with the men, who have a keen sense of humor and are very merry until their quick tempers are aroused. Their wild, unchecked life in the dangerous forest has developed in the men a quickness of movement and a sense of sight and hearing that can be rivaled only by the wild beasts which roam the jungles in search of food, like themselves. But strange as it seems, this remarkable power of sight and hearing seems to become dulled when they come into the clearings, where they are out of their element.

Sign-Language Experts

Malnutrition and sun starvation are the favorite theories advanced as reason for the dwarf stature. However true it may be with pygmies in other parts of the world, these reasons certainly have nothing to do with the growth of the Bambute Pygmies whom I visited. I found them a healthy, happy, well-nourished people; amazingly free from the awful diseases which are so common and so decimating to other Congo tribes.

They have a great variety of both vegetable and animal food. They spend hours basking in the sunlight, which often finds its way into the gloomy forest through rifts in the foliage. Whatever may be the cause of arrested development in the Pygmies, it is something which cannot be learned by a short visit to their villages, or by reading a well-written treatise on the subject which has been compiled by a stay-at-home scientist.

The most thrilling and exciting experience I had in the three months which I spent in the Ituri Forest was tracking an elephant with my little hosts. Had I known when we started out in the morning, that the quarry was to be an elephant, I am sure I would have had a serious attack of cold feet and remained in camp.

It was shortly after breakfast one morning that the faint, far-off, birdlike sound of Pygmy whistles reached our ears. They electrified the whole village and sent the hunters hurrying into the trees, where they had put their freshly poisoned spears out of the reach of the children.

As I had often gone hunting with them, I took two sandwiches and all the cartridges I possessed—which were nine. My box of ammunition was lost at Jinga and I had just twelve cartridges for my journey across the Congo—and followed the excited men, who were making their way single file through the bush. In about half an hour we were joined by the owners of the whistles—relatives from another village. The Pygmies are past masters in the art of conversing in gestures, and I soon learned that an elephant which had fallen into one of their pits had escaped; but not before their poisoned spears and several poisoned stakes at the bottom of the pit had entered his body.

Then for the first time I realized, with a sinking feeling, that we were on the trail of a wounded elephant. I tried to bribe one of the Pygmies to lead me back to camp. But it was too late. The hunt was on, and

(Continued on Page 165)

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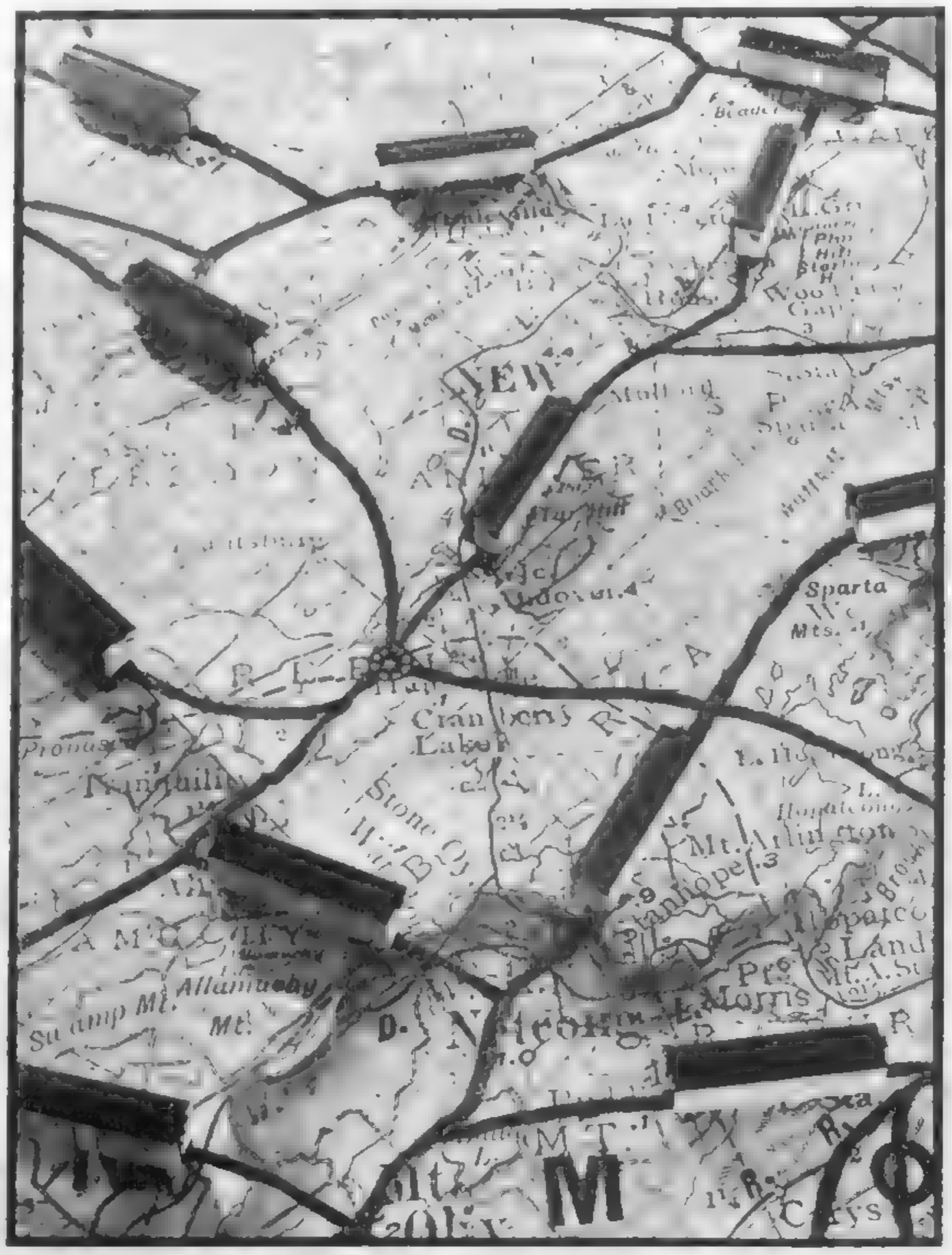

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SUPREME MARGARINE
SUPREME EGGS
SUPREME CHEESE
SUPREME CREAMERY BUTTER
AND
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So the villages may be supplied as abundantly as the cities

THE heavy freight pulls in. A little group of men gather beside a Morris & Company refrigerator car. The door is opened, and quickly the local dealer's order is unloaded —a side of beef, a rack of lamb, shoulders of pork, smoked hams and sugar-cured bacon. A brakeman raises his hand, the whistle blows, and, with its carload of Morris products, the train pulls out for the next town . . . and the next . . . and the next

From the principal packing centers of the country these Morris & Company refrigerator cars radiate. Regularly, they bring to the meat dealers of thousands of remote towns and villages the same fine meats that the most pretentious city market offers to its patrons

Through the systematic and dependable operation of this extensive direct sales service Morris & Company have become an important, economic factor in the feeding of the nation

MORRIS & COMPANY CHICAGO

MORRIS Supreme FOODS

(Continued from Page 162)

whether I liked it or not I must remain with the little hunters to the finish, even though it lasted for days.

Once we crossed a modest little stream of water that rippled and glided silently over a sandy bed half hidden between banks of maidenhair ferns and clusters of crinum lilies. Sometimes the scent of an unseen flower filled the hothouse atmosphere and was a welcome relief from the offensive odor of my companions.

Never have I seen such an amazing variety of vegetation, nor such curious distorted growths under one roof. Nature had given free rein to her wildest idiosyncrasies here. There was hardly a growing thing which had not suffered some deformity in its efforts to reach the light or escape the octopus-like clutches of the parasitical plants and vines. Some of the trees were dwarfed and leaned heavily upon roots which Nature had sent down from their distorted limbs to support their weight. Some of them were draped with beard moss, and coming upon them suddenly they were startling, for they bore an uncanny resemblance to my companions.

As I walked cautiously along behind the Pygmies, my thoughts busy with the wonders about me, there suddenly came to my ears the sound of splashing water. Slight though it was, the Pygmies caught its message. Immediately their heads came together for a consultation. To my utter amazement they discussed the matter in pantomime, agreeing and disagreeing, and coming to a final decision without making a sound. Their facial expressions and the movements of their hands and bodies were to me far more intelligible than their spoken words.

They humped their shoulders, frowned, pointed with chin and lips, and raised their eyebrows and thrust their heads forward and back to express their approval or disapproval in exactly the same way as did J. T., Jr., the little monkey who was my constant companion for nine years. One man wanted to climb a tree. Another wanted to make a detour of investigation. At times they became so excited and gesticulated so wildly that it looked as if they were going to have a free-for-all fight.

A Stranger in Their Midst

The matter was finally brought to an abrupt conclusion by the little sultan, who, with great bravado, turned quickly and shook his poisoned spear as if he wished to convey the idea that he was ready and willing to meet the giants of the jungle single-handed. Like trained monkeys, the others quickly imitated his action, and to show them their bravery was properly appreciated, I smiled and nodded my head in approval.

I followed the sultan, who took the lead, and so quietly did he go that not so much as a twig snapped under the velvet tread of his bare feet. When a thorn caught on my clothing he turned in fury and motioned that I remove the offending garments and hunt in the nude as he did. The bush was so dense that it took minutes to go a few feet, for each branch and vine had to be lifted carefully and returned to place with the same caution.

It suddenly occurred to me that we might be stalking a gorilla, and my heart took a jump and almost stopped beating. I was just about to stop the sultan when a swampy patch claimed my attention and my very wickedest thoughts. What at first glance appeared to be just a soft patch of ground developed into a morass covered with dead leaves and green slime. As I floundered across the awful place I sank ankle deep in oozy mud and disturbed millions upon millions of mosquitoes and tiny black flies. They rose around us in black clouds like smoke from a newly made fire. When I grasped the bushes to steady myself their numbers increased and the noise made by the hungry hordes was unbelievable. My face, neck, hands and arms were so completely covered with the poisonous pests that no one could have told whether I was white or black. Not so much as a pin point of flesh could be seen between their thirsty bodies. To brush them off only meant an invitation for others to take their place, and this I could not endure, for each bite was like a red-hot needle piercing my flesh.

When the sultan turned and looked at me he pointed to his own black face and put his hand over his mouth to repress his mirth. Strange to say, the mosquitoes and flies did not attack the Pygmies en masse as they did me. But of course I didn't blame the mosquitoes, after walking behind the Pygmies all the morning. When I looked in my mirror two days later I was truly thankful that I was many, many weeks' journey from the nearest white person; for my face, neck and arms were covered with angry red blotches, some of which remained with me until their poison was finally dissolved by the high temperature of a malignant fever.

Actors on a Jungle Stage

Just as I was struggling out of the swamp onto dry ground we heard again the sound of splashing water. It was very close this time, and sounded as if some animal were stamping its feet to discourage the flies. Although I was suffering excruciating pain from the bites and nearly fainting from fright and the awful humidity, there was nothing to do but be quiet and follow the Pygmies. So we crept forward inch by inch. Suddenly the sultan crouched, and peering over his head I saw three animals, father, mother and baby, standing below us on the sandy bed of a shallow stream of water.

At first the bright sunlight which streamed down through rifts in the foliage blinded me and I could not make out what animals they were. Then suddenly my vision cleared and I could see quite clearly that the purplish-brown bodies which looked glossy black in the sunlight had striped legs, big ears and giraffe-like heads, and realized that I was within a few yards of an okapi family, one of the rarest and most elusive animals known to science. Although I had endured much that morning, I felt that Mother Africa had given me my reward by letting me see those remarkable animals alive in their natural environment.

Regardless of the fact that the mosquitoes were still singing fiercely around my head, and my arms looked as if they had been sprinkled with red ink, from their bites, I felt as if I had suddenly entered an enchanted world. It was as if I was in a darkened theater where the curtain had risen on a great spectacle and the audience breathlessly waited the actors' appearance on the scene.

Tiny birds with long, saucy tail feathers whipped the air as they darted in and out among the looping vines and foliage after the myriads of insects that swarmed in the sunshine. Huge forest butterflies with wings like silken gauze floated lazily, as if enjoying their short span of life. Thousands of them, with downy bodies and widespread wavering wings, lined the banks of the stream close to the animals. With each stamp of an okapi's foot they rose in clouds of gorgeous color, to float on the air before returning to the same moist spot.

My hungry companions had no interest in the birds or the unusual beauty of the scene. They were looking for meat for themselves and their families, and meat was there before them. They wanted to act quickly, and this fact was brought home to me very forcibly when one of the impatient little men thrust the blunt end of his spear into the small of my back. Hurt and very indignant at his impudence, I turned angrily to remonstrate with him, but when I saw the expressions on the forbidding faces I hastily decided to postpone my pantomime remarks until another time.

Whether the mother okapi heard us or got a whiff of our scent, I do not know, but she suddenly raised her head in a startled

Memorial Day— and a tribute to a Sacred Memory

MEMORIAL DAY—what more fitting time of the year to express your fond memory for a loved one. Too often every-day demands postpone the definite tribute which the heart desires.

There is no better way of expressing your lasting memory and devotion than by a Guardian Memorial, as enduring as time itself.

A Guardian Memorial hewn of Barre Vermont granite erected this Memorial Day will give forever complete security and satisfaction. It will withstand summer heat, winter cold, rains, snows, and all the relentless vagaries of weather for long centuries. If ever a Guardian Memorial develops an imperfection of any sort, we are pledged to replace it. This, our pledge, is in a guarantee bond we furnish with each memorial.

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Write for a free copy of our booklet, "To Mark the Place with Beauty Forever." It is profusely illustrated, and will be of great help in assisting you to select a Guardian Memorial. The Jones Brothers Company, Inc., Dept. A-3, 10 High St., Boston, Mass.

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manner. The big ears bent forward for a second and then she nosed her baby out of the water.

For a second they were almost hidden by a curtain of butterflies, and then I could see her looking over her shoulder at her mate who, as if reluctant to leave the water, had stopped for another mouthful of leaves. He did not get farther than the bank, however, and as he fell, the cow and calf vanished into the forest just as a couple of well-aimed poisoned spears landed in the exact spot where she had stood.

The Pygmies were wild with joy and followed one another in a dance around the beautiful creature. As the animal lay in the sunlight on the dead leaves and green moss the sheen on its coat was like satin. Comparing its size and the dark purplish-brown of its coat with specimens I have seen in the museums of Europe, it must have been a very old and unusually large animal.

Never have I regretted anything quite so much as my inability to preserve the skin and bring it back to America. But I could not coax or bribe the Pygmies to return to camp after the salt the preservative without which I was utterly helpless. In that hot, moist atmosphere the collector must act quickly to preserve the skin of an animal.

Although it was two o'clock by my watch, and we had been on the trail since early morning, the tireless little men lost no time, after dancing around the okapi, in preparing to follow the elephant.

First they built a sort of nest with sticks and leaves in the crotch of a tree, about fifteen feet above the ground, and close to the dead animal. This watchtower was used by the two little men who were left to guard the meat until the forest folk, whom they called by blowing frequently on their little wooden whistles, arrived for the feast. When this was finished they regaled themselves with hunks of raw meat.

When I tried to tell them that I wanted to return to the village, they got up, groaned, and staggered about to let me know the elephant was very sick and they would follow him. I signified my intention of remaining where I was until the villagers arrived, but they made it quite clear that I must go on.

Covered With Butterflies

Longing for the impossible is not conducive to happiness in the jungle, so I went to the stream and tried to forget my disappointment and find relief from the burning irritations caused by the poisonous bites of the midges and mosquitoes.

Cupping my hand, I dissolved permanganate tablets one after another and bathed my swollen face and arms. The water and the rubbing only increased the irritation, so I used heroic methods and applied the undissolved tablet to the wounds. This is not a remedy I would recommend, for it burned the skin and the results were worse than the bites.

Finally, no cot being available, I threw myself down on the bank of the stream with my arms above my head and tried to go to sleep. I had hardly composed myself before I was completely covered from head to foot with butterflies. I lay perfectly still as they rested and rose and fluttered and settled on me again and again. Suddenly I became conscious of two bright eyes peering down at me from a limb. Presently I could see black faces fringed in white rising and lowering over the leaves, and I realized that the tree was full of inquisitive little monkeys. I forgot my misery and the Pygmies, but not for long. A low sibilant "Sis-st!" uttered by one of the little men brought me back to the dreadful business of trailing a wounded elephant through the depths of an unexplored forest.

Like bloodhounds following a fugitive, the little men slipped silently around the trees, beneath the looping vines, and crossed boggy patches on sticks and stones as lightly as a bird hopping from branch to branch. They even climbed trees when they heard a commotion in the bush, and ran out on the limbs as dexterously as if they were accustomed to living arboreal lives. I had several attacks of cold feet and nearly lost my nerve, but I dared not communicate my feelings to my savage companions for fear they might desert me.

The trail finally led us to a muddy stream of water, which we crossed by climbing to a natural bridge of vines. The Pygmies ran across this huge cable like squirrels, their big toes grasping the rough bark like the thumb of a hand. When it came my turn to cross, the merry little men stood below and boldly made fun of me because I became panicky and clutched wildly at the vines overhead.

Suddenly, while I was still doing a very bad imitation of Bird Millman on the vine, there came a shrill trumpeting scream and the crashing and slashing of timber; pandemonium reigned in the bush ahead of us.

The Pygmies faded away as quickly and silently as if the earth had opened and swallowed them, while I, petrified with fright, remained alone on the vine. No words can describe the terror of that moment, or my feeling of helplessness, for I had given my gun to one of the Pygmies to carry across the vine and I was left defenseless when he fled.

Treed by an Elephant

From my high elevation I could see the heads and backs of many elephants tearing madly in every direction in a wild stampede to get away. They crashed through the forest like army tanks, tearing down the vines, felling trees and leaving destruction in their wake. Almost as suddenly as the uproar started it stopped, and the deathlike stillness which followed was ominous and more frightening than the noise.

I was no novice in elephant hunting, having spent two years on their trails when we were collecting the animals which now comprise the group in the American Museum of Natural History in New York. I knew that the sudden silence was often the forerunner of a sudden swift charge. I waited and watched breathlessly, but nothing happened. Just as I was beginning to relax and breathe more freely my eye caught a movement in the bushes directly in front of me Slowly but surely they parted and a gleaming pair of ivory tusks—the largest I have ever seen, followed by a mammoth head and body, came cautiously forward. The beast stopped not more than thirty-five feet from me, and spreading his great ragged ears—twelve feet or more across—raised his snaky trunk and waved it gently from side to side, trying to locate us. Presently the trunk straightened and the tip tilted upward, straight in my direction, like an accusing finger.

So close was he that I could see the red of his nostrils as they opened and closed nervously. Finally, after what seemed an interminable time, but in reality was only a few minutes, the great ears were swept back with a noiseless rush against his body, and with still-pointing trunk the mammoth beast backed slowly and silently away and faded into the bush.

When I felt reasonably sure that the danger was over and could force my lips into a pucker, I whistled for the Pygmies, who had so very sensibly made their escape, and descended from my perilous position with badly shaken nerves.

We came upon the elephant we were tracking quite suddenly, and happily for us he was dead. Besides a festering poison-spear wound on his back, the poor beast carried three spearheads and a sharpened bamboo stake, also poisoned, in his body. Throwing down their weapons, the Pygmies flung themselves upon the elephant. With outstretched arms and tears streaming from their eyes, they groaned and moaned and pressed their faces against his great rough hide. They fell upon one another's necks and danced round and round the still warm body, yelling and screeching at the top of their lungs.

(Continued on Page 170)

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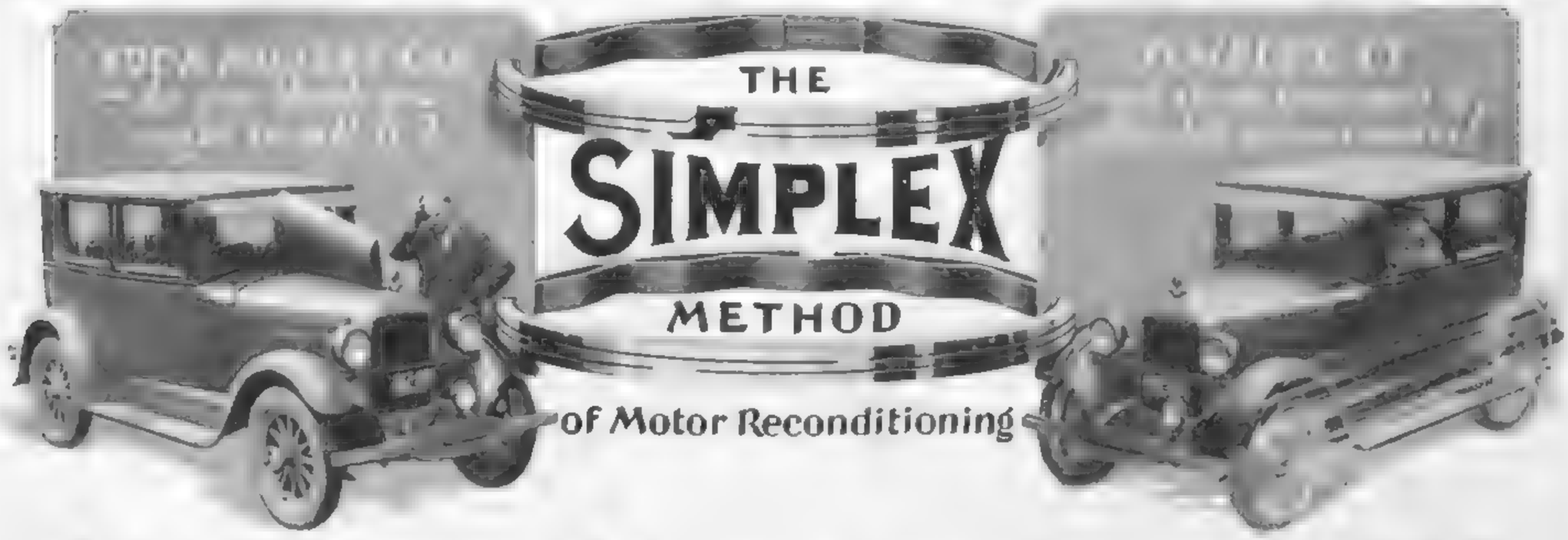

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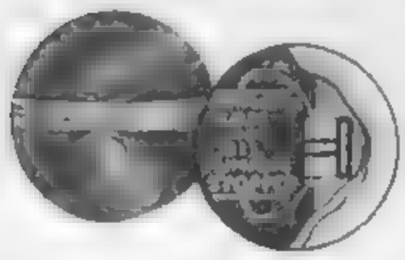


The Simplex Piston Ring is the only one-piece ring that expands up-and-down in the ring groove, forming a packing-like seal against oil pumping and compression loss. It is the only ring that traps the oil behind itself to form hydraulic cushions that prevent piston slap.

THERE are thousands of smooth, powerful miles left in that good motor of yours. You know that your good old car is worth more to *you* than the used car dealer will give you for it. If it had the same sweet-running pep and power it had when new, wouldn't you keep it?

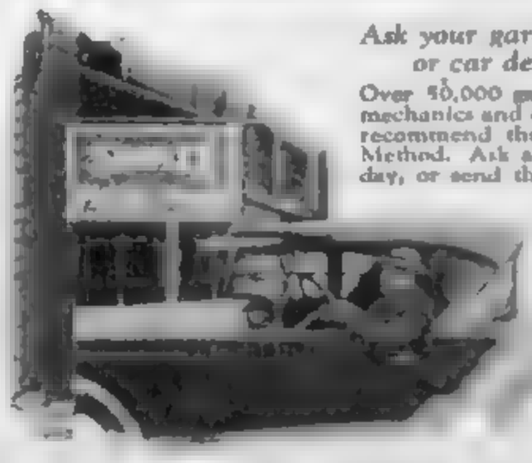
Most cars are traded in before their time (at a great sacrifice in value due to depreciation)—because their motors have grown noisy and sluggish and their oil appetites large; yet they are good cars, with thousands of miles and years of usefulness left in them.

Now, by the Simplex Method of Motor Reconditioning, you can save those good miles and get months, many months, more service from your car. When you *feel* the smooth flow of power, the snap and speed that Simplex gives your car, you'll drive it longer.

The Simplex Method has taken the "expense" out of a reconditioning job; now you can save 20 to 75% of the cost of other reconditioning methods—and get a quality job. The secret lies in the use of the Simplex Piston Ring that puts an end to oil pumping, compression loss and piston slap in any motor without the necessity of resizing cylinders or buying new pistons.

Simplex Rings fit your cylinders *as they are*—there're several good reasons why you should have them in your car—send for a copy of our free booklet or see your garage man today!

If you buy marine-engines, air compressors, ice-machines, etc., be sure to specify a brand using Simplex Rings as standard equipment—you'll get longer life there too.



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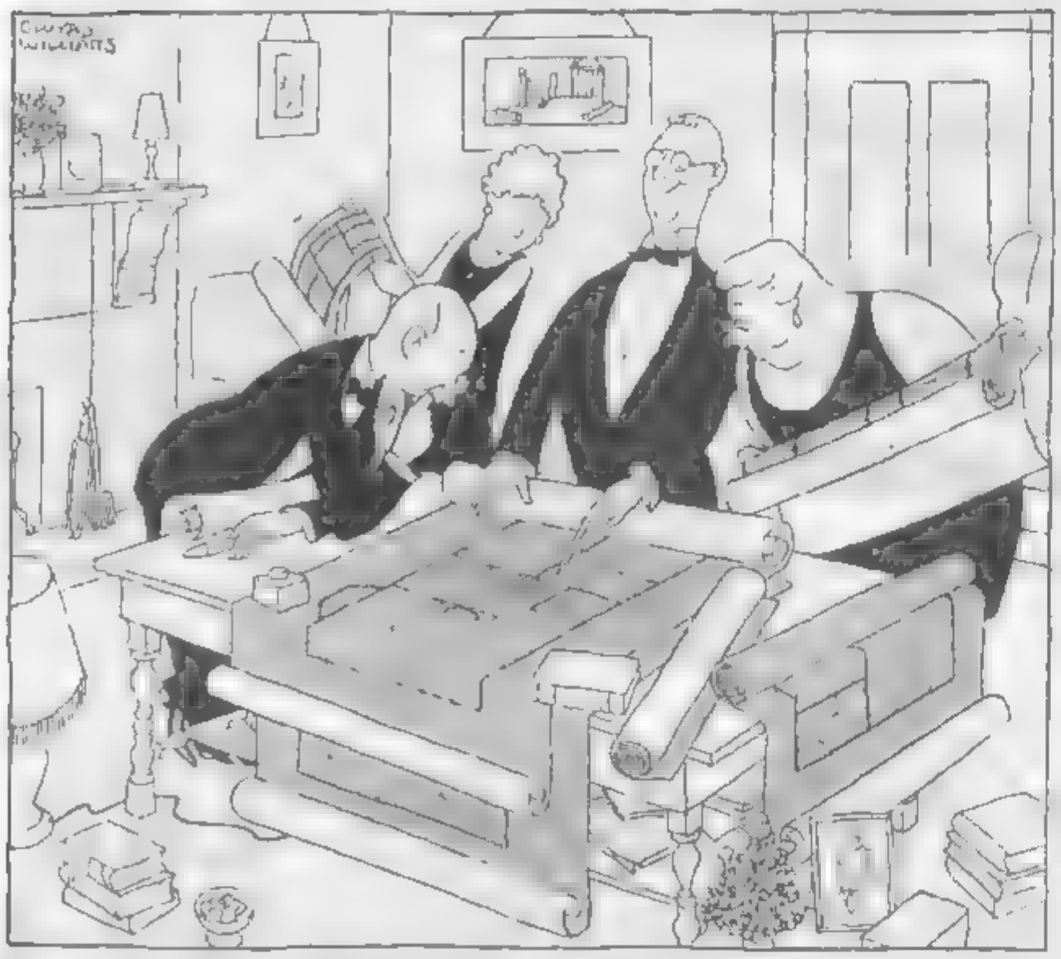
THE WALLOPS

[No. 11 of a series. No. 12 will appear Mar. 10, 1928]



Plans for the New House

George and Clara Wallop looked admiringly at the blue prints of the new Heminway house.

"Dining room right across the way," he continued, "and a small washroom at the end of the hall."

"You're using brass pipe, aren't you?" asked Clara Wallop.

"Well, no, we didn't plan to use brass pipe at all. We thought ordinary pipe would be good enough."

"Don't you believe it, Bartow," cried George Wallop. "We were the same way. We thought cheap pipe would last plenty long enough, and that brass pipe was too expensive."

"Yes," added Clara Wallop, "and within two years we began to have rusty water and low water pressure."

"Oh, I hate rusty water," said Annabelle Heminway. "It just ruins all your clothes in the wash."

"And the cost of repairs!" groaned George Wallop. "They're more than the brass pipe would have cost."

"I suppose repairs do cost like the dickens," admitted Bartow Heminway, "but I always understood that brass pipe was 'way up in price."

"Oh, no," protested Wallop earnestly, "it really isn't. My plumber told me the other day that brass pipe only costs about a hundred and fifty dollars more than the cheapest iron or steel pipe."

But all brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is better than ordinary brass pipe because it contains more copper and lead. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints. It positively *cannot rust*, and the Alpha trade-mark, stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness and satisfaction.

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ALPHA BRASS PIPE

made from a special kind of

Chase Brass

CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., Incorporated, Waterbury, Conn.

Index of Advertisers

March 3, 1928

	PAGE
Allen's Foot-Ease	136
American Bosch Magneto Corp.	147
American Brass Company, The	74
American Chicle Company	162
American Farm Machine Co.	136
American Gas Machine Co., Inc.	157
American Lead Pencil Co.	160
American Safety Razor Corp.	100, 101
American Writing Paper Company, Inc.	93
Arteraft Studios	136
Auburn Automobile Company	75
Automatic Pencil Sharpener Co.	136
Bassick Manufacturing Co., The	51
Bell & Howell Co.	137
Black & Decker Mfg. Co., The	169
Bohn Aluminum & Brass Corporation	131
Bon-Dee Golf Ball Co	133
Boott Mills	127
Bull Dog Electric Products Co.	154
Bunte Brothers	149
Campbell Soup Company	29
Cannon Mills, Inc.	171
Celotex Company, The	48
Central Alloy Steel Corporation	172
Champion Spark Plug Co.	90, 91
Chase Brass & Copper Co., Inc.	168
Cheek-Neal Coffee Company	142
Chevrolet Motor Company	69
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R.R.	153
Chicago Flexible Shaft Company	112, 113
Church Mfg. Co., C. F.	159
Cities Service Company	125
Clark & Co., Inc., W. G.	56
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.	156
Coleman, Watson E.	136
Colgate & Co.	155
Collins & Aikman Corporation	45
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	34
Conklin Pen Company, The	138
Consolidated Shingle Mills of British Columbia Ltd., The	141
Continental Motors Corporation	120, 121
Daisy Mfg. Co.	158
Denison & Co., T. S.	166
Diebold Safe & Lock Company, The	160
Ditto, Incorporated	162
Dodge Brothers, Inc.	139
Eclipse Machine Company	76
Eclipse-Needles Co.	154
Edison Electric Appliance Co., Inc.	58
Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.	116
Electro Magnetic Tool Company	117
Eureka Vacuum Cleaner Co.	73
Faultless Caster Company	78
Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.	102, 103
Fleischmann Company, The	61
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	157
General Electric Company	148
General Motors	96, 97
General Tire and Rubber Co., The	64
Goodrich Rubber Co., The B. F.	52, 53
Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc., The	42
Gordon-Van Tine Co.	161
Gorham Co.	110
Guest Neckwear Co.	114
Hart Schaffner & Marx	2
Holeproof Hosiery Company	1
Hoover Company, The	119
Hotel Davis	127
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	71
Inkograph Co., Inc.	130
Insurance Co. of North America	144
International Nickel Co. (Inc.), The	163
Jones Brothers Company, Inc., The	165
Kaempfer's	127
LaSalle Extension University	127
Lederer & Bro., Inc., Henry	124
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.	140
Lycoming Manufacturing Company	135
Marland Refining Company	92
Marmon Motor Car Company	79
Miller Rubber Company, The	126
Morris & Co.	164
Moto Meter Company, Inc., The	70
Nash Motors Co.	77
National Carbon Co., Inc.	41
Nation's Business	107
New York Central Lines	128, 129
Nogar Clothing Manufacturing Co.	98
Oakland Motor Car Co.	39
O'Cedar Corp'n	62
Olds Motor Works	54
Old Town Canoe Co.	130
Ollendorff Co., Inc., I.	152
Packard Motor Car Co.	36
Palmolive-Peet Company, The	60
Pennsylvania Railroad	105
Pennzoil Company, The	82, 83
Perfect Circle Company, The	63
Pinaud Incorporated, Ed.	93
Polk Miller Products Corp.	108
Pompeian Company, The	106
Postum Company, Inc.	72
Pratt & Lambert-Inc.	84
Quaker Oats Co., The	II Cover
Quaker State Oil Refining Co.	132
Reid, Murdoch & Co.	94
Reo Motor Car Company	57, 67
Reynolds Tobacco Company, R. J.	47
Russell Mfg. Co.	134
Seeger Refrigerator Company	151
Simplex Piston Ring Company of America, Inc., The	167
Simpson, Inc., J. B.	165
Smith Shoe Company, J. P.	89
Sonatron Tube Company	161
Squibb & Sons, E. R.	68, 145
Standard Varnish Works	133
Stearns & Company, Frederick	122
Students Travel Club	124
Superba Cravats	143
Swift & Company	31
Trico Products Corporation	170
Twinplex Sales Co.	65
Udylite Process Co., The	111
United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation	59
United States Tobacco Company	81
Universal Pictures	49
Upson Company, The	109
U. S. Playing Card Co., The	66
Vacuum Oil Company	33
Valentine & Company	III Cover
Velie Motors Corporation	115
Victor Talking Machine Co.	IV Cover
Warner-Patterson Co.	150
Weis Manufacturing Co., The	46
Wesley & Co., Edward	124
Western Co.	104
Willys-Overland, Inc	86, 87
Wizard Company	166
Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., The	146

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Write for Catalog of Black & Decker Electric Screw Drivers and other electric tools.

The horse-car is gone forever—supplanted by electricity.
Drilling holes in metal or wood *by hand* belongs to an age gone by. The Electric Hammer puts holes in concrete, brick, stone, etc., in a few minutes, where the *hand* Hammer method takes hours.
AND WHEN IT COMES TO DRIVING SCREWS—ASK THE FURNITURE MANUFACTURER, BODY BUILDER, BOAT BUILDER HOW HE DOES IT.
One of the greatest time and labor savers of the age is the BLACK & DECKER ELECTRIC SCREW DRIVER. Any business which uses screws, either in manufacturing or packing, can reduce costs with the Black & Decker Electric Screw Driver.

The

BLACK & DECKER MFG. CO.

96 Church St., Toronto, Ontario — TOWSON, MD., U. S. A. — Slough, Bucks, England

Manufacturers of electric tools

"With the Pistol Grip and Trigger Switch"

(Continued from Page 166)

When this frightful spasm was over they blew repeatedly on whistles and a little ivory horn, which I bribed the sultan to give me as a souvenir. They carefully collected the eyelashes, bits of the trunk and the hairs from the ear opening for their fetishes. The long stiff hairs on the elephant's tail were also saved and later traded to their neighbors for palm wine.

As night falls quickly in the forest, and warm meat was the most important thing in the minds of my companions, I was left to collect the wood for our camp fire and find a place where I could keep warm in my thin, tattered pongee shirt and mud-stained khaki trousers.

Never did a lone woman spend a more trying vigil. As the light faded, a chilling mist rose like a ghost shroud and enveloped the forest. Strange, unearthly sounds rose on all sides. Bush babies screeched. Bats and enormous beetles whirred and volplaned over my head. A family of giant bullfrogs, whose croaks were not unlike the sound of a big base drum, rehearsed their chorals, going up and down the scale the whole night through. I had not tasted food since daylight, but exhaustion and the sight of the Pygmies at their horrible feast chased away all desire for food. As the night wore on, utter weariness and the need of food and sleep made me feel very cowardly. I became terrified of the awful shadows and shapes which the firelight chased through the mist. I tried to avoid the multitude of ants and other crawly things which swarmed over the ground, attracted by the fire and the fresh meat.

When the Pygmies had gorged to the limit of their capacity they crawled inside the body of the elephant and went to sleep. Terrified at being left alone, I threw sticks into the air so that they would fall upon the elephant's side and keep them awake. When this ruse failed, I screamed and pretended I saw a leopard. This brought them to the fireside with their spears in their hands, and there they remained until the welcome daylight appeared.

By midday our camp was filled with the strange little people. While the men and women were busy building shelters to sleep in, the little children ran about the forest with pieces of meat in their hands. They got into everybody's way, and like children at a picnic, they became greatly excited and felt very important trying to help their parents.

Messengers were quickly dispatched to a Walese village with meat to be exchanged for palm wine and banana beer. The orgy which followed lasted five days. The entire community, including the children, painted patterns on their bodies and also decorated themselves with the wealth of material Nature offered. They drank quantities of palm wine and danced shocking dances as only primitive peoples can and do on such occasions. The elephant hunt was rehearsed by the clever little actors a dozen times. Their display of ego and flashes of jealousy over their prowess awaken memories which never fail to make me laugh.

How long the Pygmies can evade captivity, which will be their death warrant, it is difficult to say. Even now the white man is hot on their trail. I, for one, most earnestly hope that the great forest which they love and which has been their home through the unknown ages may continue to prove a safe refuge for them and their kind.

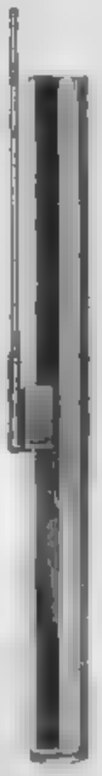
$8.50 puts a Visionall on your car
and the passenger can see, too.

The two blades wipe your whole windshield

BLUSTERY rainy March weather will not interfere with comfortable driving—if your car is equipped with this powerful twin-blade cleaner. The Visionall clears 254 square inches of your windshield glass clear across from side to side.

Two perpendicular blades carry the water across and dump it at the end of each stroke.

$8.50 in U. S. A.—installed at any garage in 15 minutes. Not connected to your battery. Postpaid for $8.50 if your dealer can't supply you.



New 5-ply Rubber Blade fits any cleaner

The Visionall has two of these new Trico five-ply Pyramid blades. They clean marvelously. These blades fit any motion cleaner 3 inch (U.S.A.) mailed postpaid if your dealer can't supply you

TRICO
VISIONALL
Twin-Blade Automatic Cleaner
PATENTED U. S. A. AND PRINCIPAL FOREIGN COUNTRIES

There is also the De Luxe Visionall at $12.50, and a variety of single blade Trico cleaners from $3.50 up.
TRICO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

March 3, 1928

Cover Design by Eugene Iverd

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
Magnetism—*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	5
Négligé—*Sophie Kerr*	8
Miss Amagee Sells a Pup—*Edgar and Margaret Jepson*	12
Apotheosis—*Thomas Beer*	14
Escape, Extra Narrow—*Day Edgar*	18
The Sprinting Press—*Octavus Roy Cohen*	20
The Human Chase—The Stubborn End—*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	30

ARTICLES

Sea Power and the Merchant Marine—*T. P. Magruder, Rear Admiral, United States Navy*	10
The Little People—*Delia J. Akeley*	16
After Petroleum—What?—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	22
Getting Back to Gold—*Samuel Crowther*	27
"Roamin' in the Gloamin'"—*Sir Harry Lauder*	38
Riders of the Winged Ski—*Frederic Kenyon Brown*	43

SERIALS

Seeing is Believing (In two parts)—*Hal G. Evarts*	3
The Wheelbarrow (Third part)—*Henry C. Rowland*	24
An American Banker (Conclusion)—*Jesse Rainsford Sprague*	35

MISCELLANY

Editorials	26
Short Turns and Encores	28

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

Do you know how Cannon Towels

— *add to the joy and profit of the morning bath?*

PROFIT, did we say? You bet we did! For the morning bath is useful not merely for cleanliness. True, it makes you comfortable for the day, and avoids any risk of giving offense to others. But it also has a definite tonic effect on skin and nerves and internal organs. How you bathe—when, at what temperatures, with what towel you dry yourself—determines what benefit you get when you bathe. Cannon towels come in all sizes and types, and it is easy to choose the right kind to end your bath with maximum results. The turkish towel should be large enough to be grasped easily with both hands for the exercising, warming rub-dry of the back. It should be thick enough to drink up all the water from your skin without becoming soggy or damp itself. It should be rugged enough to give the skin a healthy feeling after the rub-down. And no towel should be so expensive as to seem a luxury, or make you hesitate about having enough to enjoy a clean one daily.

All colors in all Cannon towels are guaranteed absolutely fast.

TRADE MARK CANNON

Trade-mark label that identifies Cannon towels.

All those things were taken into account in designing the large line of Cannon towels. There's a Cannon turkish towel for everybody. All sizes, textures and prices. The daily towel is not a luxury now but just a joy and a comfort. It's not extravagant, either in first cost or in towel life, for towels last longer that way. Especially Cannon towels. The great majority of hotels and hospitals use Cannon towels. So do athletic and country clubs and institutions. The most exclusive places use them. Such big buyers are canny about expenses. And they buy Cannon towels because they have found that they stand up better under public use—the hardest, most thoughtless, careless and severe service a towel has to endure. Cannon towels save money for such establishments.

You will find they will cut down your home expenses, and add to the joys, delights and benefits of the daily bath into the bargain. There are also Cannon huck towels, wash cloths, bath mats and bath sheets. Obtainable at dry goods and department stores everywhere. Prices range from 25c to $3.50 each. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York City.

Water cure for insomnia

When you are too tired or excited to go to sleep, when you turn and toss, take a bath. It will put you to sleep easily, softly, let you down gently into sound, restful slumber. But it must be exactly the right kind of bath. For mental and nervous excitement, take a neutral bath. Temperature 92 to 97 degrees, the same as your skin, so it feels neither hot nor cold. A bath thermometer costs little and enables you to secure the right temperature quickly. Stay in this bath 15 to 30 minutes, or until you begin to relax. Don't let the water grow cold. Rub dry thoroughly, then to sleep. For severe physical exhaustion, take a hot bath, 97 to 100 degrees, for nine or ten minutes. Avoid cold water and cold air, and have sufficient bed coverings.

Above, an exceptionally fine Cannon turkish towel, 26x52 inches, with dobby striped border in color-fast pink, blue, gold or green. Also available in all white. About $1.25.

Cannon turkish towel with striped border in color-fast pink, blue or gold. About 50c.

Cannon Marmoset turkish towel in color-fast pink, blue, gold, lavender or green. About $1.75.

Cannon plain white turkish towel. About 75c.

Cannon turkish towel with color-fast border in pink, blue, gold or lavender. About $1.25.

CANNON TOWELS

Build with TONCAN IRON

Avoid Expensive Repairs

No other sheet iron offers such great resistance to the attacks of rust and corrosion

AMONG the first items of expense in the maintenance of a house is the cost of repairing eaves troughs, downspouting and other exposed metal parts. Ordinary galvanized material begins to fail after the outer coating is gone. Rust gets a start. Leaks begin to appear. Repair expenses are the inevitable result.

This condition might have continued for years to come had not our metallurgists developed an iron that did not depend entirely on its coating for protection against rust and corrosion. It was found that by scientifically combining copper and Mo-lyb-den-um with pure iron a high resistance to rust was secured. In actual service as well as in laboratory tests this metal, called Toncan Iron, has demonstrated its ability to outlast other metals 4 to 14 times.

The saving Toncan effects in repair expenses is a considerable item. If you are erecting a building of any kind, from a home to a skyscraper, be sure that all sheet metal work is of Toncan. It is ideal for gutters, downspouting, flashing, ventilating ducts, metal lath, skylights, roofing, siding, cornices, canopies—in fact, all metal parts exposed to moisture and the elements.

Even the interior equipment for homes, such as stoves, washing machines, refrigerators, enameled sinks and drain boards, furnaces and a host of other products, is made of Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron by manufacturers whose integrity prompts them to provide you equipment of lasting durability. Usually such manufacturers are proud to identify their products with the Toncan label. Look for it.

Our new Toncan book—"The Path to Permanence"—will interest every architect, prospective building owner and manufacturer of metal products. Send for a copy.

Eaves troughs and downspouting made of Toncan Iron will last for decades without repair expense.

Be sure the kitchen equipment you buy bears the Toncan Iron label. It is your assurance of lasting satisfaction.

Laundry equipment, furnaces and piping render many more years of service when made of Toncan Iron.

The strength of Toncan Iron Culverts enables them to withstand the shocks of traffic when placed in shallow fills. Their rust-resisting qualities have no equal.

AGATHON STEELS

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Toncan Enameling Iron, Toncan Oven Lining, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron. Write for information on any product. It is gladly furnished.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TONCAN COPPER Mo-lyb-den-um IRON

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, Massillon, Ohio

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Toncan is fabricated in Canada by The Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ontario

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What beauty lurks in Valspar! If you could dip your brush in the rainbow you couldn't have more fascinating colors to work with!

And it's *so* easy! Why, the very first time you use Valspar you can turn out a job that you will be proud of. For Valspar flows smoothly and dries quickly without brush marks or bubbles or those drooping festoons on edges and undersurfaces that mark the work of the novice using inferior materials.

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VALSPAR

clear and in colors, is the famous waterproof varnish that will not turn white..With it you can work wonders, quickly, easily, and at small cost.

A trifling expense . . a few hours' easy work . . and you have given to chair or desk or table a fresh new beauty that many dollars wouldn't duplicate.

The thrill of pleasure as you stand and eye your work! Compliments on your cleverness! Enjoyment in having *yourself* made something more attractive! These repay you richly for your efforts.

"A New Bed" for about 75c

Use the coupon below for sample cans of the regular Valspar colors:—Light Red, Deep Red, Vermilion, Medium Green, Deep Green, Light Blue, Medium Blue, Deep Blue, Gray, Ivory, Orange, Brown, Bright Yellow. Also Clear, Black, White, Gold, Bronze, Aluminum and Flat Black. Any two or more of these colors can be mixed to produce an infinite variety of fascinating tints and shades.

Valspar Polish *(Special Offer)*

A new Valspar product which has met with instant favor—for automobiles, furniture, glass and all household surfaces. Use coupon below to take advantage of our Special Offer of one 50c can of Valspar Polish for 25c.

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The Varnish That Won't Turn White

CLEAR AND IN COLORS

The famous Valspar boiling water test

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I enclose dealer's name and stamps—**20c** for each —**40c** sample can of colors specified at right. (Not over three samples of Valspar supplied per person at this special price.)

Special:—One 50c can of Valspar Polish for 25c.

Print full mail address plainly.

Send me these Valspar Colors at 20c each

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2.....

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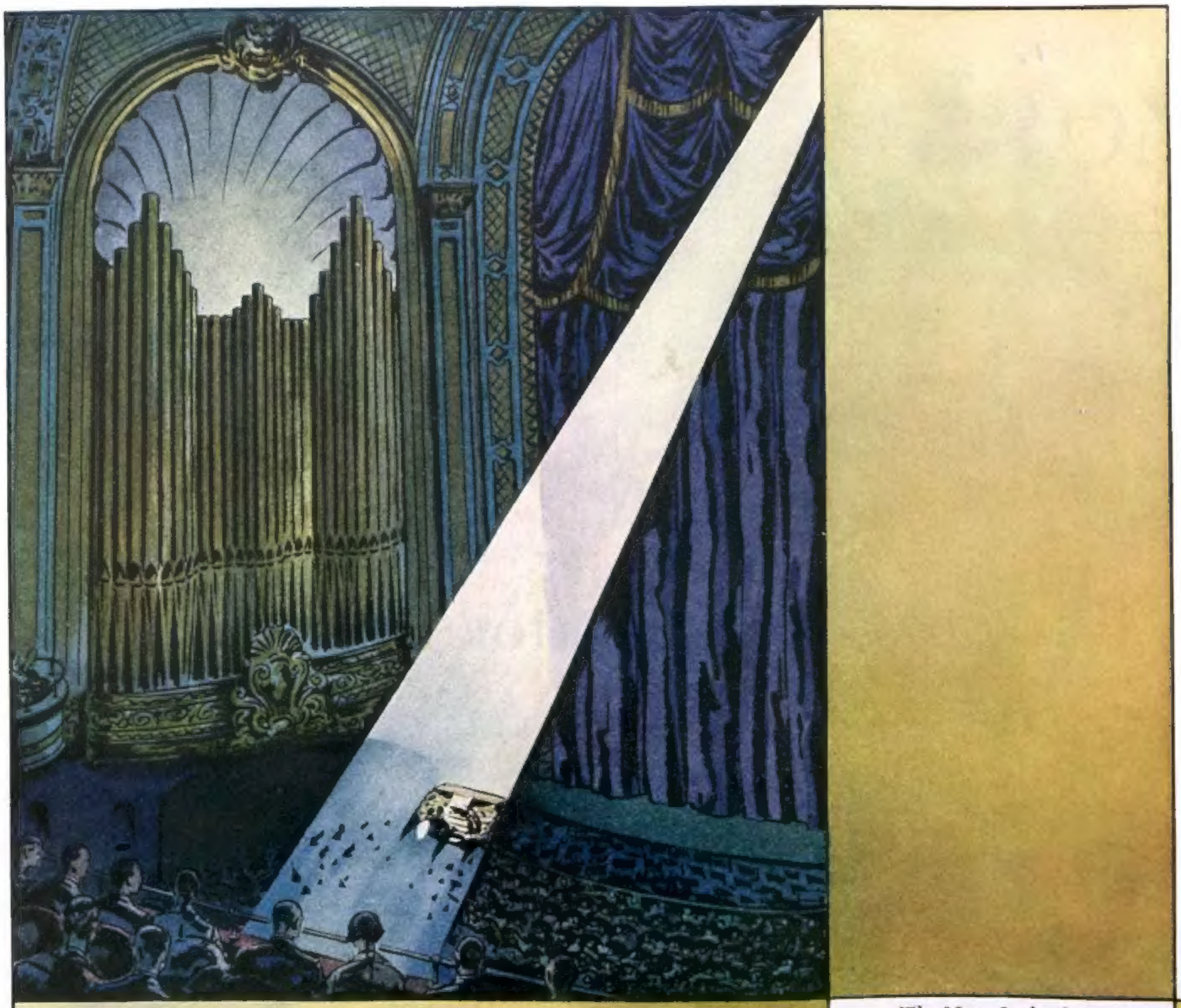

A HUNDRED-THOUSAND-DOLLAR ORGAN PLAYING JUST FOR YOU

The New Orthophonic
Victrola

A FAINT tremolo in the upper register, like a cry from afar, deepening into a rumble of vibrant, majestic chords. Under the deft touch of a master-hand, a great instrument is weaving its spell. Like something human, it runs the gamut of emotion, from low-voiced despair to stentorian triumph. You are thrilling to pipe-organ music—*in your own home!* ' ' ' You almost *see* the giant pipes, rising like the façade of some cathedral . . . you readily picture the fingers of the organist gliding over the keys and manipulating the stops, so amazingly lifelike is reproduction through the Orthophonic Victrola. ' ' ' Don't be without this versatile entertainer. You could not make a better investment in sheer happiness. See your Victor dealer at once and arrange for a demonstration *in your home.*

Model Four-twenty. An Orthophonic Victrola in classic English design. Small in size but large in performance. List price, $135. There's a type for every taste and purse, $75 to $1550, list price.

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